

★ PHOTOPLAY

May

15¢

9P 2/50 3Y R 79138
MRS C SLOSBERG
7 CLEVELAND RD
BROOKLINE 46 MASS



June Allyson
By Paul Hesse

HOW
JUNE ALLYSON
IS LEARNING
TO BE HAPPY
By Adela
Rogers St. Johns

Just One Cake of Camay for Softer, Smoother Skin!



MRS. JOHN WILLIAM COURSEN
the former Marian Reid of Valley Stream, N. Y.
Bridal portrait painted by *SANDOR*



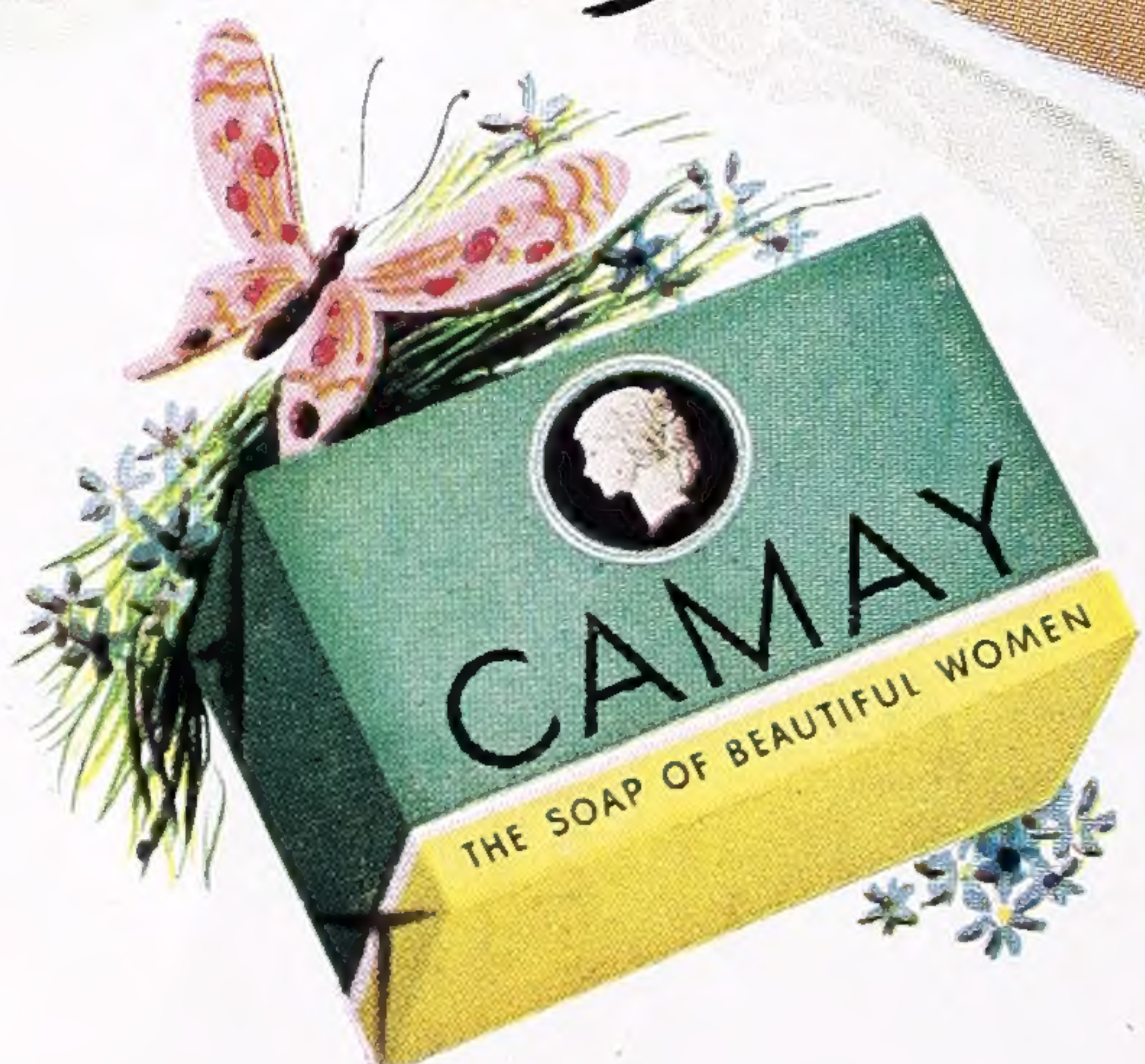
It's lovely to look at—thrilling to touch—the clearer, softer complexion that comes with your *first cake* of Camay! So change from careless cleansing—go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Doctors tested Camay's daring beauty promise on scores of complexions; reported that woman after woman—using just *one cake* of Camay—had softer, smoother skin!

WITH THE COURSENS

A mutual interest in auto racing helped to bring engineer Johnny Coursen and lovely Marian together. They went often to a speedway in a New York suburb. But races couldn't compete with Marian's fair-skinned beauty for Johnny's attentions! She uses Camay for her skin!



Now the Coursens have a home in Connecticut, and Johnny vows he'll build a closet just for Marian's hats. She has dozens—and her young-bride complexion looks lovely with every one. Marian pledges: "I'll stick with the Camay Mild-Soap Diet." Why don't you? Follow directions on wrapper.



"He loves you NOT...
he loves you NOT..."



GIRL: Oh, it's *you* again! Well, it so happens I was just seeing how many petals—

CUPID: Sure. Sure. Of course.

GIRL: I was up to five—

CUPID: Pardon me for suggesting—but wouldn't it be more fun to fool around with *orchids*? Okay... then start *gleaming* instead of *glooming* at men! Break down and use your *smile*!

GIRL: My *smile*? You don't know what you're saying! Sure, I brush my teeth—but my smile's like a storm-cloud. People run for cover—

CUPID: I bet you see "pink" on your tooth brush.

GIRL: Yes, and *red* when I look at you...you—

CUPID: Look, my little petal-picker, forget *me* and pay attention to that "pink." Because it's a warning to *see your dentist at once*. Let *him* decide what's what. He may say it's just a case of soft foods robbing your gums of exercise. If so, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



GIRL: And a set of headlights for my smile?

CUPID: Listen, goon, a bright smile depends largely on firm, healthy *gums*. Ipana's designed not only to clean teeth but, with gentle massage, to help gums. If your dentist suggests massage with Ipana, take his advice... and you'll be started on a smile that'll have *men* picking petals off daisies!



Product of Bristol-Myers

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Brooklyn boasts a tree, a ball club, and a flair for butchering the English language.

But that's not all. Now it's also famous for a wonderful musical film!

M-G-M has turned four of its most talented stars loose somewhere in the area of Brooklyn Bridge . . . and what comes out is sheer enchantment, sure-fire humor, solid entertainment entitled "It Happened In Brooklyn".

Frank Sinatra is cast as the girl-shy hero who thinks that "New York is just a place to see Brooklyn from". And "The Voice" is in rare voice.



Then, to prove that Brooklyn has an eye for beauty and an ear for song, there's lovely Kathryn Grayson.



As the romantic young blue-blood who doesn't know that Greenpoint is pronounced "Greenpernt", Peter Lawford proves he's the screen's new heart-throb.

Brightening "Brooklyn" with songs and quips is Jimmy Durante, who's got a million of them!



Yes, it happened in "Anchors Aweigh"; it happened in "Till The Clouds Roll By"; and it's happened again.

That now-famous M-G-M "musical romance" touch is TOPS!

The screen play by Isobel Lennart, based on an original story by John McGowan, abounds in happy moments.

Richard Whorf directed and Jack Cummings produced the picture and it's a happy combination.

"It Happened In Brooklyn" is a wonderful weaving of story and song, a rollicking, easy-going motion picture that simply bubbles over with delight.

It's just about the happiest thing that ever happened!

— Leo



P. S. Best-sellers make best pictures! Three great novels are on their way to being M-G-M hits: "The Hucksters", "B. F.'s Daughter", "East River".

PHOTOPLAY

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Cover: June Allyson, star of "High Barbaree." Miss Allyson's dress by Marjorie Montgomery. Natural Color Portrait by Paul Hesse

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it's the happiest thing
that ever happened!!!

FRANK SINATRA

sings 7 romantic songs... and

KATHRYN GRAYSON

finds love in the arms of handsome

PETER LAWFORD

Hollywood's new heart-throb, and

JIMMY DURANTE

is funnier than ever!

It's from
M-G-M



IT HAPPENED IN BROOKLYN



Screen Play by ISOBEL LENNART • Based on an Original Story by JOHN MCGOWAN

Directed by RICHARD WHORF • Produced by JACK CUMMINGS

A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

Song Hits

"Time After Time"
"Brooklyn Bridge"
"It's the Same Old
Dream"
and many more!



The Shadow Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding



Tender moment: Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in an absorbing drama

✓✓The Sea of Grass (M-G-M)

SPENCER TRACY and Katharine Hepburn join dynamic forces again, this time to give a strong emotional picture of life on the cattle range in the late eighteenth-hundreds. Tracy is *Jim Brewton*, a cattle baron who falls in love with a city miss; brings her as his bride to Salt Forks, where he and the "sea of grass," the great open cattle range, hold sway.

As *Lutie*, Tracy's wife, Hepburn walks right into a bad situation. The farmers are eager to farm the range; Tracy, realizing its possibilities as fertile grazing land, refuses to let them stake claims. This makes him show up as a selfish overlord both to *Lutie* and the town's altruistic lawyer, Melvyn Douglas, who finds *Lutie* sympathetic to his ideas but not to his love.

Time is good to Tracy—so far as the land goes. It proves his point about the value of the sea of grass. But when it comes to his marriage, that's another matter. *Lutie* and *Jim* grow further apart, despite children that come to them.

However, you'll enjoy sharing the years with them, though sometimes you may be a bit impatient about their seemingly futile love.

Robert Walker hits home as their son; Phyllis Thaxter does her minor job well as the daughter. Both Tracy and Hepburn play out the strong stuff softly, thereby making this a very good picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Plenty to keep you interested.



High antics for Bob (Hawkshaw) Hope and Dottie Lamour in another chuckler

✓✓My Favorite Brunette (Paramount)

WORDS and facial expression by Bob Hope—and that puts this right up at the top of the chucklers. There's lots of opportunity in this story of *Ronnie Jackson* (Hope), the child photographer who gets himself a gun and a lady in distress (Dorothy Lamour) and then proceeds to be a private detective.

He enjoys every minute of the proceedings which take him right into a mental sanatorium where he comes face to face with Peter Lorre—and guess who backs

up first. Before he's through with things, he's a murder suspect; and before the plot's through with him he's a hero.

Everything in this depends on Hope and as usual he's right there with all the makings. Alan Ladd and Bing Crosby are there too, just for a couple of minutes, contributing their famous bits to the general nonsense. Bob really has himself a time—and you will too.

Your Reviewer Says: Our favorite Hope.



James Mason and Kathleen Ryan in a tense scene from an exciting film

✓✓Odd Man Out (J. Arthur Rank)

PEOPLE will go to see this British film because it stars James Mason who's made a name for himself in America; they'll come out wishing that more films like this can be made. England has given us a pretty prize this time, with a touch of genius turning the story of a man-hunt into a motion picture that won't easily be forgotten.

James Mason plays the leader of "the organization" in Northern Ireland. He plans and executes a raid on a mill to secure funds; he is wounded and abandoned in the street. The picture is the story of the next eight hours when he is hunted down unmercifully by the police; of the people who try to help him; and of the girl who waits for his return.

The film is peopled with many charac-

ters; they emerge as real as the man in the next seat. This is acting—by a cast chosen with care.

James Mason is excellent in the most sympathetic role he's had for a spell. Robert Newton as *Lukey* is outstanding, as is F. J. McCormick as *Shell* and W. G. Fay as *Father Tom*. Kathleen Ryan, playing Mason's sweetheart, brings an effective face to the screen.

It is not a prettied-up picture that comes forth. You may find it depressing; if this talent and sincerity had gone into a film to give greater happiness it might have been more of a boon to many people. In any event it is a production of which the motion-picture field can be proud.

Your Reviewer Says: Hand out the gold star.

(Continued on page 6)

BY MARIAN QUINN KELLY

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 16

For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 135

For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 132

"I can't stand
to see you kiss him...even though
you're my brother's wife!"

Look who's back! It's Bill
Holden! It's Sterling Hayden!
They're not only back on the
screen... but they're *both* in
love with the same girl!

THEY WERE BROTHERS... who shared the desperate adventure
of flying the mail!

BUT THEY WERE MEN... who couldn't share the warm heart
of the girl one of them married and
the other loved so hopelessly!

Paramount presents

"BLAZE OF NOON"



Back together.. after
their super-smash in
"Two Years Before The Mast"!

All kinds of men were interested
in Poppy's charms... but only
one kind of husband.



Starring

ANNE BAXTER
WILLIAM HOLDEN
SONNY TUFTS
WILLIAM BENDIX
STERLING HAYDEN
HOWARD DA SILVA

with
JOHNNY SANDS • JEAN WALLACE

Directed by **JOHN FARROW**

Screenplay by Frank Wead and Arthur Sheekman

✓✓The Beginning or the End (M-G-M)

BRIAN DONLEVY, Robert Walker and Tom Drake may head the list of stars in this, but the atom bomb is the feature performer.

M-G-M has evidently joined that coterie who believe Americans should start thinking realistically about what they're going to do with the powerful weapon they've produced. As the film points out, whether it will be used to destroy civilization or promote peace may depend on a future generation; the point facing this generation is a realization of what has been begun. This film is the story of the beginning.

The cast is long—it needs to be, for the picture covers both the laboratory and the battlefield and each has its heroes. They are all there—Major Groves (Brian Donlevy); Dr. Oppenheimer (Hume Cronyn); Admiral Parsons, Presidents Roosevelt and Truman and Albert Einstein—portrayed by Hollywood competents. Tom Drake is the young scientist, a performance which will win him friends; Robert Walker, the young Army Major co-ordinator.

The "beginning" starts in an American laboratory and ends in Hiroshima. Nothing is forgotten—the hardships to coordinate plans, the great and interesting security measures; the building of Oak Ridge; the New Mexico test; and finally the tense flight to Japan of the Enola Gay and what its crew witnessed there.

There might well have been a temptation to make this a fantastic horror story; fortunately, it is done in a factual restrained manner with only a few nods to the limelight, mostly in the fictional characterization of the two girls, Beverly Tyler and Audrey Totter. As the wartime Army viewpoint is expressed by soldier Walker to undecided scientist Drake, "Make the bomb and do your wondering later!" The time has now come to wonder—and decide; this film may help you do just that.

Your Reviewer Says: A fine "beginning."

✓✓Smash-up—the Story of a Woman (Universal-International)

FAIR warning—unless you're prepared for a sturdy dose of realism on the alcoholic question, better leave this to the strong-of-heart. But if you realize alcoholism is a disease; if you're convinced there's a good way and bad way to combat it; and if you're ready to watch its abnormal effect on a normal woman, then take yourself off to watch the "Smash-up."

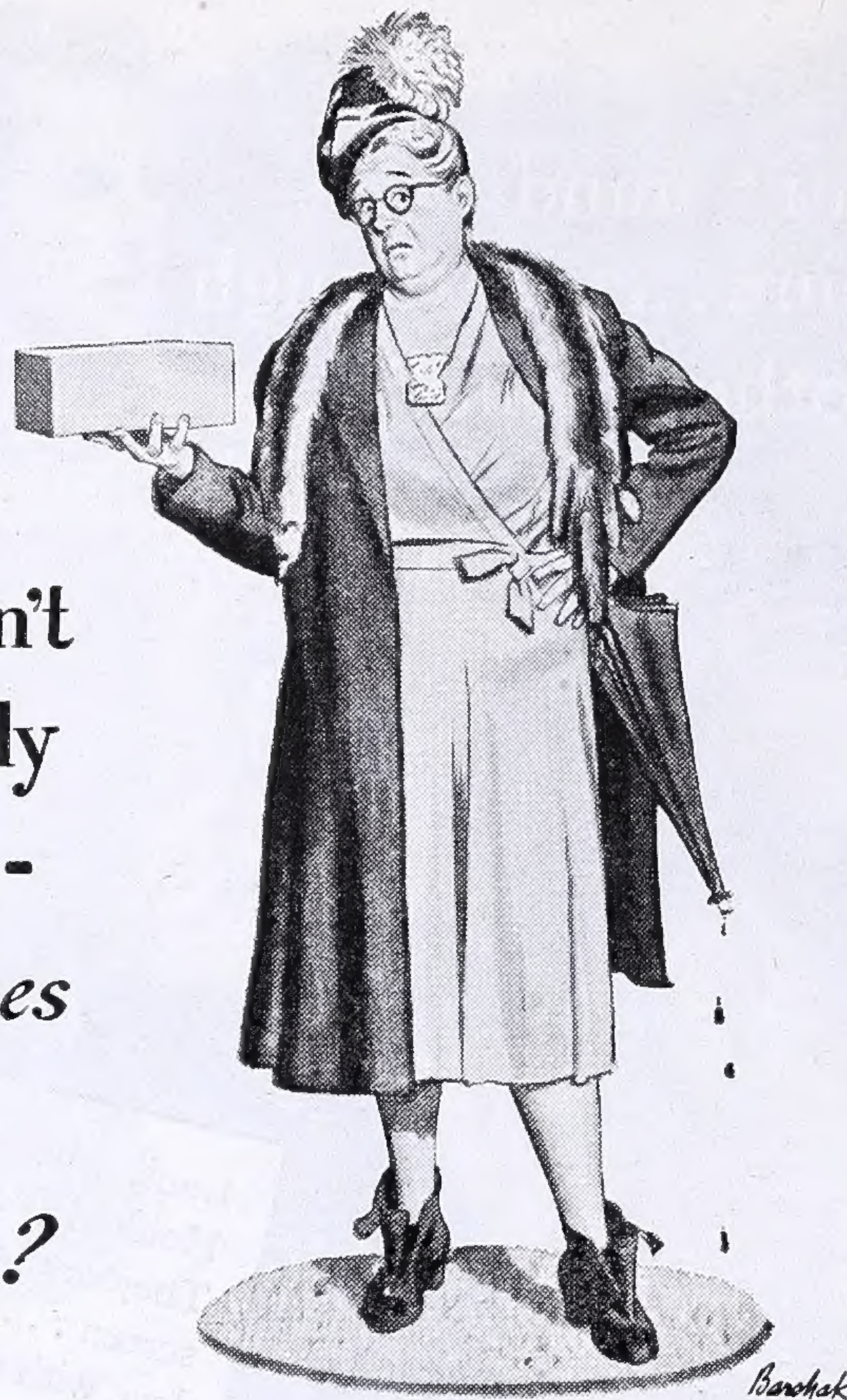
The woman is Susan Hayward; she's shy, she takes a drink to bolster her courage. Marriage with Lee Bowman endows her with a lush apartment, a loved child—and plenty of idle time. She'd like to spend this time helping her husband in his radio career but secretary Marsha Hunt is right there ahead of her every minute. Comes the shadow of the bottle and from there on you see what can happen to many American women.

Comparisons with "Lost Weekend" will be made; the two films have in common only the general subject. "Weekend" pictured the subjective battle in Milland's mind; "Smash-up" tells its horror story by a sometimes melodramatic pointing-up of incidents.

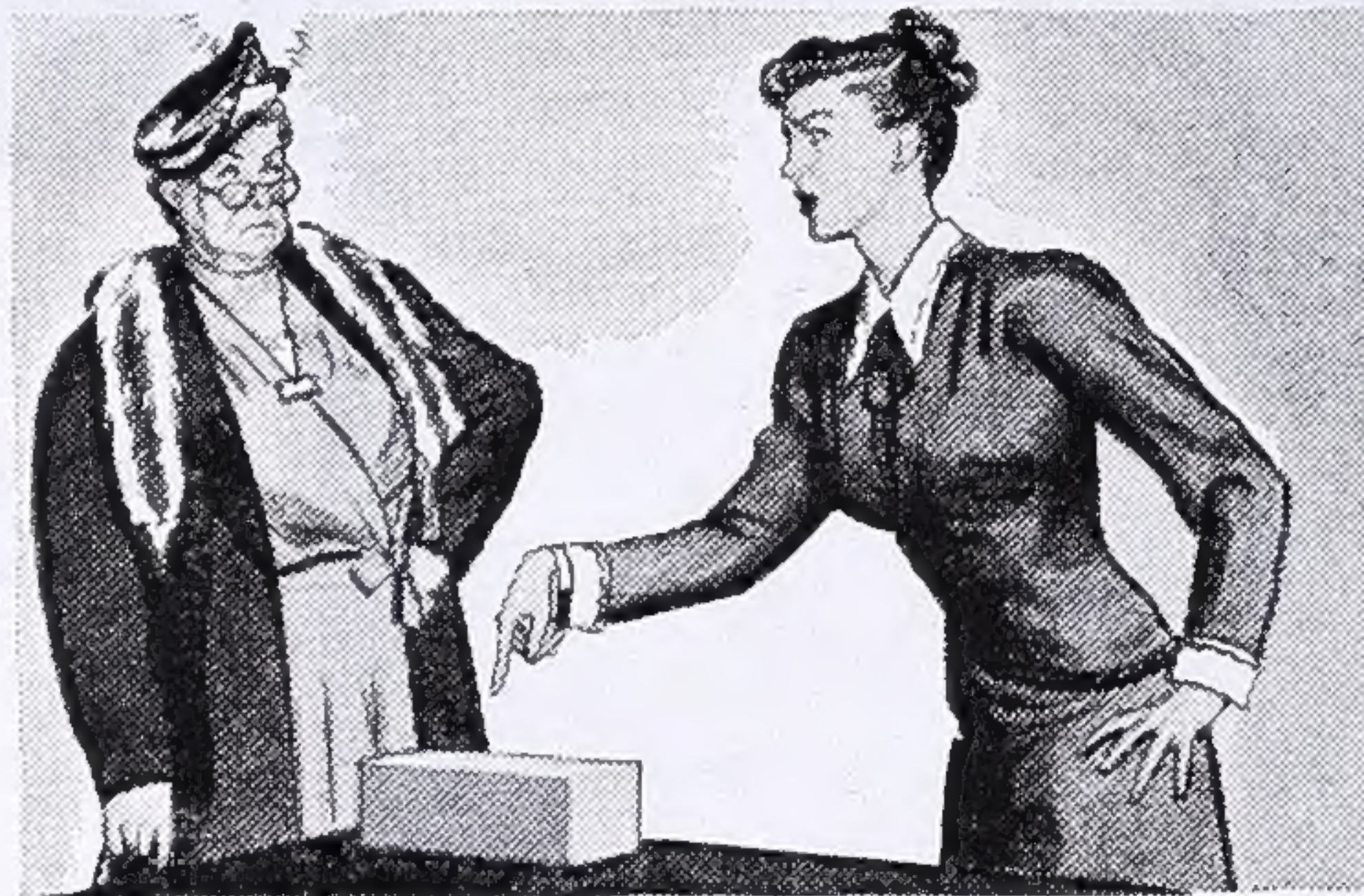
Susan Hayward does a thoroughly convincing job in a trying role; it is she who carries the weight of the film. Lee Bowman and Eddie Albert rally 'round to make you rally to an absorbing film.

Your Reviewer Says: Hard to take but good for you. (Continued on page 8)

Why didn't
somebody
tell me -
All tissues
aren't
Kleenex?



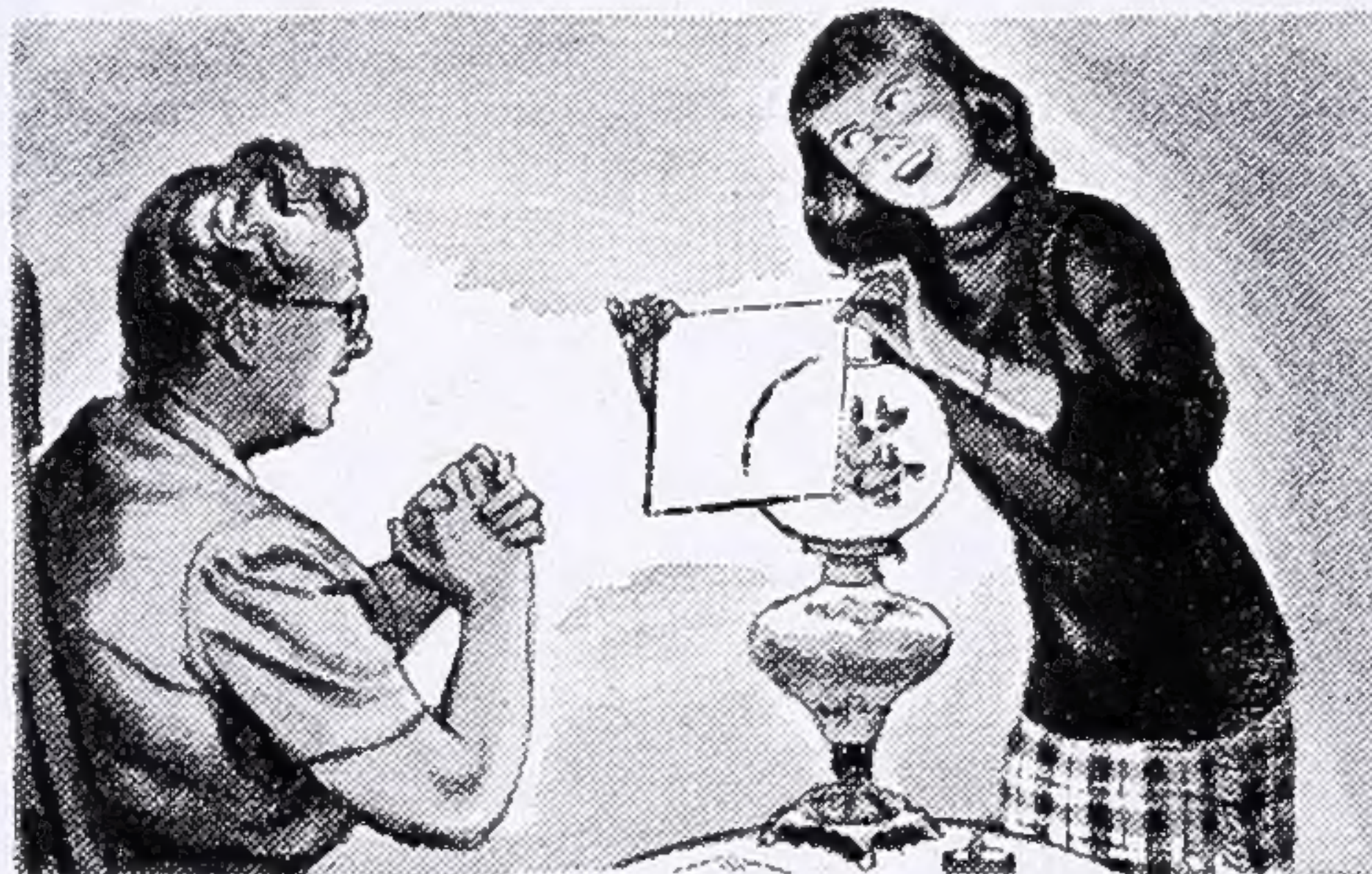
Not on your life they aren't! bellowed Uncle Mayhew. Fine thing!—I'm sneezing my head off and my sister brings me plain tissues. If you think *all* tissues are Kleenex, I wish you had this sniffle-sore nose! It says there's *only one* Kleenex!



Bess, you alarm me—snapped Cousin Cynthia. Surely you know better than to confuse Kleenex with other tissues. Very unfunny—when I *depend* on Kleenex so. Listen. My *skin* knows there's not a tissue on earth just like angel-soft Kleenex!



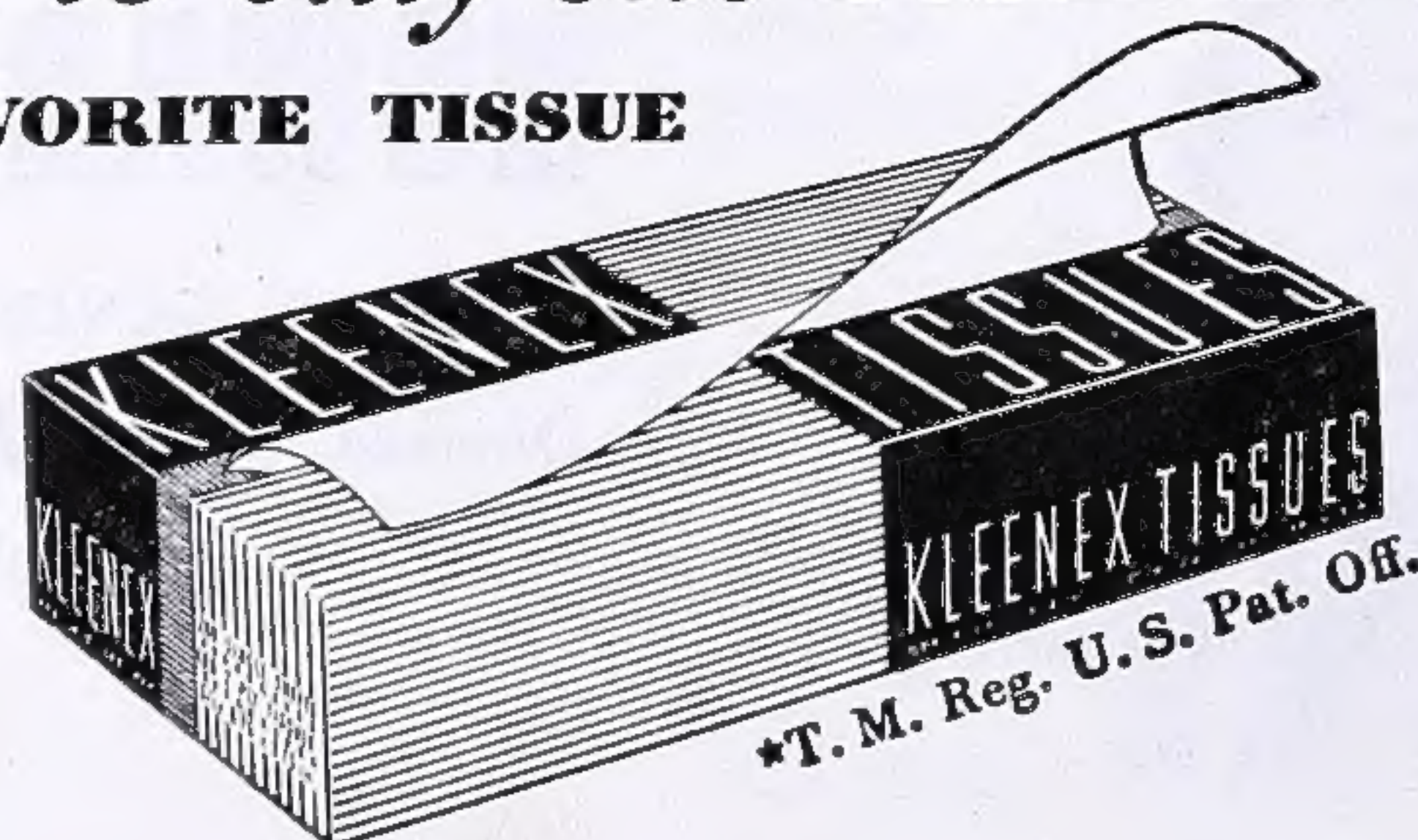
Buck up, Auntie! said Teena. Bend an eye at the real McCoy—the one and only Kleenex! See that box, how different it is? How it gives with the tissues—one at a time? Neat feat! Only Kleenex can do it! What's more...



Hold a Kleenex Tissue up to a light. See any lumps or weak spots? 'Course not! You see Kleenex *quality* smilin' through—always the same—so you just know Kleenex has super *softness*. And are those tissues *rugged*!

Now I know...*There is only one KLEENEX**

AMERICA'S FAVORITE TISSUE



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

*A Love as Bold, as Beautiful, as Wild
as the Hills that Hid Their Story!*



THE EXCITEMENT THEY COULDN'T DRIVE OUT OF THEIR BLOOD
WILL SURGE IN YOURS...THESE TWO WHO SHARED A SAVAGE
LOVE NOT EVEN THE LAWLESS WEST COULD FORGIVE!

TERESA WRIGHT  *ROBERT MITCHUM*

"PURSUED"



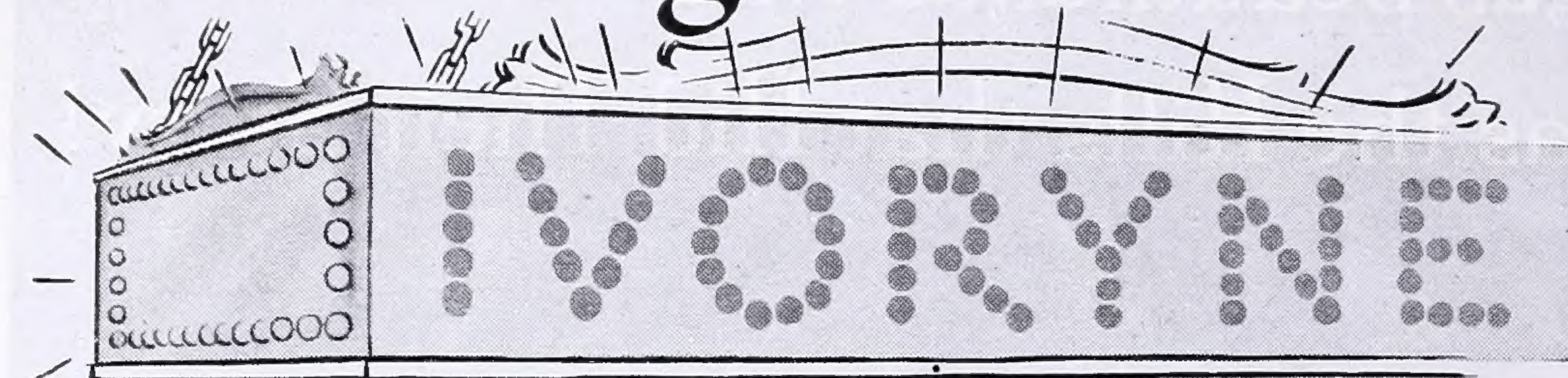
with Judith Anderson · Dean Jagger · Alan Hale · John Rodney · AND INTRODUCING *Raoul Walsh* · PRODUCER *Milton Sperling*

ORIGINAL SCREEN PLAY BY NIVEN BUSCH · MUSIC BY MAX STEINER

Produced by United States Pictures for Warners



The Delightful Gum



that helps keep your
smile *Sparkling!*



Attractive popular women everywhere are known for their sparkling, gleaming smiles. That's why so many women are turning to IVORYNE. For only IVORYNE has the famous extra ingredient, calcium peroxide, which releases newborn oxygen as you chew. Refreshing, purifying oxygen helps sweeten your breath and brighten your smile. Look to IVORYNE . . . for the sparkle it brings to your smile.



(Continued from page 6)

✓✓The Late George Apley
(20th Century-Fox)

HAVING been given a successful ride by author John Marquand in the field of literature, "George Apley" now plays to the movie spotlight in a film that is as absorbing a play of manners as was the book. Ronald Colman moves into a Beacon Hill house, puts on a morning coat and emerges unquestionably as *George Apley*. His daughter is the rebellious Peggy Cummins; his son, Richard Ney; his wife, Edna Best—and they are all *Apleys* right down to the last drop of their blue, blue blood.

Boston had better be ready to laugh at itself because the rest of the country will at this story of a man, hidebound by family tradition, who tries so hard to find himself in a changing world. The family picture, with its *Horatios*, *Amelias* and *Rogers*, is an engrossing one; the family life turns into a brilliant satire that makes of life on Beacon Hill thirty years ago a film that is perfect entertainment.

Your Reviewer Says: In the upper strata.

✓The Affairs of Bel Ami
(Loew-Lewin-UA)

GETTING right into the sophisticated French spirit of things, George Sanders plays *Bel Ami* to make this an entertaining if somewhat restricted bit of filmmaking. Entertaining, because it is just what it claims to be—the history of a scoundrel; restricted, because by a somewhat exaggerated plot and an ironic expose of sophistry it may deprive itself of that "popular" appeal.

But appeal it does have—first of all, because Sanders does such a fine job at playing that unscrupulous rascal *Bel Ami*, who believes that men and women (mostly women) are in this world merely to help him help himself to a pot of gold. He shows up as a thoroughly bad character but also a thoroughly intriguing one. John Carradine makes a fine French Nineteenth Century journalist; Angela Lansbury does the understanding angel and Frances Dee the ingenue with good spirit; Ann Dvorak looks just a bit too sharply modern to fit in with the Louis XIV furniture.

The film has atmosphere—plenty of it—assagnations, (Continued on page 10)



"Father" Ronald Colman exhibits best Back Bay manner with Peggy Cummins in "The Late George Apley"

**Is HER
SIN
IN
YOUR
SECRET
HEART
Too?**

COLUMBIA PICTURES
presents

ROSALIND
RUSSELL • MELVYN
DOUGLAS

in

The Guilt of Janet Ames

with SID CAESAR • BETSY BLAIR
NINA FOCH

Screenplay by Louella MacFarlane, Allen Rivkin, Devery Freeman
Directed by HENRY LEVIN



What a puzzled young wife asked her doctor...



Ignorance of These
INTIMATE PHYSICAL FACTS
Has Wrecked
Many a Happy Marriage!

This pitiful young wife was puzzled. Her husband was growing so indifferent—almost as if he didn't care any more.

Fortunately, her Doctor explained to her how important douching often is to intimate feminine cleanliness, health, charm and *marriage happiness*—how important douching is to combat one of woman's most serious deodorant problems.

And wives should certainly know about this newer, scientific method of douching with—ZONITE! No other type liquid antiseptic-germicide for the douche of all those tested is SO POWERFUL yet SO SAFE to tissues as ZONITE.

Zonite Principle Developed By
Famous Surgeon and Chemist

What a comfort it is for women to know about ZONITE. Wise women no longer use weak, homemade or dangerous products for the douche.

These DO NOT and CAN NOT give the great germicidal and deodorizing action of ZONITE.

The ZONITE principle is truly a miracle! The first antiseptic-germicide principle in the world that was SO POWERFUL yet positively *non-burning, non-irritating, non-poisonous*. You can use ZONITE as directed *as often as necessary* without risk of injury.

What Zonite Does...

ZONITE actually destroys and removes odor-causing waste substances. Helps guard against infection. It's so *powerfully effective* no germs of any kind tested have ever been found that ZONITE will not kill on contact. You know it's not always possible to contact all the germs in the tract. BUT YOU CAN BE SURE ZONITE *immediately* kills every *reachable* germ and keeps them from multiplying.

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Address _____

City _____

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Zonite
FOR NEWER
feminine hygiene

(Continued from page 8) bon mots and duelling pistols all making a pretty background for a *savoir-faire* piece.

Your Reviewer Says: Well-mannered.

✓Imperfect Lady (Paramount)

A LADY'S past comes sneaking into this, just to make things difficult for the love of Ray Milland and Teresa Wright. Ray is a Member of Parliament, Teresa an ex-dancer. Her past does the damage.

And such damage! Everything is going along nicely with Ray going places fast when something that happened on the night of August 17th involving a tall dark man (Anthony Quinn) makes headlines. Everyone gets pretty mixed up at this point, including Teresa's best friend, Virginia Field; Ray's brother, a stern Sir Cedric Hardwicke, and Scotland Yard.

The proceedings are arranged to give you a good evening's entertainment watching how conventions can involve the innocent and just how wrong some right people can be. Teresa Wright is a perfect "imperfect lady"; Virginia Field turns in a lively able performance.

Your Reviewer Says: Good picture of a bad mix-up.

✓It Happened on Fifth Avenue (Allied Artists)

A FIFTH AVENUE mansion boarded up for the winter is the background for some happy happenings in this. The owner of the mansion is tycoon Charlie Ruggles, but the occupant is homeless philosopher Victor Moore. This state of affairs exists because Mr. O'Connor (Ruggles) winters in the South, and opportunist Mac (Moore) hates to see a big house going to waste.

This special winter, however, he runs into a bit of difficulty—a crowd of them, to be exact. Don De Fore, an evicted veteran, comes in the back door, too; Mr. O'Connor's daughter (Gale Storm) just happens in and finds things—and Don—intriguing, so remains incognito. Before everything's over, two homeless veterans and families plus tycoon Ruggles, disguised in some second-hand clothes, plus his estranged wife (Ann Harding) are all living together in a cozy hilarious fashion.

No one knows who anyone else is—which means that the opportunities for turn-the-table comedy are limitless.

Victor Moore is excellent as the philosophizing old panhandler; Charlie Ruggles, nobly restrained as O'Connor; Gale Storm and Don De Fore make an attractive couple. It's simple; it's homey.

Your Reviewer Says: Laughs plus.

✓The Macomber Affair (Bogaus-UA)

IF JOAN BENNETT goes around acting like this she'll never be happy. She's Mrs. Macomber, who plays a major part in the Macomber affair in Africa made famous by Ernest Hemingway. In this film version she gives Gregory Peck and Robert Preston a fine run for their money.

Peck is the professional hunter who takes the Macomers on a hunting trip. It's not long before he—and the audience—realize things aren't what they seem. Mr. and Mrs. Macomber may look like a wealthy young American couple who have come to Africa to shoot lions, but what they look like and what they are are two different things. What goes on out there on the African veldt is really something, with Mrs. Macomber calling the shots.

You'll find the setting unusual enough to give a lot of spark (Continued on page 12)



THIS IS IT!
...the most
exciting
motion
picture
ever
made!

Never has the
screen searched
so deeply into the
love, fear and
passion that lie
hidden in the
human heart!

Based on Today's
best selling novel
by F.L. Green and
Directed with the
skill and impact
only Carol Reed
could master!

J. ARTHUR RANK Presents

JAMES MASON

in Carol Reed's Production

"ODD MAN OUT"

...an adventure in unbearable suspense!

also starring **ROBERT NEWTON**

with Kathleen Ryan • Fay Compton

and Stars of the Famous Abbey Playhouse

A Two Cities Film • Produced and Directed by CAROL REED

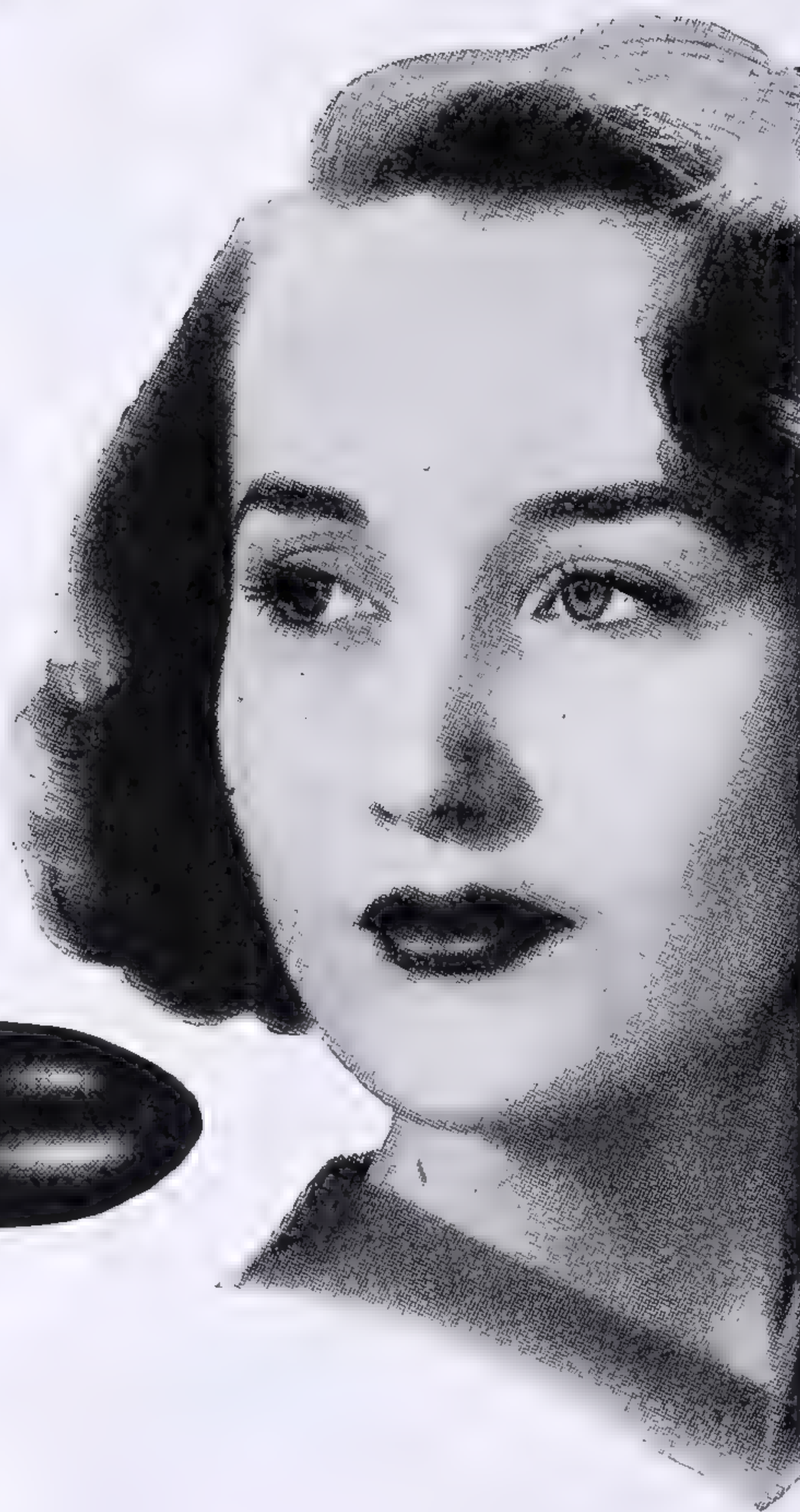
Story by F. L. Green • Screenplay by Robert Sherriff and R. L. Green

A UNIVERSAL-INTERNATIONAL RELEASE

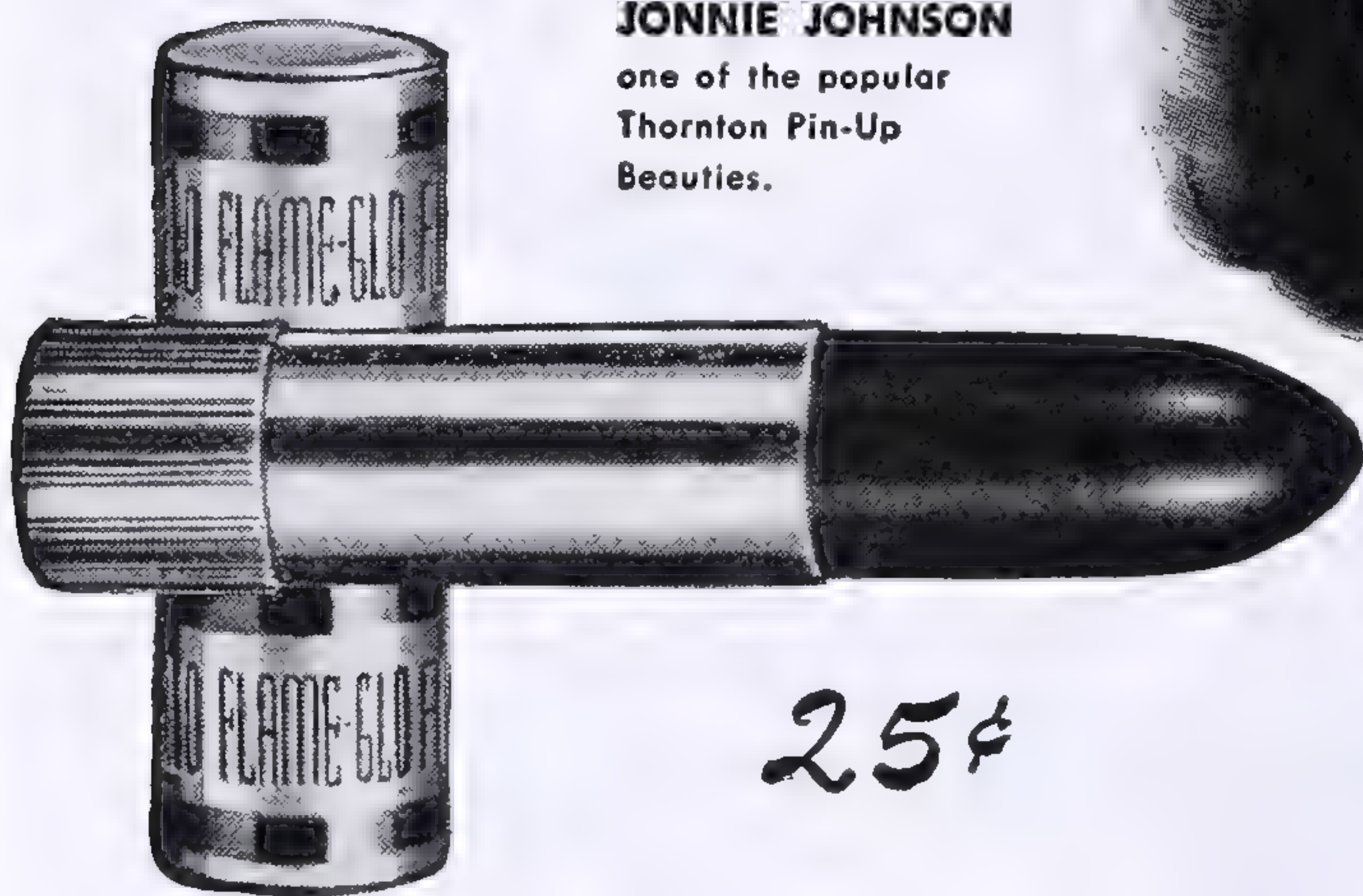


WALTER THORNTON, originator of the Pin-Up Girl says: "I recommend Flame-Glo Lipstick to all of my pin-up models for extra beauty, extra glamour . . . no blurry edges!"

Beauty Secrets of the Pin-up Girls



JONNIE JOHNSON
one of the popular
Thornton Pin-Up
Beauties.



25¢

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KISSABLE WITH

How do they do it? Dashing here, rushing there...but always alluring every second of the day or night! Want to know their beauty secret? It's *Flame-Glo*, of course! What other lipstick keeps lips lovely so many hours longer? Where else can you find such radiant, shimmering lips — never a blurry edge, always water repellent? Yes, it's *Flame-Glo* and only *Flame-Glo*. In eight smartest shades, glorified by a new metal case you'll adore!



NEW

FLAME-GLO Kissable Skin CAKE MAKE-UP

So many *Flame-Glo* fans asked for a perfect cake make-up in tones to blend with the lipstick . . . so here it is! Keeps your complexion softer, lovelier, more radiant, conceals blemishes. Only 25c.

AT ALL TOILET GOODS COUNTERS

(Continued from page 10) to the film and you'll certainly wonder about that *Macomber* affair.

Your Reviewer Says: Hemingway with a Hollywood touch.

✓Johnny O'Clock (Columbia)

JOHNNY O'CLOCK is a smart young man who gets mixed up in the gambling business. As a matter of fact, he's really too smart to let himself in for all the things he does. However, it must be admitted that he has plenty of problems—he gets involved in the murder of a crooked cop, the boss's wife is trailing him romantically and detective Lee J. Cobb is trailing him professionally.

Dick Powell fits very neatly into his role; the plot is also neat and filled with lots of twists and turns. Evelyn Keyes is there, too, as the girl interest, though she's just too, too eager to please *Johnny* and as a result slows everything up by overacting all the way through.

The gangster business isn't overdone; it's all woven together in a compact fashion that makes things hum.

Your Reviewer Says: Worth your time.

Stallion Road (Warners)

THIS goes hurdling along, leaping over everything, including common sense, to produce a film about three people and a lot of horses. The horses really win out over the people because they act naturally, but the poor humans are called upon to perform in such an extraordinary fashion they just don't have a chance.

Ronald Reagan is a ranch veterinarian who yearns for the simple life decorated with wife and little ones but just hasn't gotten around to taking the steps to get it. Alexis Smith is the girl on the next ranch who wishes he would. Zachary Scott is the city feller, an author, who comes West to visit his friend Reagan. It is Scott who saves the situation from becoming downright ridiculous by acting in an easy fashion, and giving forth with some droll dialogue. He views all the amazing proceedings with a jaundiced eye—and no one can blame him.

Reagan is affably inoffensive; Alexis Smith looks well on a horse. It is Scott who takes over and delivers whatever good goods there are.

Your Reviewer Says: Don't look too hard for this road.

The Brasher Doubloon (20th Century-Fox)

GEORGE MONTGOMERY takes over the role of *Philip Marlowe*, previously handled by Humphrey Bogart and Dick Powell. He goes about the same kind of business, taking on a private case from an eccentric *Mrs. Murdock*.

At least, her secretary Nancy Guild says she's eccentric, but all she really seems to be is a loud-voiced female with lots of money and an avid desire to recover the brasher doubloon. This, in case you don't know—*Marlowe* didn't either—is a very valuable coin.

Lots of people could have taken it—young *Leslie Murdock*, who obviously is a "callow" youth; some gambling characters with ugly dispositions; or maybe even Nancy, whose gun is found near the scene of a murder. Oh yes, there's a murder—matter of fact, there are three of them, with *Marlowe* right in there with the corpses before the police catch on.

This is meant to be another chiller-diller episode in the life of the famous detective, but it (Continued on page 14)

IT HAPPENED IN THE STRANGEST PLACES....



IT HAPPENED IN AN ICE-BOX!...

It was 20 below when they met... but it didn't take them long to start a heat wave!



IT HAPPENED IN THE PARK!...

Even the lovebirds were jealous of the way these two traded hugs 'n' kisses!



IT HAPPENED IN A NIGHT CLUB!...

First she blew warm... then she blew cold... while the music just blew hot!



IT HAPPENED IN THE DARK!

ALLIED ARTISTS PRODUCTIONS, INC. presents

DON ANN CHARLIE VICTOR GALE
DeFORE • HARDING • RUGGLES • MOORE • STORM

IN ROY DEL RUTH'S

"IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE"

...and it
hasn't been
the same
since!

with GRANT MITCHELL • EDWARD BROPHY
EDWARD RYAN, Jr. Produced & Directed by ROY DEL RUTH
Associate Producer, JOE KAUFMAN



Screenplay by EVERETT FREEMAN • Story by HERBERT CLYDE LEWIS
& FREDERICK STEPHAN • Musical Score by EDWARD WARD
Music and Lyrics by HARRY REVEL & PAUL WEBSTER

How Arthur Murray girls keep dainty while dancing!



Famous instructresses rely on this "safe-and-sure" deodorant!

BEAUTIFUL, TALENTED . . . Arthur Murray instructresses must have dancing ability, social poise—and in addition—*complete* personal daintiness that will *last* through strenuous hours of dancing.

THAT IS WHY they have selected Etiquet—as the deodorant that gives safe-and-sure protection . . . stops underarm odor . . . checks perspiration.

Etiquet works so *effectively*—does such a thoroughly *efficient* job—it can be *depended upon* to guard daintiness through hours of active exercise.

ETIQUET is delightfully "fluffy," too—goes on easily—is soothing to the skin. Stays moist in jar, and is harmless to the most delicate fabrics.

NOW you, too, can have this secret of "dancing daintiness"—*be sure* of your charm at all times by using Etiquet. You'll find it at all cosmetic counters—in 10¢, 25¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes.



The safe-and-sure
deodorant

Etiquet

(Continued from page 12) misses by a gasp or two. Maybe it's because Montgomery really seems too harmless a chap to be mixed up in it.

Your Reviewer Says: Not up to standard.

✓The Guilt of Janet Ames (Columbia)

THERE'S a lot of mist in this with Rosalind Russell as a neurotic war widow walking right through it. As you can imagine, this is quite a trick, accomplished here by several dream-like sequences.

Melvyn Douglas is a newspaper man who tries to get Rosalind to forget her personal grief by introducing her into the lives of the other veterans her husband's death saved. This is the type film that is hard to make and, unless done perfectly, is also hard to take. It represents a fairly good try at portraying mental images, but it never quite takes the audience along with Russell in her visionary moments. Since the handling of all the sequences is the same—Douglas literally talking Rosalind into a dream-like state in which she "sees" the veterans against a painfully artificial background—the film begins to drag. It is saved momentarily by Sid Caesar who, as one of the veterans, does a sparked-up take-off on all "psychological" films in general and even has Janet Ames laughing at itself.

Russell and Douglas both try hard with material that's difficult to get a grip on. It's an experimental type picture, and you may enjoy watching it more than you would a routine mediocre film.

Your Reviewer Says: Maybe.

Song of Scheherazade (Universal-International)

DREAMED up from the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff, this is exactly like a dream—one you might have after looking at too many storybooks. It has everything anyone might want; the only trouble is you may not want it all at once.

A Russian naval ship is becalmed in a Moroccan port 'way back in 1865 when the Russians were known as gay romancers. The port is just the place for a good plot to develop, centering around Yvonne de Carlo who's dancing incognito in an Oriental cafe. Young naval cadet Rimsky-Korsakoff—a beaming Jean Pierre Aumont—is busy writing music; he really doesn't appreciate Yvonne, an omission that is rectified by woman-charmer Philip Reed. Yvonne's mama (Eve Arden) appreciates both Aumont and Reed—as a matter of fact, she appreciates the whole Russian Navy. After a lot of music, songs by Charles Kullman, a cracking good bull-whip fight, slinky Eastern dances by Yvonne and stern fatherly discipline by Brian Donlevy, everyone is ready to call it quits and go to St. Petersburg to see "Scheherazade" produced in flashy Technicolor.

If you don't take it seriously, you'll have a fair time. No one in the cast performs in any extraordinary fashion, but they all try to make good Russians—and they do look nice in their white uniforms.

Your Reviewer Says: Just for the fun of it.

Escape Me Never (Warners)

A PICTURE has no right to have such a sudden change of heart. For the first hour, this is an unimportant little operetta-like film in which Errol Flynn, Eleanor Parker, Ida (Continued on page 16)

The same Glenn Ford who tamed GILDA!

*"I didn't ask
you to come
into my life!"*

COLUMBIA
PICTURES
presents

Glenn Ford

in

FRAMED

with

Janis CARTER • Barry SULLIVAN

Edgar, Karen Jim
BUCHANAN • MORLEY • BANNON

Screenplay by Ben Maddow

Directed by Produced by
RICHARD WALLACE • JULES SCHERMER



No Male... Either!



IT'S JUST NOT FAIR, CLAIRE! I WRITE THE LETTERS—AND YOU GET THE MAIL! MUST BE WHAT I WRITE IS WRONG!

I THINK IT'S MORE A MATTER OF BREATH, BETH! WHY NOT ASK YOUR DENTIST ABOUT BAD BREATH, HONEY? THEN SEE IF THE MALES DON'T CROWD THE MAILS!



TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!

"Colgate Dental Cream's active penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odors—remove the cause of much bad breath. And Colgate's soft polishing agent cleans enamel thoroughly, gently, safely!"



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM SELDOM MISSES; NOW BETH GETS MAIL—WITH LOVE AND KISSES!



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM Cleans Your Breath While It Cleans Your Teeth!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

Use COLGATE DENTAL CREAM twice a day and before every date!

(Continued from page 14) Lupino and Gig Young cavort about in picturesque costumes, singing for their supper at little cafes. Then, without any fair warning, the film turns into a solemn tear-jerker with tragedy stalking the London slums. The audience just can't take it—it's all too quick to be true.

Errol and Gig are sons of a famous composer. Gig is the sincere conservative; Errol (guess what?), the carefree gay blade. Eleanor Parker likes Gig—in the first half, that is; Ida likes Errol; Errol likes his music. There's a minor mix-up that causes Eleanor to dash away from fiance Gig, so to patch things up the other three—plus a babe in arms—put some Tyrolean feathers in their hats and go off in search of her. By the time she and Gig get together, she's decided she likes Errol. At this point, everyone goes back to London and both Errol and the film sink into maudlin solemnity.

The four principals are, as required, gay as gay can be and tragic as all get-out but nothing comes out of their efforts.

Your Reviewer Says: You may want to escape.

Trail Street (RKO)

IT TAKES Randolph Scott to tame these Western towns, as every Western follower knows. On Trail Street in Liberal, Kansas, where the law just doesn't have a chance, lots of things are going on. Robert Ryan is a land agent who hopes to get the farmers to farm; Steve Brodie is a cattleman who hopes to get them out. Everything blows up every so often until U. S. Marshal Scott comes riding in.

He gets a few sly boys behind bars, subdues some big mobs singlehanded and makes everything all right for Ryan and his lady fair, Madge Meredith. Madge is a sort of can't-make-up-her-mind girl; we much preferred the saloon singer, Anne Jeffreys, who went right after what she wanted. George "Gabby" Hayes is there doing his usual stint, and Billy House moves his huge bulk around in an ominous fashion.

It's another law-and-disorder production that stacks up fairly in the Western pile.

Your Reviewer Says: Randy does it again.

Calendar Girl (Republic)

THE music gets all tuned up in this and then has no place special to go—except to a Greenwich Village boardinghouse at the turn of the century. This gay establishment is presided over by Irene Rich and is filled with a crowd of hopeful young people who want to play, or paint, or compose music, or act—or any one of a number of things.

Jane Frazee is the fireman's daughter next door; William Marshall is the boy who loves her in his dull fashion; James Ellison is the young rake who really gives her a carefree whirl. Everyone does what he has to do with a vengeance, and everything goes along at a dizzy pace with the painters and dancers and composers plying their trades in cheerful Bohemian fashion. Chief singer is Kenny Baker; the hearty Irishman is Victor McLaglen.

The costumes are quaint, the music modern, but no one cares. Enough unimportant things happen in this to fill twenty calendars.

Your Reviewer Says: Tunes, that's all.

Angel and the Bad Man (Republic)

BAD MAN John Wayne gets reformed by Quaker Angel Gail Russell in this, which is a fine idea, except that the refor-

mation seems just too good to be true.

It all occurs when big and tough Wayne is found helpless by a Quaker family and nursed back to health. Living as they do right in the middle of bad man's land, this Quaker family, practicing the way of peace, has rather a tough time facing up to Wayne and vice versa. Daughter Gail Russell finds the going easiest. Wayne vacillates between his old fightin' ways and his lady love while things get hotter and hotter, with villain Bruce Cabot setting the fires.

This has a novel touch in that it gives a quick and interest-stirring look at the Quaker way of life. Had it been done a bit more subtly, it would have made a better picture.

Your Reviewer Says: Cupid gets the gun.

New Orleans (Levey-United Artists)

LOUIS ARMSTRONG and his cornet make an A-1 musical combination, but it would be more fun listening to them if you didn't have to watch the film. Everything but Louis, plus some rhythmic numbers by Billie Holiday and the bands, is so much excess baggage.

The story has to do with the birth of jazz in the back room of a New Orleans gambling establishment run by Arturo De Cordova. Nice girl Dorothy Patrick falls in love with this new-type music and also with Arturo. He indulges in some mighty theatrics to give her the idea he doesn't love her any more, moves off to Chicago where jazz is handed a new high hat and the name bands—Armstrong's, Woody Herman's—are born. Meanwhile, she sails off to Europe and fame as a concert singer, prodded by her classic-loving mama Irene Rich.

Naturally in the end they get together—both the girl and the boy and jazz and the classics. You'll like Louis and the music, but you'd probably like them better if they were the whole show.

Your Reviewer Says: Nothing to offer but music.

Best Pictures of the Month

The Sea of Grass

My Favorite Brunette

Odd Man Out

The Beginning or the End

The Late George Apley

Best Performances

Spencer Tracy, Katharine Hepburn in "The Sea of Grass"

Bob Hope in "My Favorite Brunette"

James Mason in "Odd Man Out"

Susan Hayward in "Smash-up—the Story of a Woman"

Ronald Colman, Peggy Cummins in "The Late George Apley"

Victor Moore, Charles Ruggles in "It Happened on 5th Avenue"

Young America loves...

Blossoms on the trees

Looking pretty please

and New **CUTEX**

Applecart



★ So fashion-fresh—this newest Cutex shade. A ripe rosy red that shines up to Spring's new styles. Tipping "APPLE-CART" upon their pretty fingers, Young America is ready for anything this season. Same way with new Cutex "PIPPIN," another new come-hither color!

Remember, new Cutex contains a specially developed ingredient. Tests* prove it wears longer, dries faster than even higher priced polishes. See for

yourself what a difference it makes! See how it wears and wears and wears!

Shhh! Rumors are flying about a new Cutex idea . . . for Cutex, the originator of matching lips and finger tips, is preparing a new harmonizing lipstick that'll open your eyes! Watch for it soon.

*Tests made in our own research laboratory by one of the foremost nail-polish chemists in the country.

Barbara Stanwyck

In Erich Maria Remarque's

"THE OTHER LOVE"

An Enterprise Production



For that Smooth Young Look

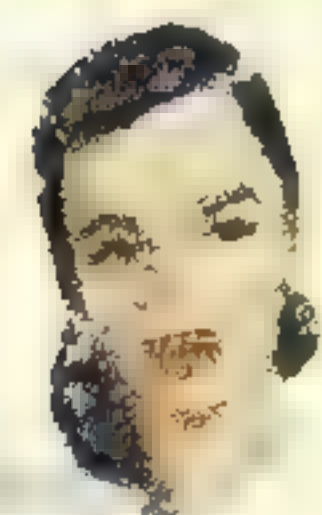
Which shade of Pan-Cake for You



IF YOU ARE A BLONDE
with medium skin, be lovelier with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Cream-Rose Pan-Cake.



IF YOU ARE A BROWNETTE
with medium skin, added glamour is yours with Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.



IF YOU ARE A BRUNETTE
with olive skin, look your very loveliest with Natural No. 2 Pan-Cake; if skin lacks color, Natural-Rose Pan-Cake.



IF YOU ARE A REDHEAD
with fair, creamy skin, dramatize the beauty of your coloring with Cream No. 1 Pan-Cake; if skin is freckled, Cream No. 2 Pan-Cake.

(For a Sun-tanned effect, Tan No. 1, Tan-Rose or Tan No. 2 Pan-Cake)

CREATE A NEW COMPLEXION WITH PAN-CAKE* MAKE-UP

A new beauty secret is revealed to you. The key to thrilling new loveliness is contained in the chart shown here. Select from it your shade of Pan-Cake Make-Up to harmonize with your own individual colorings... Then see for yourself how just a few seconds with "Pan-Cake" will amaze you with a make-up that stays on for hours without retouching... You will be delighted, too, with

the softer, smoother, younger look it gives your skin... And "Pan-Cake" helps hide tiny complexion faults... and the exclusive formula safeguards your skin against sun and wind which often bring drying, aging signs tomorrow. Try "Pan-Cake" now for new glamour today, for a lovelier tomorrow.



*Pan-Cake...Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

Color Harmony
Make-Up

"PAN-CAKE" • POWDER
ROUGE • LIPSTICK



Max Factor* Hollywood



His absorbing interest is people—Cary in "The Bachelor and the Bobby-soxer"

Incidentally

MR. GRANT

BY FREDDA DUDLEY

THE RKO Still Picture Department is presided over by two blithe and pretty girls, Maggie and Tidbit. They are fans—especially Cary Grant fans.

When Cary stopped at the Still Department one afternoon he heard the girls announce that they were planning to see the only Grant picture unviewed by them at that date. It was an oldie titled "Only Angels Have Wings."

"You mean *that's* still around?" asked Cary in some surprise. "Where is it showing?"

The girls told him. It was at a rather inaccessible theater some distance from the studio. "But we don't mind going out there in order to make our record perfect."

Cary shook his head in wonder.

"How are you girls going to get to the theater?" he wanted to know.

They said they would take a bus, transfer to a street car, then transfer to a second bus.

"I live in that general direction," said Cary. "When we're through shooting this afternoon, I'll collect you girls here and drive you out, if you like."

Maggie and Tidbit exchanged enthralled glances. Really, that was too much trouble for Mr. Grant, they said, but *thank you*, they would be ready at six. From that moment on, things were in a fine jumble in the Still Department.

Promptly at six, Cary drove up in his stupendous Lincoln Twelve and helped both girls into the front seat. "Would you mind if I stopped at my house for a moment, on the way to the theater?" Cary asked. The girls giggled. No, they said they wouldn't "mind," as he put it.

The Grant menage is a low, squat, English cottage. The housekeeper opened the door for them. "Are you home for dinner, Mr. Grant?" she asked.

"No, I won't be here. Miss Hensel and I are eating together. By the way, where are you girls having dinner?" he asked.

They said there was a little sandwich

stand across the street from the theater. They would catch a hamburger and a cup of coffee there.

"After working all day running around the lot—only a hamburger? No, that won't do. Would you join Miss Hensel and me at Romanoff's?"

The two girls lost control of their chin muscles and simply stared at Mr. Grant open-mouthed. Finally one of them said, "But perhaps Miss Hensel wouldn't care much to have us along." And the other said, "But, Mr. Grant, look at us!" Both were wearing blouses, sloppy joes, bobby socks and saddle oxfords. One was wearing a pleated plaid skirt and the other was wearing slacks.

"You look fine," said Cary, snatching up his topcoat.

ALL of which explains why two utterly breathless girls tiptoed into Romanoff's with Cary Grant and Betty Hensel and had the dinner of their lives on a recent night. Afterward they were dropped at the movie. Postscript: Maggie and Tidbit had to return the following night to see the picture again because, on sober thought the next morning, neither could remember enough of the plot to be coherent about it.

And this is the guy the fans say is rude. Just goes to show it's all in the approach. Or perhaps some of it is in Mr. Grant. A native kindness, for instance.

Shortly after the holidays, Cary Grant was visiting—with a mob of other people—at the apartment of a friend. He happened to be talking to a group standing near the door and because Cary is utterly without pretense or self-importance, he had been serving as butler. Opening the door to a tentative ring, he found—not another guest—but a rather bewildered looking young chaplain.

"I think I've made a mistake," said the chaplain. "I'm looking for the apartment of . . ." and he named another of the building's tenants.

The host for whom Cary was doing honors suggested (Continued on page 118)

**Keep
Fresh!**



**Feel
Smooth!**



**Stay
Dainty!**



**with this delightfully
fragrant talcum powder**

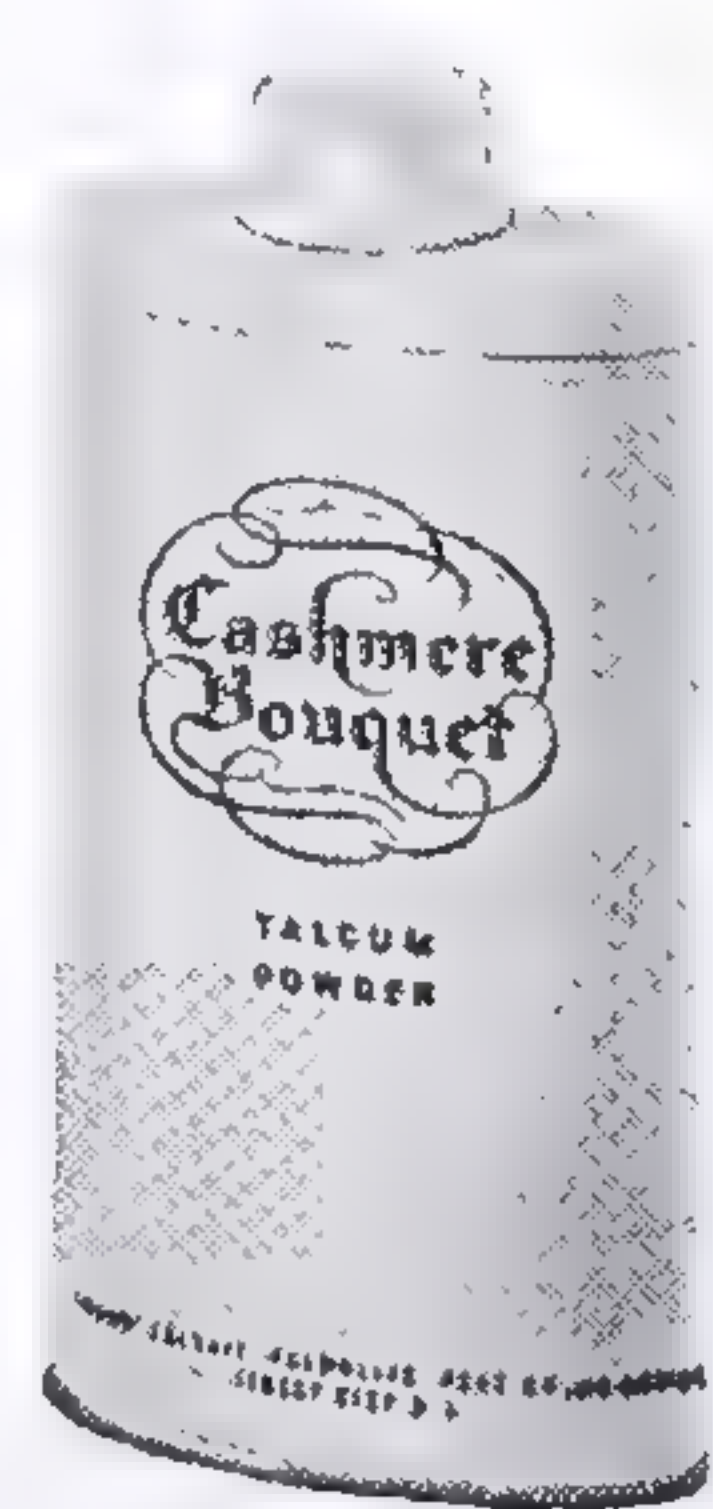
KEEP FRESH: First bathe and then sprinkle Cashmere Bouquet Talc into every curve. Like a scent-laden breeze it freshens and cools your skin.

FEEL SMOOTH: Shake Cashmere Bouquet over those chafable places. It gives your skin a satin-smooth sheath of protection . . . girdles slip on like magic.

STAY DAINTY: To prolong your bathtub freshness, use Cashmere Bouquet Talc generously and often. It perfumes your person with the fragrance men love.

Pamper your person
with Cashmere Bouquet
Dusting Powder.
Smartly packaged with
a big velour puff.

**Cashmere
Bouquet
Talc**



with the fragrance men love

INSIDE STUFF



Child stars of yesterday and today: At charity affair Shirley Temple and Maggie O'Brien do their bit



Just a bib for Bracken and a gag for Jane Powell at the annual party for Jewish Home for Aged



Hope has faith and harps for charity—but Harpo Marx has ears—and winces

Photographs by

Cal Goes on the Air: Well, well, we're on the ether! If you don't believe it, just listen in on your local ABC station at 1:15 if you're on the West Coast; 3:45 if you're in the East; 2:45 in the central states; or 1:45 Mountain Standard Time. And what's the idea?

Well, would you like to visit a motion-picture set? Are you interested in meeting Gregory Peck, Robert Hutton, Maria Montez, Bing Crosby, Robert Cummings, or June Allyson? Would lunching at The Players, the Brown Derby, or Romanoff's or night clubbing at Mocambo or Ciro's with a favorite player interest you? Listen in on our daily program called Hollywood Tour and we'll tell you how the invitation works.

Two recent winners spent the day at Jane Withers's home viewing the pool and grounds. They had a soda whipped up by Jane at her own fountain, and later watched a picture run by Jane in her living room.

The two women who earned a Helen Hunt coiffure at Columbia Studios with glamour portraits by Columbia's photographer, Bob Coburn, compared notes with the experiences

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood



Photoplay's Hollywood Tour guests: Etta Rue and Mrs. Marie Kamen win a flight with Jon Hall

Fink and Smith

of the couple who visited Don Loper's fashion show and later received John Frederics chapeaus especially created for them by John in his Beverly Hills salon.

Cal recalls one winner, a charming miss of about seventy, who confided to Joan Leslie on the set of "Repeat Performance" that this was indeed the crowning event of her long life.

Bing Crosby, the old crooner himself, guested another lucky pair at one of his radio rehearsals and broadcasts; others have watched Maria Montez and Jean Pierre Aumont in a love scene for "Atlantis"; or visited the sets of "Heaven Only Knows" with Bob Cummings playing an angel; of "Wall Flower" that features Bob Hutton; and of "The Paradine Case" with Gregory Peck. Charles Boyer, Jimmy Stewart, Henry Fonda, June Allyson are just a few of the many stars who have greeted PHOTOPLAY's winners.

Every day during the broadcast Cal interviews a star on the air and so far Dinah Shore, Eve Arden (whom Cal gifted with a Valentine bouquet), John Carroll, Martha



Dinah Shore gets a gag-award on Tour program—her own recording presented by Maxine Arnold



Olivia Egan and Mary Jones on Hollywood Tour view a Jane Withers childhood film at Janie's home

INSIDE STUFF

O'Driscoll, Brian Aherne, Bob Stack, Macdonald Carey and many others have stood up to Cal's questions.

If you're coming to Hollywood this summer listen in so that you, too, may be a winner and have the chance to unlock the gates of Hollywood for one golden day.

Meet Mr. Ladd Jr.: Three and a half years old, Alana Ladd doesn't at all resent her baby brother, David Alan, because Alana has now been promoted to a room "wif a beeg bed" all her own while the nursery has been given to David Alan.

Father Ladd, we may say, looks at least twenty years younger after the worry of Susie's prolonged pregnancy. Few people know that Sue was given up twice by the doctors and a week after the baby's birth was still dangerously ill. "Only her strong will to live kept her alive," the doctors said. But now the worries are forgotten.

On the day Susie returned home Alan had strung up amusing signs. At the gate was posted "Is it a stork? Is it a plane? No, it's Susie and David." And on the bed Alan had hung the words "I'm a Proud Papa." All of these entertained and amused little Alana.

The most generous and kind-hearted people in the world, the Ladds this time were on the receiving end. Susie

in fact had to beat a path through the flowers that crowded her bedroom. And as a token of appreciation to the three nurses who worked in shifts to aid Susie in her fight to live, the Ladds presented each with a combination record player and radio.

"No wonder people love them," the nurses agreed with Cal.

Here and There: Bette Davis has re-

turned to California from her New Hampshire home where she had planned to have her baby born. A chance to buy a home in Laguna brought the Sherrys back post haste . . . Kathryn Grayson and Johnny Johnston have taken a lesson from the Laraine Day-Leo Durocher Mexican divorce and Texas marriage mix-up, which ended in headlined court battles, and decided (Continued on page 24)



Cheerio—and all that: Bob Stack, Yvonne De Carlo and British Michael Redgrave at a welcome party given for Michael at Henri's

it sends you

FLEERS
Candy Coated
GUM
PEPPERMINT

Candy Coated means More Flavor!

FRANK H. FLEER CORP., PHILA., PA.



"I'll never go back there again!"

"No, never!" muttered Mrs. Jackson.

"But, Alice! Your hair looks lovely! What is wrong?"

"That girl—that's what's wrong!" Mrs. Jackson fumed on.

"What girl?"

"Why, the one who did my hair! Honestly, it's trying enough to have to sit for hours under a hot drier, but it's downright agony to be overcome by a breath that is, to say the least, off-color!"

"Oh, that's it!" said Mrs. Gage. "Well, I can't say that I blame you. That girl ought to be fired!"

And the girl was fired! This is just another random instance of how costly halitosis (bad breath) can be in business; Mrs. Jackson lost her temper . . . the girl lost her job . . . the shop lost a profitable customer.

How Dare You?

When the penalties can be so great how dare you take a chance on offending others when Listerine Antiseptic offers such a wonderful precaution against halitosis. Almost immediately this delightful antiseptic makes breath fresher,

sweeter, less likely to offend. Get in the habit of using it night and morning, and between times, before any close contact with others. It gives you a wonderful feeling of assurance.

While some cases of halitosis are of systemic origin, most cases, say some authorities, are due to the bacterial fermentation of tiny food particles clinging to mouth surfaces. Listerine Anti-

septic halts such fermentation, then overcomes the odors fermentation causes. Use it night and morning. LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.

St. Louis, Missouri



Before any date be careful about your breath . . .

Use LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC



That Bandbox Look

isn't come by accidentally, Lamby . . . You achieve it only by paying close attention to the little details of grooming . . .

The prettiest hair-do, for instance, can go limp around the edges fast—if you don't anchor it with Bob Pins that have a Stronger Grip. And that means DeLong Bob Pins.

Stronger Grip

Won't Slip Out

They're made of high-carbon steel so they can't slip and slide and they keep their snap and shape indefinitely.



Quality Manufacturers for Over 50 Years
BOB PINS HAIR PINS SAFETY PINS
SNAPS PINS
HOOKS & EYES HOOK & EYE TAPES
SANITARY BELTS

INSIDE STUFF



Pointed conversation: Bob Hutton only has eyes for his wife—and who wouldn't?

(Continued from page 22) to wait until fall, when Johnny's divorce becomes final. M-G-M is sending up prayers of thanksgiving over Katie's decision . . . The romance of Elizabeth Taylor, just sixteen, and young actor Marshall Thompson is so tenderly serious, Elizabeth's mother is concerned. Elizabeth insists on unchaperoned dates but Mrs. Taylor says no. Knowing the two are really in love—and young love can be serious—what do you readers think?

Bits and Pieces: Look for a hasty merging of Gail Russell and Guy Madison now that Selznick Studios has lifted that no-marriage ban . . . Errol Flynn left his beloved boat, the Zaca, moored to his newly purchased island (Navy Island) in the West Indies. The island came complete with mansion, gardens, sugar cane and natives. Errol flew back for the birth of his and Nora's second child . . . One hears that Humphrey Bogart is recovering from a scalp ailment that caused his hair to fall in bunches. A new crop is said to be growing in . . . To hear them tell it, Joan Crawford and Greg Bautzer are now going to set the wedding date for sometime in May—but don't make any bets on it . . . Turhan Bey met Linda Christians shortly before she left to visit her family in Mexico City. In no time the pair were chatting in French and German with Turhan more interested than he's been since the Lana Turner romance.

Garson and Ney: Like most broken marriages, that of Greer Garson and Richard Ney was brought on by a series of intangible but deeply rooted differences in make-up.

They slowly discovered the relationship between them was based on surface likings. They liked to dance together, to laugh and enjoy friends together, which is hardly a lasting marriage foundation.

It was definitely *not* mother-in-law trouble, as has been hinted. When

Blondes

Keep that Youthful Golden Gleam in Your Hair!



• Even the most glorious blonde hair can lose its appealing lustre and become darkened as time goes by. Don't let this happen to *your* hair. Guard its shining beauty with Marchand's Golden Hair Wash!

Even if your hair is faded or streaked, you can make it beautifully blonde again with Golden Hair Wash. Whether you are a blonde, brunette or redhead, you can make your hair lighter, or merely add a golden gleam. Carefully developed by experts in hair care, the new, improved Marchand's Golden Hair Wash gives you the exact degree of bloneness you want, regardless of your present hair shade.

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For Selling Fifty \$1 Assortments
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Pocket or Purse Size RADIO!
SMALL AS A PACK OF CIGARETTES!

Weights only a few ounces—Beautiful black chrome plastic case. Uses new war born crystal diode. Hi-Q slide dial. No tubes, batteries or electric "plug-ins". Usually receives local broadcasts without outside aerial wires.

GUARANTEED TO PLAY
when used according to instructions sent with each radio! You can use it at home, in offices, hotels, cabins, in bed, etc.—lots of fun—Real entertainment!

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Hair OFF Face
Lips...Arms...Legs
Now Happy!

Here it is! No one need know you have a superfluous hair problem! Simple, effective method removes every noticeable offending hair pleasantly when used as directed. Inexpensive, no chemicals; no electricity, no fuss or muss. Safe, painless results assured normal skin when our easy directions are followed. Your skin appears in its own natural loveliness. Thousands have been helped to win love, beauty and happiness again. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back. FREE book explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write **LANZETTE LABORATORIES**, 218, So. Wabash Ave., Dept. 649, Chicago 4, Ill.



Headlines and headliner: Luscious Lena Horne keeps up with the day's news

Greer's mother suggested she move into a little home of her own, Greer violently opposed it. She needed that warm companionship, that understanding that comes only from shared hardships and trials.

When Richard's mother, who holds an executive position in Washington, D. C., came on to visit, an instant liking sprang up between Mrs. Garson and Mrs. Ney. They lunched and dined out together, attended movies and spent many happy hours together. Greer, too, was more than fond of Richard's attractive mother.

Cal hopes, but won't bet on it, that somehow all will be well and these two handsome people will again find happiness together.

Party with Ford: "Ellie leaves this afternoon at five," Glenn Ford said over the phone and something in his voice prompted us to ask about his plans for that evening. "Gee, I'm lonesome already," he said, "what can we do?" So after the departure of his wife, Eleanor Powell, for a dancing engagement in Chicago, Glenn and Cal met at the home of charming Elyse Hunt where a cocktail party was in full swing.

Cal spied pretty Martha O'Driscoll, another blonde gone brownette. Director Johnny Farrow and Sir Charles Mendl seemed to be making movie plans of some sort (Sir Charles loves acting in films). While Glenn chatted amiably with Mervyn Leroy, Mervyn's very pretty wife Kitty, one of the town's most popular matrons, seemed to be having an interesting chat with Peter Shaw who came alone. Popular Atwater Kent, who gives such wonderful parties, and Cal sat down for a discussion of mutual friends and were soon joined by Johnny Meyers, Howard Hughes's close associate.

At 8:30 Glenn and Cal departed for a bit of dinner and Glenn, we noticed, seemed to have lost his blues.



That blouse will catch more than the eye, Chick!

When underarm odor clings, men don't. So play safe with Mum

A stop sign for roving eyes—that froth of a blouse you're putting on.

Yet how quickly it can play false to your charm if it snags underarm odor. On guard, then, with Mum.

Your bath washes away *past* perspiration, yes. But you still need to hold onto that fresh start—to prevent risk of *future* under arm odor. That's why smart girls use Mum.

→ better because it's Safe

1. Safe for skin. No irritating crystals. Snow-white Mum is gentle, harmless to skin.

2. Safe for clothes. No harsh ingredients in Mum to rot or discolor fine fabrics.

3. Safe for charm. Mum gives sure protection against underarm odor all day or evening.

Mum is economical, too. Doesn't dry out in the jar—stays smooth and creamy. Quick, easy to use—even after you're dressed.

For Sanitary Napkins—Mum is gentle, safe, dependable... ideal for this use, too.

Mum



Product of Bristol-Myers



"My husband became a grim stranger..."

Could this grim-faced man be my once gay, loving husband? What had I done to change him so? . . . Well, it seems I'd been careless in trusting to *now-and-then* care in my

feminine hygiene. "A sad mistake made by all too many wives," my doctor told me. Then he recommended using "Lysol" brand disinfectant for douching—always.



"He's my own man again now"

My own devoted husband is back again, now I'm faithful to my doctor's advice. No more *careless* feminine hygiene, with "Lysol" so easy and economical to use. It's far more

effective than salt, soda or other homemade solutions—a proved *germ-killer*, cleansing thoroughly yet gently. I always use "Lysol" for douching...and it *works* beautifully!

Many Doctors Recommend "LYSOL" for Feminine Hygiene . . . for 6 Reasons

Reason No. 1: POWERFUL, PROVED GERM-KILLER . . . "Lysol" is a true germicide of great germ-killing power. This power is not reduced by age or exposure to air.

Note: Douche thoroughly with correct "Lysol" solution . . . always!



For Feminine Hygiene use "Lysol" always!

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. Brand Disinfectant



Toast to youth: Marshall Thompson and Joyce Reynolds at recent theater opening

INSIDE STUFF

Home Again: About the time vacation looms ahead for most people, Hollywoodites are returning from theirs. Home from Sun Valley are the Gary Coopers who, with Claudette Colbert, her husband Dr. Joel Pressman, Norma Shearer and her husband Marty Arrouge and children, have spent most of the winter at the ski resort. Life there is simple and pleasant and exactly to Gary's liking. His little daughter Maria and Norma's two children, by her former husband Irving Thalberg, attended the little village school nearby while their parents skied. After school, Gary says, the kids proceeded to show up their parents on the ski tracks.

Gary says that Van Johnson, who spent several weeks there with Evie Wynn, has now replaced George Washington for fame with practically every shop in the village boasting that Van Johnson had been there.

The Acapulco crowd is drifting back from Mexico with tales of moonlight nights and golden days. Letters from Tyrone Power and Lana Turner were full of romantic stories that turned Cal green with envy. And what an odd situation when Howard Hughes, Lana's former boy friend, flew to Acapulco to visit Jane Peters, Ty's leading lady, and all four met amicably and happily. And of course when Frank Sinatra showed up with his Nancy, the place really took on life. Esther Williams and Ben Gage are already building a home for a vacation spot at this Mexican resort. They will rent the house while they are working in Hollywood. "We'd rather have two modest homes than one big estate," Esther says.

The Palm Springs group, brown as berries, are straggling back to town. Incidentally, that romance between Bob Walker and Mrs. Herbert Marshall that began at the Palm Springs Racquet Club is over. "Just another winter romance," Hollywood says.

(Continued on page 28)

REMEMBER
Mother's Day
SUNDAY MAY 11th



The gift that's a promise of Lovelier hair

Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic

- No tribute to Mother could be more gracious than a gift of Jewelite by Pro-phy-lac-tic. Jewelite Brushes, Combs, and complete Dresser Sets, styled in the most beautiful of plastics, are available in delicate shades of ruby or sapphire, as well as in diamond-clear crystal. And every Jewelite Brush has bristles of long, resilient Prolon (finest of synthetic bristle) to help burnish the hair and bring out every natural highlight.

Jewelite, sold at good brush departments, is a product of Pro-phy-lac-tic, makers of the famous Pro-phy-lac-tic Tooth Brush. Look for the name Jewelite on the box.

PRO-PHY-LAC-TIC BRUSH COMPANY, Florence, Mass.



The unique Jewelite Roll-Wave Brush has wide-flaring bristles trimmed in a curve to conform to your scalp. Helps provide healthful stimulation. Individual brush, \$4.00. Dresser set, above, \$12.00.



Jewelite Combs and other lovely Pro-phy-lac-tic Plastic Combs for men and women are designed for perfect combing. Available in a wide variety of styles and colors. 15¢ to 50¢.

Can you tell...
which is the expensive dress?



Quite a difference here! One of these summer wash dresses costs \$17.95 . . . and the other, \$45. More than twice as much!

But the interesting thing is that both dresses look equally crisp, fresh and appealing—because they've been starched with LINIT*!

You'll find LINIT Starch gives a fresh, smooth, soil-resisting finish to all your things. Get a package today. Follow the easy directions on the box.

It's the shell pink dress that cost \$45.



... ADDS THE

"finishing touch"

*LINIT IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK OF CORN PRODUCTS REFINING COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y. © C.P.R. CO., 1947

LINIT is the smooth, penetrating starch that makes cotton look and feel luxurious as linen. Use LINIT to restore the charm of a fabric's original finish—for curtains, blouses, accessories, children's clothes, men's shirts. In fact, all your washables.

The Redcoats Are Coming!: They seem to be arriving in droves, these charming British stars, and we needed only Michael Redgrave to complete the list. The star of "The Lady Vanishes," "The Stars Looked Down," "Jeannie," "Thunder Rock" and so many others has long been a favorite of ours, so we quickly phoned in our acceptance when Universal Studios invited us to a cocktail party to meet Michael. Joan Bennett, who will co-star with the English actor in "The Secret Beyond the Door," came early and brought her husband, Walter Wanger, who will produce the picture. Joan had met Michael during her recent Command Performance in London and was thrilled to be playing with him. It was director Fritz Lang, he of the monocle, who introduced Cal to Redgrave and secretly we wondered how Mr. Redgrave would accept the Lang directorial authority, once the picture gets going.

We were amazed to discover "The Lady Vanishes" with Dame May Whitty was Michael's first film. He told us, too, that he was born in Bristol, is a third generation actor, is married to actress Rachael Kempson, has three children, and was a modern language instructor at Cambridge before signing with "Old Vic," at present Laurence Olivier's famous stock company.

Now in his thirties, the six-foot-three Michael promises to become as popular as David Niven.

Set Doings: It's director Michael Curtiz's first production on his own, and after several setbacks "The Unsuspected" is zooming along. Young Ted North, who has made only B pictures, was given the role Dana Andrews refused and Mr. Curtiz is so enthusiastic over the lad he's renamed him Michael North, "because he seems almost like my own son," the director told us. He's a handsome young man with dimples



Peggy Cummins, young and wistful Welsh importation, at the Fox commissary

STUFF

and hazel eyes and, since his divorce from Mary Beth Hughes, quite eligible.

It's an interesting, tense, alive set that constantly wavers between high good humor and near hysteria, especially when Curtiz gets mad. Audrey Totter, borrowed from M-G-M, was literally yanked from a Texas-bound train to play the meanie. "Not since Carole Lombard has there been such a one—so bubbly like the champagne when eet is lively," Curtiz tried to explain about Audrey. And when he introduced us so proudly we both played it straight, for he had no idea Totter and Cal are old friends.

Claude Rains sits on the sidelines and watches intently while others work and Joan Caulfield, borrowed from Paramount, has already promised the director he shall have first chance to test her pretty sister soon to arrive in Hollywood from New York.

"I need two more girls for my stock company," Curtiz told us, but hey, don't come to Cal about it. We haven't an ounce of pull with the famous man.

O'Brien News: When Margaret O'Brien's best friend Nancy went away to a convent school, Maggie wanted to send a gift to express her devotion. Using her mother's checkbook, she laboriously wrote out a check for five dollars and mailed it to Nancy. Mother Superior mailed it back to Margaret's amazed mother who suggested her daughter send a more usable gift.

As Maggie was too shy to ask Clark Gable for an autographed photograph for Nancy, Deborah Kerr offered to get it for her. In the commissary a few days later Margaret, on roller skates, spied both Deborah and Clark on opposite sides of the room and impulsively scooted over the floor, dodging startled waitresses and bus boys, to offer her thanks.



In this corner: Cornel Wilde's intrigued by something in the commissary too

*dazzling
dew-drenched
color-drenched*



Shimmer Lipstick

by **PEGGY SAGE**

the only lipstick to match the magic of her Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish

Such lovely luminous lustre. Such tantalizing moistness. You will never know how unbelievably beautiful you can look until you've followed the soft curve of your lips with Shimmer Lipstick. Wildly exciting in itself. Ecstatic when paired with either Peggy Sage's Shimmer Sheen or Regular Nail Polish.

Shimmer Lipstick, \$1.00*

Shimmer Sheen or Regular Nail Polish, 60¢*

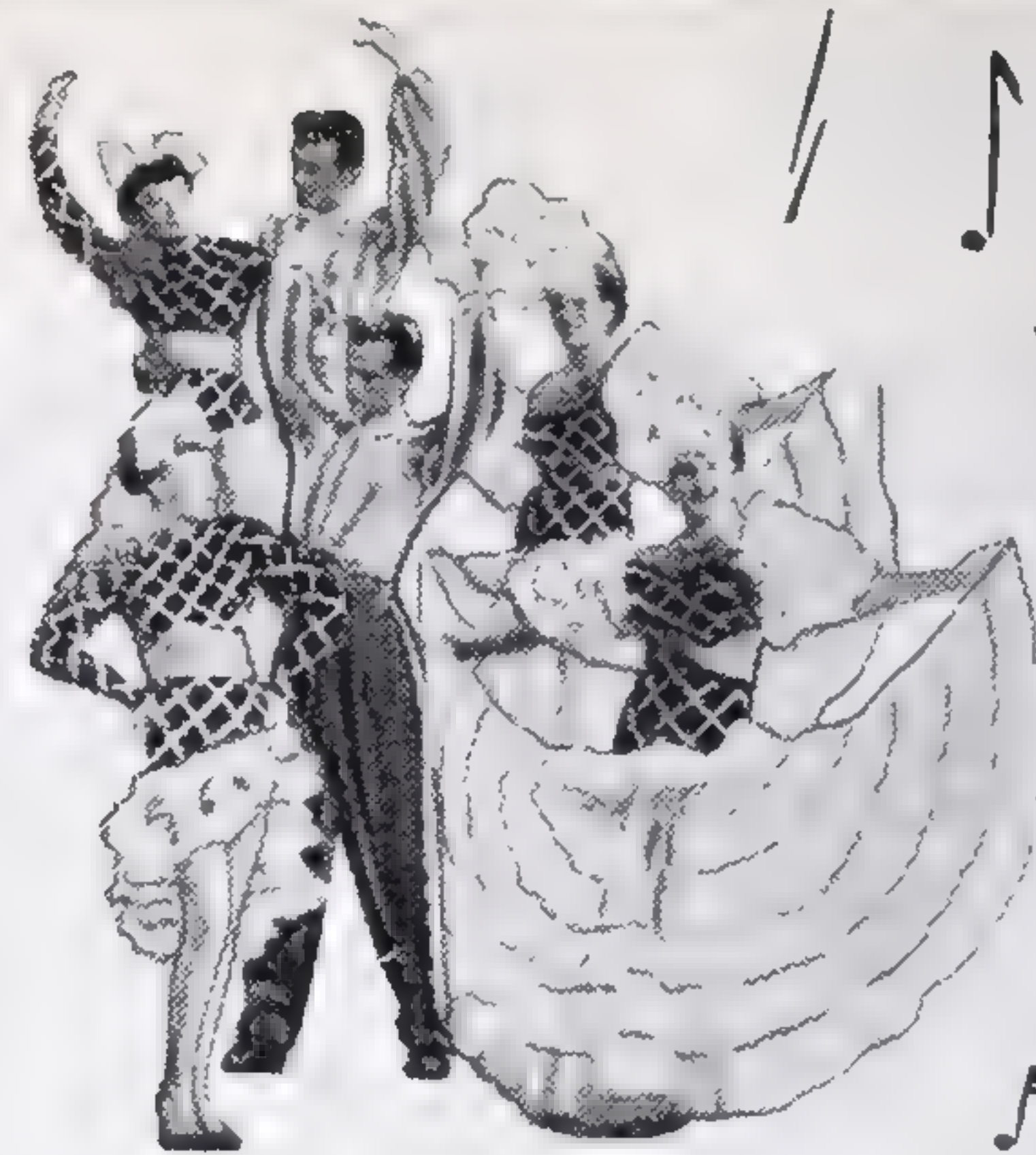
Shimmer Set: including Shimmer Lipstick and harmonizing Shimmer Sheen Nail Polish, \$1.50*

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JEWELS BY JOHN RUBEL



A great big wonderful show!



Great Tunes!

Big Laughs!

Wonderful Romance!



Hit Parade of 1947

Starring
EDDIE ALBERT · CONSTANCE MOORE · JOAN EDWARDS
with **GIL LAMB · BILL GOODWIN · WILLIAM FRAWLEY**
WOODY HERMAN AND HIS ORCHESTRA • and REPUBLIC GUEST STARS **ROY ROGERS AND TRIGGER**

and BOB NOLAN and THE SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Songs by JIMMY McHUGH and HAROLD ADAMSON • Screen Play by Mary Loos • Original Story by Parke Levy

Associate Producer and Director — FRANK McDONALD • A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Swing With Woody Herman
Sing With Joan Edwards
to songs by JIMMY McHUGH
and HAROLD ADAMSON
"I Guess I'll Have
That Dream Right Now"
"Is There Anyone Here
From Texas?"
"It Could Happen To Me"
"Chiquita From Santa Anita"
"The Cats Are Goin'
To The Dogs"

Fashion reflection: Judy and husband
Vincente Minnelli at Don Loper showing



INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 29)

Family Man: That tall, lanky lad who has been driving through the southern states and who looks like Jimmy Stewart, really is Jimmy, taking his family on that long-promised jaunt. "I kinda wanta see my own country for a change," Jimmy says.

Griddle Hot: Unconfirmed but widespread is the rumor that the Van Johnsons are expecting . . . Clark Gable's eyes all but popped out when the lovely Ava Gardner first stepped onto "The Hucksters" set in that very, very décolleté gown. And now Clark, who seems to have just discovered Ava, is dating the young lady after work . . . Hollywood is holding its breath over the hushed but coming divorce of an actress from her producer husband, which may mean that a star who has always loved the actress will finally have a chance. If this sounds complicated, so is the romance . . . Mrs. Dick Haymes, who did a bit of acting under the name of Joanne Dru, is giving it all up to stay home with husband and babies. Dick couldn't be happier . . . That constant, unhappy bickering between Rita Hayworth and Orson Welles just isn't worth it. Surely some pleasanter solution could be worked out.

Line or Two: Nice of Bing and Bob Hope to cut in their old friend Barney Dean on the profits of "Road to Rio." Barney is a veteran writer on Bob's radio show . . . Dorothy Lamour, who always dresses in quiet, good taste, is hurt and puzzled over being included in a certain (Continued on page 74)



*Now! Keep your hands
as kissable as your lips*

Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion is actually 2-lotions-in-1

PROTECTS AS IT SOFTENS • RICH IN LUXURY LANOLIN

It's love at first touch—when you smooth new Woodbury Lotion on your hands. So rich. So luscious. So *different*. It's a beauty blend of softening *and* protective ingredients. Actually 2-lotions-in-1.

1. A softening lotion—lavish with luxury lanolin—that helps bring hands endearing natural softness.

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This very day let new Woodbury Lotion bring you softer hands, satin-smooth elbows, shoulders, legs. Delicately fragrant. Never sticky or greasy. At drug and cosmetic counters. 25c and 50c (plus tax).

Free!

MAIL COUPON FOR PURSE-SIZE BOTTLE.

Your own hands will show you the wonderful difference in Woodbury Beauty-Blended Lotion.

Mail to BOX 45, CINCINNATI 14, OHIO
(Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)

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(Please print name, address plainly. Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) (535)

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TIERNEY

with a taunting smile...

HARRISON

with a haunting kiss...



*...doin'
what comes
super-naturally!*

It's the man-woman affair like
nothing on earth... from the
best-seller that spread a sly smile
across the face of America!

GENE REX GEORGE
TIERNEY · HARRISON · SANDERS

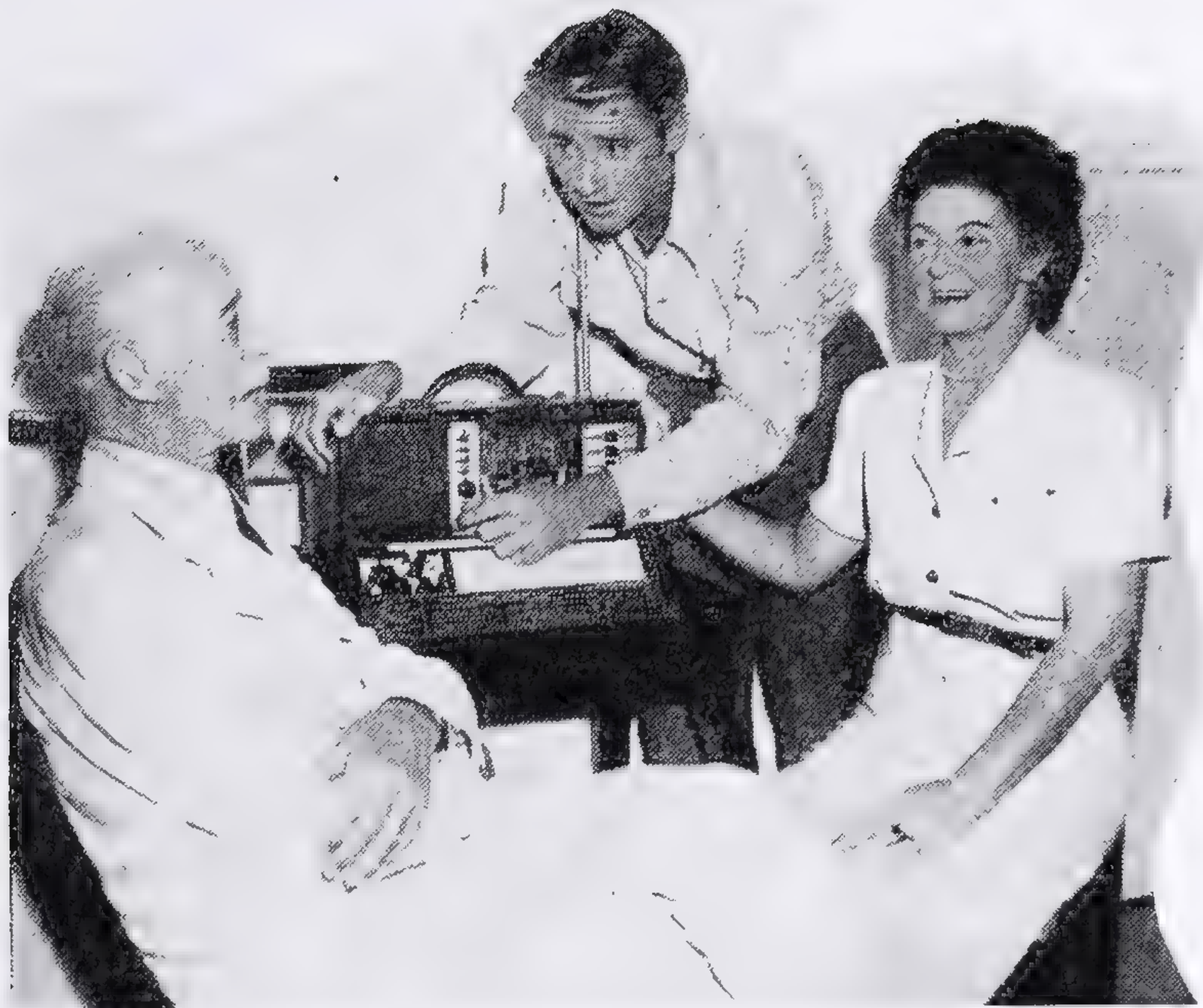
The Ghost and Mrs. Muir

A 20th
CENTURY-FOX
ROMANCE!

with EDNA BEST · Vanessa Brown · Anna Lee · Robert Coote · Natalie Wood · Isobel Elsom · Victoria Horne
Directed by JOSEPH L. MANKIEWICZ · Produced by FRED KOHLMAR · Screen Play by Philip Dunne
From the Novel by R. A. Dick



LIFE at the LAWFORDS'



Fred Sammis

CERTAIN Hollywood homes are automatically avoided by cautious editors. A distinct few are placed in the prize category—where you pay a visit of five minutes or two hours and are completely bemused.

The household of Sir Sidney and Lady Lawford nestles off Sunset Boulevard, past Beverly Hills, straight toward the Pacific. This home is new for the Lawfords, but already its solid walls have had to give a little not to burst at the seams.

In the first place, this is all their son Peter's doing. Last fall, deciding that an M-G-M star and his parents should have their own home, he quietly went house-shopping. Then, since of course you don't buy furniture in Hollywood for a house in California, Peter did the more logical thing of buying all the furniture in Chicago and having it shipped back. Freight delivery being what it is, Peter is at the moment sleeping on a mattress on the floor.

The color scheme of the house was also Peter's. Grays and greens are dominant. Lady Lawford makes protesting noises. After all, this is the first time her young son has really managed such a deal without her. It wouldn't do to let him think she really approved. Peter and Sir Sidney might, you know, get out of hand.

Which is what has happened, to tell the truth. Sir Sidney, a relatively young man on the sunny side of the seventies, couldn't be happy for long supervising the Lawford roses and hedges. Screen careers were running in the family. Why not Sir Sidney? Metro still wonders dazedly (*Continued on page 126*)

What's wrong with



Between beats—Frankie
grabs a slim bite



All work and no rest made Frank—not himself



"I've never asked for anything
I did not think right . . ."

SINATRA?



Frank Sinatra of Hoboken stars in "It Happened in Brooklyn"

Two on a feud put their cards

on the table, with some

straight talk across the boards

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

I GOT news for you.

It's all sunshine and flowers with Frankie and me.

That rootin', tootin', telegram-sending, column-chiding, air-blasting, letter-writing feud that Sinatra and I have been carrying on for the past six months—is all over.

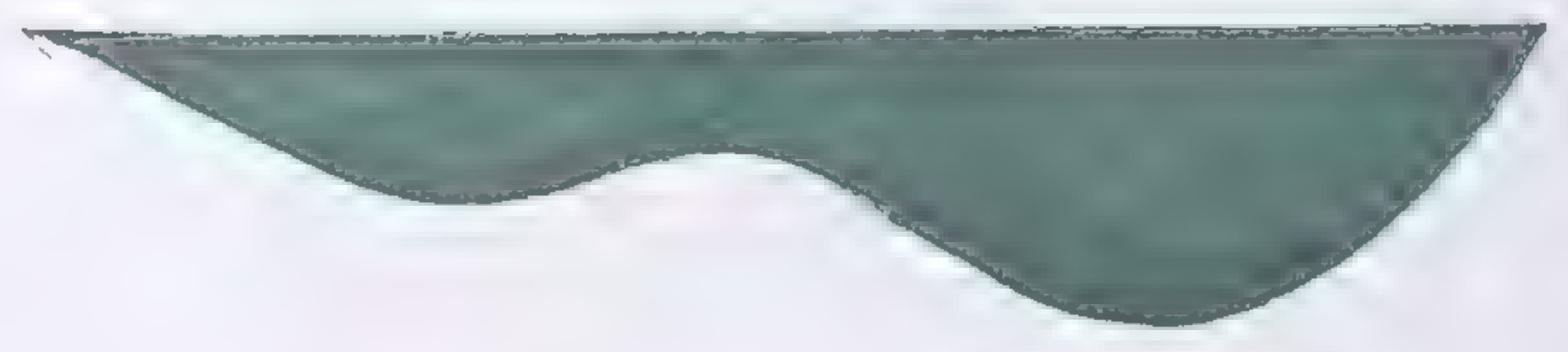
It died a natural death after we met and aired our grievances over a luncheon table at the Beverly Hills Club. In the long run, I'm not one to harbor grudges and neither is he. He has a quick Latin temper and when he's mad—you know it if you're the object of his dis-affection. Me? I'm half Irish. We were going to it hot and heavy for awhile via every medium at hand with Frankie showing a preference for insulting telegrams.

When I wrote in my column that he had become so temperamental at M-G-M that he and that studio might soon part company, Frankie sent a three-page blast that simmered down to the idea that I was incompetent to report on Hollywood doings. That (Cont'd on page 107)



How
June
Allyson

Behind her bubbling laughter—her new security



Is Learning

To Be Happy



June, of "High Barbaree," has a panacea for everybody—marriage



At first I thought there couldn't—positively *couldn't*—be anything new to write about June Allyson. In fact, I said so. I said, look, the girl is only twenty-two and there have already been nine or ten million words written about her. There can't be anything new to say.

But I was mistaken.

There is quite a lot about June that is new. All growing things change, and June Allyson, who has more of *Peter Pan* in her soul than most anybody I know, is growing up. In that process, she is leaving behind her two things which, alone in her sensitive and vividly responsive nature, might have twisted that always tricky development out of shape.

Worry.

And ambition.

Over at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studio, where Junie has spent all of her motion-picture life, I heard a story about her the other day.

A new contract was being drawn for Miss Allyson and—like all new contracts—there were some slight differences of opinion between the parties thereto. Usually nowadays (*Continued on page 76*)



COVER GIRL

You thought she was the sunshine girl—not knowing how she has had to learn that life can be fun

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS



Vivid memory—when she couldn't run and dance

Photographs by Valeska

THE CASE OF "DUEL IN THE SUN"



Gregory Peck and Jennifer Jones in a scene from "Duel in the Sun"

*Behind-the-scene facts about
Hollywood's biggest head-
ache—the movie that
cost \$7,000,000, boasts the
greatest star cast—and has
stirred up the biggest
censorship fight in years*

BY
RUTH WATERBURY

HOLLYWOOD had begun to breathe again. The black clouds of censorship that had whirled around its head as a result of the release of "The Outlaw" had seemed to have moved on without leaving too much damage in their wake. Yes, things were looking up.

Then on December 31, the last day on which it could qualify for an Oscar nomination under Academy rules, David O. Selznick opened his super wild-Western, "Duel in the Sun," at the Egyptian Theatre in Hollywood.

Eighteen days later, on January 17, the severest censorship storm since 1930 broke in full force. On that date Archbishop John J. Cantwell in "The Tidings," official archdiocesan newspaper, announced: "Pending classification by the Legion of Decency, Catholic people may not, with a free conscience, attend the motion picture 'Duel in the Sun.' This motion picture, of which the National Legion of Decency was not afforded the usual advance viewing, appears to be morally offensive and spiritually (Continued on page 127)

Jennifer Jones as *Pearl Chavez*,
the half-breed, in the
much-discussed "Duel in the Sun"





Liza, Liza Smile at Me

Don't look now, Judy, but your
happiness is showing. How come? Just
listen to what an old friend has to say

BY ELSA MAXWELL



SURPRISING what a difference a little thing like Liza can make in a life.

One year you're still the Judy Garland whom Metro put under contract at the age of twelve because your voice had an odd habit of flying straight from your heart to the heart of your audience. You're the Judy who—before you had a chance to think of the things you wanted for yourself—had become a part of Hollywood's golden saga and, shy and sensitive, found yourself with the wrong people.

The next year, Liza! And you're the real you. Only, like most personal metamorphoses, yours has been so gradual, it's only now that you, or your friends, catch on to what's been happening.

At least, that's the way it looked to this reporter the other day as I watched Judy with her baby Liza in her arms. At the risk of sounding like last year's Valentine, I must report on the discovery I made that afternoon. We were in Vincente Minnelli's old study which has been transformed into the nursery because it is the room into which the sun shines all day.

Liza, I must tell you, is enchanting. She loves being alive. She cannot yet walk but she bounces on her feet trying to dance. Music, unless it is very gay, makes her very quiet. And Judy has started a collection of recordings for her, including several lullabies. She cuts a disc for Liza every time she makes a professional recording and included in the collection is the lovely "Liza, Liza."

Liza flirts boldly, aided and abetted by big dark eyes and long black lashes. Usually she's sunny. But, denied



Judy Garland, starred in "Till the Clouds Roll By"

Engstead

Every day is Mother's day since Liza Minnelli came to stay with her mother, Judy



Photographs by
Engstead

Judy, star of "The Pirate," has emerged an old-fashioned girl who finds most pleasure in simple things

*Liza, Liza
Smile at Me*



Her father's dark eyes—mother's sparkle



Judy's teaching Liza not to be afraid. What's a tumble or two among friends?

Liza flirts boldly—is sunny most of the time—until she's denied something she wants

what she wants, she gets as mad as a hornet. Also, because she's interested in everything, her wants are not few. Judy, of course, dresses her in the most divine little-girl clothes.

On the day of which I write, Liza, who is teething, grabbed the soft folds of Judy's dress and stuffed them into her mouth. With gentle authority Judy freed her dress from the baby's determined grasp. And I became aware Judy had changed. For only those with personal security, only those who are self-sufficient and self-contained can have gentle authority.

Judy used to remind me of a startled fawn, with her restless eyes, her quivering nose and her little awkward leggedness. With her wildness too. For, a typical bobby-soxer, she went for hot (*Continued on page 80*)





Engstead

In the driver's seat: Dana Andrews, starred in "The Best Years of Our Lives"



Dana FACES EAST

Vermonters still recall the day that

Andrews fellow chased the horse

straight through town—losing by a nose

FOR one who has had a lot of the West, the East can create an appetite as keen as an African native's craving for salt.

So Dana Andrews discovered when he went to Connecticut to make "Boomerang." This was it! The smell of an eastern autumn in the air; real Colonial houses with their roots in the soil for half a century instead of the transplanted variety that stood out on the dry California hills like Christmas boxes in July.

Promptly he rented one of the real ones and sent for his whole family—Mary, his wife; four-year-old Kathy; two-year-old Stephen; with thirteen-year-old David joining them during the school holidays.

There was the added tang of getting into New York—particularly for the giant premiere of Samuel Goldwyn's picture, "The Best Years of Our Lives" in which Dana gives one of his finest performances. On that day Dana was lunching peacefully with a friend at "21" when the waiter interrupted him.

"There's a telephone call for you, Mr. Andrews," he said. "It's a Mr. Bob Shirley who says he knew you in Texas."

Dana thought hard. Then he remembered. Exactly sixteen years before, he had shared a room at the Y.M.C.A. in Austin, Texas, with a Bob Shirley. He sprinted to the telephone.

Over the wire came the same Texan drawl he had heard sixteen years earlier. It was Bob Shirley, all right, still sprinkling Texas liberally into his English. He congratulated Dana on his career. Then he added, "Matter of fact, I've a little favor to ask you concernin' that, Dana."

"What is it?" said Dana, ready to loan a few dollars to his old roommate, or give him some introduction for a job.

"I kinda wondered if you couldn't git me six tickets for the big premeer tonight," Bob said.

Dana was appalled. He explained that the theater was sold out. There wasn't a ticket to be had. (Continued on page 119)



Dana of "Boomerang" and the Andrewses—big and little: David, Katherine, Stephen, and Mary

BY ELEANOR HARRIS



Ty as *Pedro de Vargas*, Captain from Castile who finds adventure in Mexico

The sombrero and serape are Mexican but the shapely legs belong to Jean Peters



On location—3000 miles from Hollywood and Vine in ground of billowing smoke from the volcano Paricutin.

LAND OF

Photoplay's private enterprise for the month—putting Hymie Fink and his camera on a plane Mexico-bound. His orders: Cover “Captain from Castile” on location and bring back the year's most exciting pictures. P.S. He did!

BY HYMIE FINK



With banners flying high, the small army of Conquistadores marches to find glory and riches in the valley of Mexico



the shadows of the hills of ancient Mexico with a back-Prop men lift screens to help camera catch light

MONTENZUMA

EVEN photographers now and then get breaks —and the breaks were with me when PHOTOPLAY decided to send me down to Mexico for some location shots of the “Captain from Castile” Technicolor extravaganza.

My plane landed in Mexico City at three A.M. and I went straight to the Reforma Hotel for some necessary shut-eye. The next afternoon, still half asleep, I went to the airport and met Ty Power’s pilot Jeff who was to fly me to Uruapan (pronounced Oor-wa-pan),



Chow—and judging by the enjoyment of Ty, Cesar Romero, Thomas Gomez and other members of cast, a welcome pause



Jean Peters, new personality, as *Catana*, inn dancer who follows her man to Mexico

Ty takes time out to catch up on correspondence, backed up by the King’s men



LAND OF MONTEZUMA



Strange twist: Sixteenth Century captain navigates Twentieth Century typewriter



Ty needs help in hair-curling department



Hollywood's contribution to the Good Neighbor Policy—Ty as a hidalgo from old Spain—his straw hat adds the modern touch

a little town about three hundred miles from Mexico City.

We took off and about an hour and a half later landed in a cow patch guarded by Mexican soldiers. The shooting here was mostly of crowd scenes showing the historical march of Cortez on what is now Mexico City but was then the stronghold of Montezuma, the great Aztec king. The next day we were a little uneasy. You see, about ten miles from location is Mexico's famous active volcano which the natives call Paricutin because its real name is too long to handle. Never have learned to trust a volcano belching fire and smoke. Pari kept at it all day, and when the wind was right the fine ash came down like light rain. There was real rain too and when the ash and rain tangled we were spattered with fine black mud.

This location involved serious transportation problems. There were horses, tents, trucks, all the costumes, etc. Over three thousand extras (Tarascan Indians) were used. They made fires at noon and cooked their tortillas, frijoles and chili. At night, wrapped in their serapes, they slept on the ground.

Ty was swell about letting me take pictures. So was his co-star Jean Peters. Jean, by the way, has never before made a picture. She won Twentieth Century-Fox's college girl contest as Miss Ohio State and is now Ty's leading lady. Also, (Cont'd on page 51)



Director King shot this tender scene especially for Hymie so our cameraman could catch Ty and Jean together



Conqueror of a new world: Tyrone as the dashing Captain from Castile



Cesar Romero as Cortez, bold leader of the Mexican invasion, with Ty



Gilding-the-lily department: Jean's popularity at college won her best-liked-girl prize



Some Indians live in *jacales* like this in old Mexico

LAND OF

Tyrone, in brief interlude on location, grins at friend





Sunday on location—Ty pitches a few between innings

MONTÉZUMA

Cesar Romero enjoying a siesta, old Mexican custom



Beisbol—Mexican baseball. They make up rules as they go



director Henry King was pretty swell. He shot a whole scene just so I could catch the two leads.

Before we left Uruapan we went to a most spectacular baseball game between the Mexicans and the Americans. The game was a lot of fun because the Mexicans make up their own rules as they go along. However, the Americans won. While we were watching, Ty's co-pilot came in with a bandage over his nose. He said he had been taking up Ty's plane when the motor conked out near the end of the runway. The plane was wrecked. Jeff was sure lucky to come out with only a bruised nose.

When the scenes were finished here, the company prepared to leave for Acapulco, the famous coast resort about two hundred miles south. We heard the location in Acapulco was being guarded night and day by the Army because they still have trouble with bandits from the hills.

Since the crew was leaving for Acapulco that weekend, Ty decided to fly the film into Mexico City. I went along with him, as this was my only chance to get back in a hurry.

And that's it, kids—what happens when your photographer gets a fling down Mexico way!

Color pictures by Fink



Janet Blair makes news in the "nude" line

**Breathtakingly tops in
fashion combat—Ginger Rogers's
ermine trench coat**



Royal touch for royalty—Shirley Temple wears her first strapless gown of mousseline with brocade bodice, gold rose in her hair



DRESS PARADE

Starlight preview of
who wears what—where—
and how

By Edith Gwynn

AWARD dinners, excitement-crowded days at the races, glamorous movie premieres share the fashion spotlight with Hollywood parties this month. Also, I think that two particular fashion "musts" many leading stylists are determined to foist upon the gals from West to East and from North to South, furnish some very depressing style news at the moment. But I'll get to that later. First let's take up the gorgeous array of duds that were paraded at a recent premiere.

The most stunning effect of the evening was achieved by Ginger Rogers who was wearing that fabulous ermine trench coat designed especially for her by Don Loper. That's right—an ermine trench-coat! As trim, as tailored, as belted and as casual as any ever sported by an Army officer. And complete with notched lapels. Ginger wore it over a simple, floor-length black crepe dinner dress. Tucked softly around her neck was a black chiffon scarf. Long black suede gloves, black sandals and large flat black envelope bag enhanced the striking simplicity of the entire costume. And—we almost forgot—on the bag, stamp-fashion, was Ginger's name—tiny black beads (in her own handwriting) on a background of little dead white beads.

Barbara Stanwyck was at the opening in a simple, very décolleté black crepe evening gown—a sheath-like top tapering to a skin-tight waistline. The skirt was tunic-tiered in black lace. Only note of color—and a rather unusual place for it, was one (Continued on page 92)



La Montez at LaRue's—accent
on colonial fez



Lights up! Larry Parks, starring in "Down to Earth"

Coburn

Almost Down To Earth

So he's up in the clouds! And why not—when his castle in the air becomes a hillside home, complete with mate

BY DOROTHY DEERE

HAPPEN you're up Nichols Canyon way one of these fine weekends, and happen you have to step aside to let a dark chap and his blonde girl friend go flying past on their motorcycle—well, just step aside. Nine out of ten times, it will be Mr. and Mrs. Larry Parks, and outside of the possibility of a brush fire being set off by the happy tinder of their eyes, the danger is slight.

"We like to do what you call 'cow-path' exploring," says Larry. "Get off the beaten road onto the paths, or bump along the fire breaks till we reach what the maps call uncharted country. There's still quite a bit of it in this state—" But most of all, Larry and the recently returned Betty Garrett are blissfully exploring their brand new state of being together.

In any town, the story of Larry and Betty would be a mighty sweet saga. In Hollywood,

town of both fame and frustration, there are few couples with courage enough to try the long-distance love which for two long years was the only sustaining link between them. Voluntarily, these two kids gave each other up right after their marriage so that each might have a fair fling at his private ambition. Betty already had her agile toes on Broadway's musical comedy ladder. Larry had hung up his hat on one of the more inconspicuous pegs at Columbia Studios. Between the two lay some three thousand miles—a distance to stretch even the optimism and faith of youth pretty taut.

Today Betty, the musical-comedy hit of "Call Me Mister," returned to Hollywood to accept a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer contract. And today, Larry is the fellow who made screen history doing what even Al Jolson couldn't do. He's the brown-eyed and pink-



Another log on the fire—a chance for Larry and his Betty to get reacquainted

Almost Down



Kansan becomes clansman: Larry in "The Swordsman," which takes place in Eighteenth Century Scotland



In his memory book—once was a pullman inspec-

cheeked young chap who turned Jolson, rave of the champagne-filled-slipper era, into Jolson, rave of the bobby-soxers. If you don't believe it, check Al's teen-age mail these days, or notice the jive fans suddenly besieging the music counters for the Mammy-singer's records.

Coincidentally, Mr. Parks's own mail is bulging with the same swoon-type missives—a very pleasant situation, indeed. In fact, after the current success of his second starring role opposite Rita Hayworth in the Technicolorful "Down to Earth," he finds the entire business of being a star a highly satisfactory one. It's nice to play in million-dollar productions. That is, "Just because a picture is big, is no sign it's going to be good—but it sure helps." He should know, because of that dreary number of months in which he played

To Earth



tor, also a guide at Radio City with Greg Peck

in nothing but an uninspiring succession of low-budget B's.

... "Unless I was busy being chief punching-bag for the lot. I hate to remember the number of screen fights I had to engage in, doubling for a star whose face they didn't want marked up. I'm a little glad those days are over."

He was skeptical that he'd get the Jolson role.

"You see, I was always testing—for everything. I made five tests for the role of Chopin in 'A Song to Remember'—even had the costumes fitted—but Cornel Wilde got the role. I tested for 'The Bandit of Sherwood Forest'—Cornel got that one, too. When they told me I was testing for Jolson, I muttered a merry 'So what—who cares?' Afterwards I promptly forgot the thing (Continued on page 110)



The thrust of luck: Larry Parks, who once lost two roles to Cornel Wilde, comes into his own at last

Photographs by Valeska



Quickest way to
catch some men
Is to run away
from them

Glenn Ford

A man thinks he likes to know how a girl feels about him but he really doesn't. Romance is like a steak. When it's hard to get it becomes more tempting. Every man thinks he's a hunter and has an instinct for the chase. Once he's sure he's cornered his bird, he no longer feels like hunting. To me, the most interesting women are those you're never quite sure about.

Kurt Kreuger

A girl should keep a man guessing, for nothing pays off as well as mystery in romance. A man is one who should do the courting. It's the nature of the male beast to think he doesn't have to bother with the courting business once the girl admits she's interested in him. His usual reaction then is to lose interest in her. I don't think any man wants to be too sure of any girl. She's far more intriguing and exciting when he doesn't know where he stands. But the girl must, of course, be subtle. For her to play an obvious game is pretty stupid.



SHOULD YOU KEEP

Barbara Stanwyck

A girl should keep a fellow guessing. I never saw one of those forthright females who ever got anywhere with a man. They clomp around in sensible shoes, taking a grim pride in their honesty and looking everybody smack in the eye with their gimlet gaze. It's a losing system. Show me one gal without one whit of guessability, and I'll show you a gal who spends plenty of time curled up with a good book.

High brow and
gimlet eye
Are not designed to
get a guy



Are you listening, Cupid, while

Dorothy Lamour

Should a girl be mysterious and keep a fellow guessing? Yes! Yes! Yes! Just ask Bill Howard, my husband. Oh, I don't believe in a girl's trying to make a fellow jealous by telling him about all the men in her life. That's really corny. But she should be mentally stimulating enough and mysterious enough to make a man wonder in the end how he was so lucky to win her for a wife. No girl should be so forthright that a man can tab her easily and figure out what she's going to do next.

Esther Williams

I've always believed in the honest approach. I never liked the big line routine and the sweet, toothless nothings. When I met my husband, Ben, for example, I thought he was the typical man-about-town. He asked me for a date one night and I told him I couldn't make it. Then, to test him, I asked him to have dinner at my mother's house, knowing most men disliked this sort of thing. "However," I added, "I'm sure that wouldn't interest you." To which Ben said, "On the contrary, I would like it very much. I want to meet your mother and the sooner the better." And that's the man I married.



Try him on a
family dinner
Maybe he'll come
out a winner

Vera-Ellen

Sincerity is very important in matters of romance. Without it, the whole affair is phony and will never amount to anything. Any man a girl can't hold with her own personality and her own charm isn't worth holding—and is certainly not worth playing games with. And any man who would run away from an honest confession of love is little more than a heel.

HIM GUESSING?



these romance experts battle it out?

Frank Latimore

I personally resent being made a tool of a girl's flippancy—and keeping a man guessing is a form of flippancy and insincerity. Nothing makes a fellow feel so foolish as to admit he's in love and then have the girl say, "I don't know whether I'm in love or not. I'll have to have time." Or to have her out when you call for your date. After all, it's human nature to admit any deep emotional feeling. I wouldn't want to marry a girl who looked upon my love as something she could toss around according to her playful moods.

John Payne

It's downright old-fashioned to think that dangling a guy is a natural weapon of subterfuge. I think girls should be honest with a man. If it's a game they're playing, admit that it's a game. It all seems to boil down to this: Women have crossed over so effectively into world affairs today and have fought for their place so long that it's silly to cling to the old idea of being frivolous.



If you dangle
many beaus
The one you want
may not propose

Drawings by
Georgette

IT'S MY BUSINESS

Read this—then apply the “Goldwyn” touch
to yourself and watch it work



By **SAMUEL GOLDWYN**

*Producer of “The Best
Years of Our Lives”*

STAR

STAR



Dana Andrews's question changed his luck



Vera-Ellen's nostalgic personality
—not her dancing—did the trick



Ann Steely was only a shadow of Cathy O'Donnell

THERE is no more dangerous and misleading phrase than "discover a star." It makes talent on the screen seem like a kind of black magic. Too many young hopefuls feel that all that is needed to send them on their way to stardom is a nod.

But let me tell the readers of PHOTOPLAY what I believe:

I think a producer may find or recognize the *seed* or *germ* of a great talent in any beginner.

Having found it, the producer has to develop and train that talent. He has to give it the benefit of his insight, his experience, his judgment. He has to give the beginner protection from mistakes. And he has to have a great faith.

It is equally important for that beginner, the newcomer, the talent-in-training to *try*. He has to *work*. He has to *believe* in himself.



Danny Kaye was the original contradiction boy

In the old days in Hollywood, it was a common boast that a good producer could take a girl from a five and dime store, turn the star-making batteries of studio experts on her and in no time she would be a star with her name in lights.

That was nonsense then, and it is more completely nonsense now. The pattern is still—what have you to begin with? What is done *for* you? What do *you* do for *yourself*?

I think with much pride—and much affection—of the people I helped to stardom: Ronald Colman, Vilma Banky in the days of silent pictures—and Gary Cooper, Eddie Cantor, Paulette Goddard, David Niven, Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, Teresa Wright, Danny Kaye, Dana Andrews, Virginia Mayo and Cathy O'Donnell.

I've often wondered how (Continued on page 85)



Olivia's performance in "To Each His Own" put her in Academy Award class

How

Livvie has delivered a
solar plexus blow to Holly-
wood—by getting herself
labeled merely a woman

BY HERB HOWE

*T*HE exclamatory thing about Olivia de Havilland is, she's a woman. Defining her indefinable quality, the writer Charles Brackett, who got to know her well in producing "To Each His Own," says with a writer's acute perspicacity, "Olivia is a woman." That's what everyone says.

"My gosh, a woman!" say men who have been heard to use swear words about glamour babes.

In an industry so specialized that females are packaged in parts, like The Body, The Bust, The Face, a whole woman is a buy. Church bells ring and men want to marry. Olivia gives them the old-time religion.

On the wall of Olivia's apartment there is a goddess in a panel

Dreamy can you get?



giving a handout to a girl. To an old de Havilland partisan it looked prophetic.

"Looks like Minerva dealing Olivia the Oscar."

"Let us hope it is Minerva giving wisdom to Olivia," said Olivia being modest. "Or a steak. I dote on meat. Isn't it awful?"

"At these prices it is," said a half-starved writer.

Olivia got up and passed him tea and eyedropper cakes on a silver tray you could hock for a lot. Her shoulders sagged a little. It was the fourth time.

Miss de Havilland married a writer. In so doing she confirmed a suspicion long current in Hollywood that she is possessed of superlative mind. Writers are God's masterpieces as everyone knows except editors. (Continued on page 130)

At home—with Olivia and Marcus. He enjoys pipes; she enjoys gray days; both of them enjoy conversation



A party-of-the-first-part account of how a casual vacation abroad became a march of triumphs for the Millands



Introduction and reunion! Mal's first meeting with Ray's father in Cardiff, Wales

ASKING ME to talk about a trip to Europe in a sense is like asking Fred Astaire what he thinks about dancing. I didn't see anything particularly newsworthy about it. After all, this wasn't my first trip—or my tenth. My fourteenth to be exact, twenty-eight crossings all told. Certainly no astounding revelations involved the way I looked at it. That was before I took the trip. So now, in a request from PHOTOPLAY for a first hand report, I've this to say.

This fourteenth trip was the thrill of my life! There were three particular reasons for wanting to take this trip. First, I wanted Mal, my wife to meet my father. (By the way, her full name is Muriel. She used to call herself Mal when she was too young to pronounce it correctly, and it became a pet name in the family.) On former European trips, we were never quite able to make connections with him. Now, after fifteen years of marriage, I thought it high time we do something definite about it.



Surprise greeting from the Wales, for Ray Milland who



THRILL of

By



Welsh Women's choir, Cardiff, is starred in "California"



Ray receives Grand Prix Award. Mme. Georges Bidault, American Ambassador Jefferson Caffery and ex-French president Georges Bidault watch



my **LIFE**

RAY MILLAND
(as told to Jerry Asher)

Then, along with other Hollywood representatives, I was honored at being selected to be present at a Command Performance for the King and Queen of England.

The third reason for the trip was because of the Grand Prix award for my contribution to "The Lost Weekend," which was to be presented by the then President of France Georges Bidault at a special reception in Paris.


With the Reginald Gardiners, Joan Bennett and Walter Wanger, Dorothy Malone and the Pat O'Briens, we crossed on the Queen Elizabeth. What a beautiful boat! From food to fixtures—the best of everything. Our cabin was *only* twenty minutes from the sea!

In my time I've landed in England under many conditions and circumstances. But I've never witnessed anything like this reception. It was tumultuous. Movie stars aren't exactly a novelty there, but the people seemed to be gripped by a post-war passion for festivity.

The night of our (Continued on page 83)

Bedtime Story





Make your beauty program at bedtime not a bad time but a good time

BY ANITA COLBY

Photoplay's Beauty Editor

ONCE upon a time there was a young girl who said to herself, "I intend to be homely." So every night she jumped right out of her clothes and into bed, without a backward glance at her cold cream, hand pomade or, in fact, anything at all. And you know what happened? She got her wish—she was indeed far homelier than fate had ever intended her to be!

But that girl is such a rarity that she belongs in the Smithsonian Institute. Most of us have only one wish to ask of our fairy godmothers: "Please make me beautiful." And that's just what can be accomplished—without benefit of fairy godmothers—if you read the bedtime story I'm about to tell you.

It's the bedtime story of Hollywood's beautiful stars—who know that the night before makes or breaks the next day. Actually, the same is true for the rest of us, if we only realized it. For instance, there's Gail Russell. I consider her one of Hollywood's really beautiful girls. Her satiny skin, violet eyes and blue-black hair have won her quick recognition in our town. But even Gail is convinced that on her bedtime story depends the following day's beauty!

She makes her bedtime story full of fun, too. This, I think, is a smart tip for all of us. Part of the time Gail studies her script for the next day. (You could answer letters or read a chapter in that fascinating new book.) Throughout another

part she listens to relaxing music. By the end of it she's fed her soul as well as her body and she's ready to drift into dreamland, muscles and mind relaxed.

Now don't complain that you're too busy and tired at the end of the day to run through a beauty routine. The stars are the busiest people on earth. What's more, most of them get up long before the rest of us—around five A.M. And all of them must look truly beautiful for a much longer day than ours.

So on with my bedtime story, whose heroine is Gail Russell. Let's watch her. First she cleanses her skin thoroughly with a heavy coat of cold cream. Time-saver that she is, she pops under a warm shower while the cream is on. Out of the shower, a good brisk rub, and off with the cold cream. Then Gail gives her face a thorough washing with soap and water.

The next step is her shining hair—an intensive brushing and then she pins in a few curls to keep it fluffy the next day. Now comes her favorite part of the routine. She smooths a good emolient cream on her face and neck. Then she lies down on her bed with pads of cotton dipped in eye lotion or skin freshener on her eyelids . . . and listens to music. By the time she's ready to wipe off the cream for the night and remove the eye pads, she's relaxed and ready to turn off the music—and sleep like the sleeping beauty that she is. (Continued on page 113)

Gail Russell, Hollywood lovely appearing in "Calcutta," puts on the gloves—but for beauty—not battle

CAN'T SAY *Goodbye*



Pev visits "Forever Amber" set. An old story—he was cameraman on Linda's first three pictures

Linda and Pev have learned
that with so much to remember,
you just can't forget

BY SHEILAH GRAHAM



... suddenly aware of camera says, "Oh, dear!"



Linda, caught with her sophistication down



Then resignation sets in! "Oh, well"

LINDA'S a swell person, the best," says Peverell Marley.

"There isn't anyone I like better than Pev," says Linda Darnell.

And so—they are giving their marriage another trial. The big decision was made on New Year's Day. I saw Linda the day after, and she showed me all the wonderful presents Pev had given her. For the first time since she started working in "Forever Amber," Linda was not tired.

"We had a fine day together yesterday," she said with her characteristic honesty, "and we decided to try marriage again. But," she added, forestalling the obvious question, "we're going to wait until I finish my picture, because we don't want anything to go wrong this time." Too much work, resulting jangled nerves, and too little time together were the

chief reasons behind the separation.

"What of Pev?" I asked Linda. "Does he mind waiting until you're ready to go back to him?"

Linda smiled the confident smile of a beautiful young woman of twenty-four. "He understands."

So I went to see Peverell Marley whose greatest claim to fame in Hollywood is not that he is the husband of Linda Darnell, but that he is one of the industry's top cameramen. But regardless of how much Pev has understood about Linda and his marriage, there was no mistaking the lines of suffering on his very sensitive face.

And for a long time we hesitated to talk about Linda. But Pev suddenly opened up about the gal he married four years ago. It was in answer to the question, "What is your next picture?"

"I don't know and I don't (Continued on page 124)

What SHOULD I DO

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED
BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am nineteen and deeply in love with a boy of twenty-six. How can I make him get serious with me and marry me now? He says he likes me very much and doesn't date anyone else. He doesn't want to get married, though, because he doesn't want to be tied down. We always go out with married couples and you would think he could see how happy they are. There is no financial reason why he couldn't marry. He is in business with his father and they are very prosperous.

Since this is a small town everyone asks us when we're getting married. It is very embarrassing to me when he just laughs. He told me, not once but several times, to date with other boys because if we ever broke up, I would be very hurt and lonely. Still, none of the boys in this town will ask me for dates because it is taken for granted that I am in love.

I am desperately in love; everything I do centers around this boy. I've talked this situation over with some of my friends and they all seem to feel that I ought to be indifferent to him, but I can't deceive people. In my heart I am committed to him.

Can you tell me how to get this boy to realize how happy we could be?

Sara G.

Things have come to a stalemate between you, so the only possible step is for you to change the situation. This you can do by running away from the actual situation. Since you have a good position with a company with branches in cities away from the one in which you now live you could apply for a transfer with this company. This would be a desperate measure, which I think would be unnecessary. If you actually wanted to bring the situation to a head you could give parties in your own home to which the young man is not invited. As

your town is small it would take a very short time for the word to get around that you were available for engagements with other young men.

One of two things will happen: He will realize how important you are and insist that you give up your job and marry him, or the static situation will have been broken and you will be able—while you are still young and pretty—to find a new romance.

If you are wise, you will act as soon as possible. And, in the future, never let a man be so sure of you that he will laugh at friends who ask when you are to be married.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My mother has a little gift shop. We don't need the money, as my father's business is successful, but Mother enjoys doing this sort of thing. She has a display on our glassed-in front porch.

One day I invited some of my friends to my house. I didn't think anything about it at the time, but a few days later they began to make fun of my mother's shop.

That made me ashamed. Nowadays when my mother asks me why I never bring my friends home with me, I just mumble something or other. The truth would hurt her feelings.

Can you think of some way to make these girls stop making fun of me? Or how I could tactfully get my mother to give up her gift shop?

Joanne M.

I thoroughly sympathize with your situation. There is no group of savages as cruel, emotionally, as a clique of teensters. One must conform, or one is branded.

If the mothers of your impolite friends were engaged in some profitable hobby like that of your own mother, no one would think a thing about it.

And in that fact lies your (Continued on page 115)

Photoplay Fashions In Color Start on Page 95

New! Blush-cleanse your face — *for that lovely engaged-girl look*

See it give *your* skin:
—an instant clean, refreshed look
—an instant softer, silkier feel
—a lovely blush of color

You'll see results tonight— with this new blush-cleansing with Pond's Cold Cream.
You blush-cleanse—Rouse face with warm water. Dip deep into Pond's Cold Cream. Swirl it over your receptively moist,

warm skin in little creamy "engagement ring" circles up over your face and throat. Tissue off.
You blush-rinse—Swirl about 25 more creamy Pond's circlets over your face. Tissue well. Tingle with cold water. Blot dry.

Extra clean, soft, glowing— your face will feel! Pond's *demulcent* action softens, loosens dirt and make-up—helps *free* your skin! *Every night*, this full blush-cleansing. *Every morning*, a once-over blush-cleansing with Pond's!



Claire Dunham says—"A blush-cleanse with Pond's gives my face a clean-glowy look"

She's Engaged!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

Miss Claire d'Arcis Dunham, daughter of Captain and Mrs. Thomas Dunham of "Meadowmount," Warrenton, Va., is engaged to Charles Ranlet Lincoln of Washington, D. C.

Descended from many distinguished Virginians, Miss Dunham has inherited their charming air of aristocracy and ease.

There is a glamorous bewitchment about her dark, dark eyes, her exquisite sensitive mouth, her cream-smooth complexion and lovely look of mindful chic. "I really enjoy caring for my face the new blush-cleanse way with Pond's," she says. "It makes my skin look *especially fresh and soft*."

Have the Pond's blush-cleansed look! Get a bountiful 6-oz. jar of Pond's Cold Cream today!

CLAIRE'S RING— it is antique French, with 14 diamonds deep set at regular intervals in the pure gold band

*Among the beautiful women of Society
who use Pond's*

MRS. ANTHONY DREXEL DUKE	LADY DOVERDALE
MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT, JR.	
MRS. JOHN J. ASTOR	THE LADY IRIS MOUNTBATTEN
THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON	
MRS. GEORGE JAY GOULD, JR.	MRS. VICTOR DU PONT, III



Diamonds and Pond's—flashing emerald-cut, marquise, classic round diamonds!



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PERFUME

The fragrance of youth!

Discover the lovely secret of April Showers
... a dash of recklessness, a murmur of
mystery, a breath of romance. Enchanting
fragrance for enchanted hours!



Eau de Toilette, \$2.00
Dusting Powder, \$1.00
Perfume, \$7.50, \$4.50, \$1.25
—plus tax



Frolic

PERFUME



*It's fun... it's young...
it's meant for you!*

There's fresh bright
magic in this gay perfume!
Frolic whispers to you of high-
hearted moments—joy that
lingers in your heart, and his!

Eau de Toilette, \$2.00. Dusting
Powder, \$1.00. Talcum Powder,
50¢. Perfume, \$7.50, \$4.50; debu-
tante size, \$1.25 —plus tax

May Poll



THE POLLS
ARE STILL OPEN!

*You still have a chance to
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favorite man star and
woman star that you would
like to see in beautiful
full color reproductions
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Fill out the coupon below

Then mail it to:

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WOMAN.....

MY NAME.....

(Ed. Note: We regret this can-
not mean you individually will
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full color of the stars who re-
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DAVIS

Like morning dew and a song at twilight.

You will go through hot days like a gentle breeze in this two-piece Bemberg* rayon sheer dress with the new flared tunic. In black, navy, green, or brown with butterfly print in white and crisp white flowers at the waistline. Sizes 12-14-16-18.

Only 10.95.

Please send the Davis dress advertised in May Photoplay to:

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Quantity	Size	1st Color Choice	2nd Color Choice
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Payment enclosed _____ C. O. D. _____ Charge _____

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shop-along

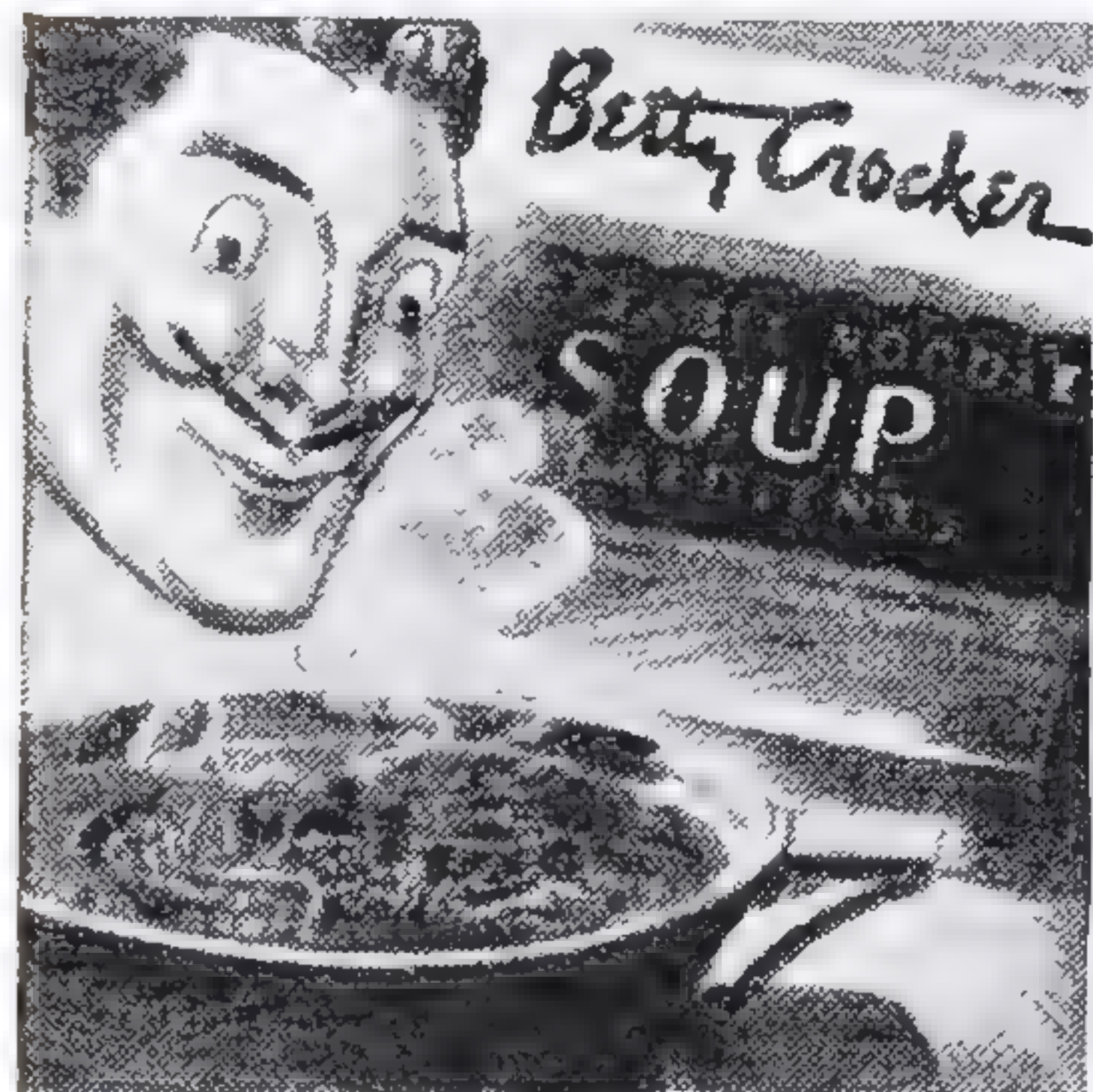
with ELLEN CHANIN

MAY is a merry month for excursions... shopping trips included. Check with Shop-along for smart tips for your shopping list.



Epicurean is down-to-earth...

Ask any epicure... the French, for instance, who make a career of good food. They will tell you that truly epicurean food is not a matter of sauces and spices alone. It is honest food, first of all, beautifully cooked. Their *pot-au-fau* (the vegetable soup that is always on the stove) is an example. And the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup is another. Both are beautiful dishes blended from fine ingredients. I'm recommending to you the Betty Crocker vegetable noodle soup ingredients.



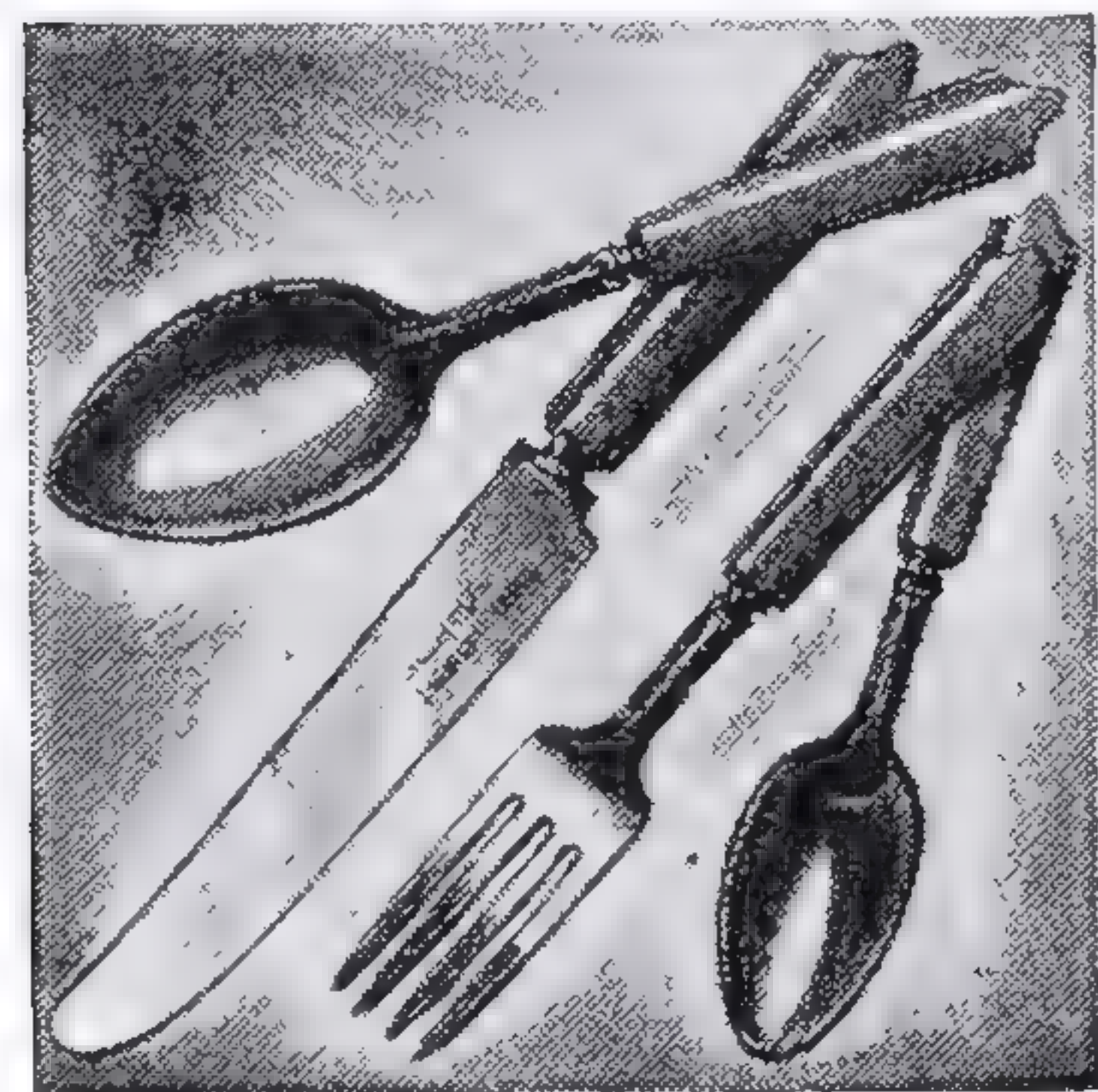
Shining Example by the Gentlemen

The nicest men we know have an instinctive love for polished wood, pedigreed dogs, good tweeds and the gleaming glow of shoes they shine themselves! Real fanciers in the art of shining tell us that the "Shine Your Own" rite starts with the right polish. SHINOLA, for instance—with its multiple blend of oily waxes designed to polish—and protect, by preserving and adding to the natural oil of the leather. Insist on SHINOLA, in paste or liquid, all colors.



24-piece Stainless Steel Set by Mail!

Fine 24-piece set of shining, rustproof and tarnish-proof solid stainless steel knives (that will cut), forks, teaspoons and tablespoons—a complete service for 6. Smooth catalin handles in bright red or ivory. We found it for



"Shop-along" readers... will send it post-paid as soon as we receive your order with \$7.95. Lee-craft, Dept. M 5—405 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

(Adv.)



Hilariously present were Preston Foster, Macdonald Carey, Harry Rosenthal and Don DeFore, on the train bound for the "Ramrod" premiere in Salt Lake City

INSIDE STUFF

(Continued from page 31) columnist's list of the ten worst-dressed women. Hollywood agrees Dorothy doesn't deserve it... Speaking of "Road to Rio," Frank Sinatra has agreed to appear in a brief but hilarious moment at the end of the picture... Charles Boyer, who goes to France in July, expects to remain long enough to make a picture or do a play... It will be interesting to hear Maurice Chevalier again and on Bob Hope's program. Maurice was certainly the charm boy of the French lads... Brian Donlevy secured custody of his child when he divorced Mrs. Donlevy. But Brian isn't too happy about any of it.

Around Town: Pete Shaw, who drops in every so often or rings us up for a daily chat, is rapidly becoming one of the most popular men in town. The handsome Irishman is simple, generous and charming to say nothing of being tall, dark and handsome. Once the escort of Lana Turner, Peter recently met Joan Crawford at a party and it was mutual liking at first sight. "She's really wonderful, you know," Peter phoned Cal. His thick Irish brogue is also a part of the Shaw charm. A major in a British tank corps, Peter saw seven years of action before coming to Hollywood. An unsettled and unhappy marriage is in the British background. But no two ways about it, without having appeared in a single picture, Peter is Hollywood's most popular escort.

Richard Llewellyn, author of "How Green Was My Valley" and "None But the Lonely Heart," recently re-awakened Cal's interest in the sport of prize fighting. The evening of the event, Panamanian friends, the Adolpho Arias and Hilda Vallarino (daughter of Pan-

ama's Ambassador to United States and close friend of Margaret Truman's) dropped in for a cocktail. Later Glenn Ford, Peter Shaw and Richard Derr came by but promptly at eight the author announced he and Cal were going to the boxing matches regardless.

The plight of John Carroll, innocently caught between radio columnists when his engagement to Lucille Ryman was announced by one and immediately denied by another (who claimed John had telephoned him the denial) the following week, was reaffirmed by one and again denied by the other, who claimed John was already wed to Miss Ryman, almost, but not quite, topped the Wynn-Johnson mix-up. John, who claimed he was waiting only for Miss Ryman's divorce to become final, was even more confused when his fiancée's ex-husband announced from the East that he was already divorced from Miss Ryman and had been since July, 1946. John hopes all this ring-around-the-rosy bewilderment won't interfere with his coming marriage to Lucille, who is assistant talent director at M-G-M.

Every eye in town is fastened on "The Man from Colorado" set where Glenn Ford, who testified for Harry Cohn in that headlined court battle brought by director Charles Vidor against Cohn, is caught in a peculiar web of fate. For some reason Mr. Cohn, who won the case, assigned Vidor to direct the Ford picture and to say relations are strained is to understate. Hollywood has its ear covered against reverberations in case of an explosion.

The Cary Grant-Betty Hensel romance may lead to the altar but the way Mr. Grant rushed a certain English stage star during her visit here

didn't foretell any wedding bells in the immediate future. Or maybe they're peeling this very minute for all Cal knows. The only thing we're really certain about Hollywood is the unpredictable behavior of the natives.

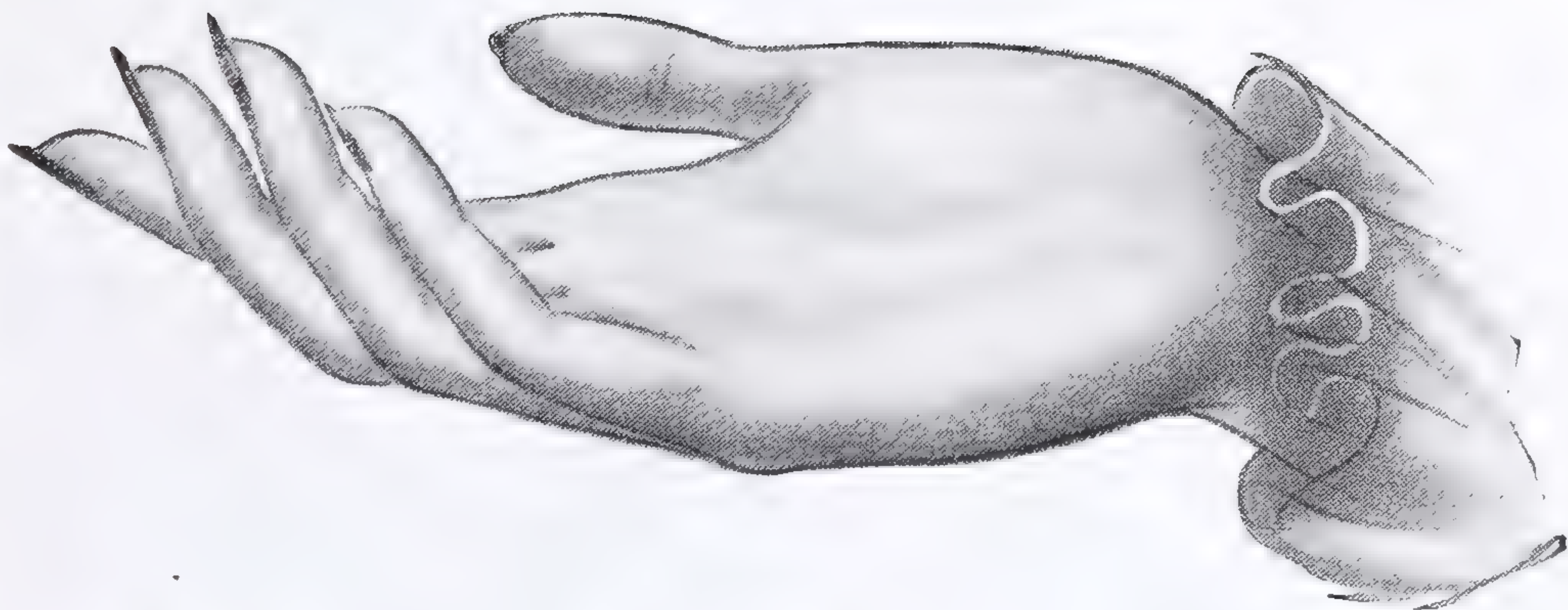
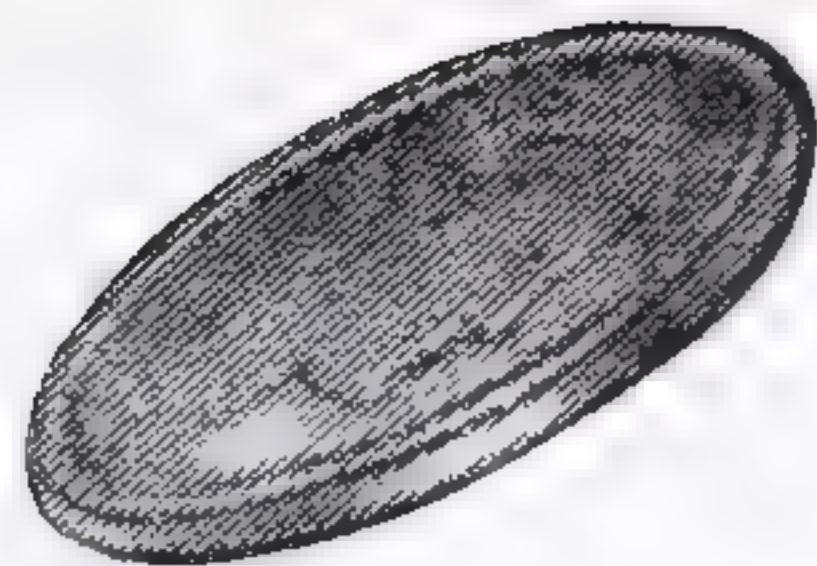
Diana Lynn has a brand new twinkle in both eyes since that New York trip and the reason is Bob Neill, said to be a Texas millionaire (what, another one?), who met Diana in the big city and followed her to Hollywood. Cal sees the pair together everywhere.

A Salute to Reagan: It seems to Cal that of all the people who have become motion-picture actors, Ronald Reagan has taken firmer and more solid roots as a citizen who takes his responsibilities conscientiously and even weightily. He neither flinches nor falls down on duties that mean the advancement of what he believes to be right. In short, he is a sincere American who can be counted on one hundred per cent.

Ronald hails from Dixon, Illinois, and as a typical American lad worked as lifeguard and radio sports announcer. We telephoned him recently with a message from the lovely Helen Altschuler, formerly of Dixon. He was instantly delighted, recalled how he had taught her daughter Sidney to swim and was pleased to hear that daughter was now a very pretty matron.

It is this quality, we decided, plus his civic pride, that has made Reagan a respected and admired citizen. And while the career of his wife Jane Wyman has zoomed with "The Yearling," his own has progressed with "Night Unto Night" and "Stallion Road." And for an unblemished marital record, we again salute a splendid gentleman!

Joel McCrea, who was acting Governor of Utah for four days during "Ramrod" festivities, gets support of Veronica Lake



Double or . . .

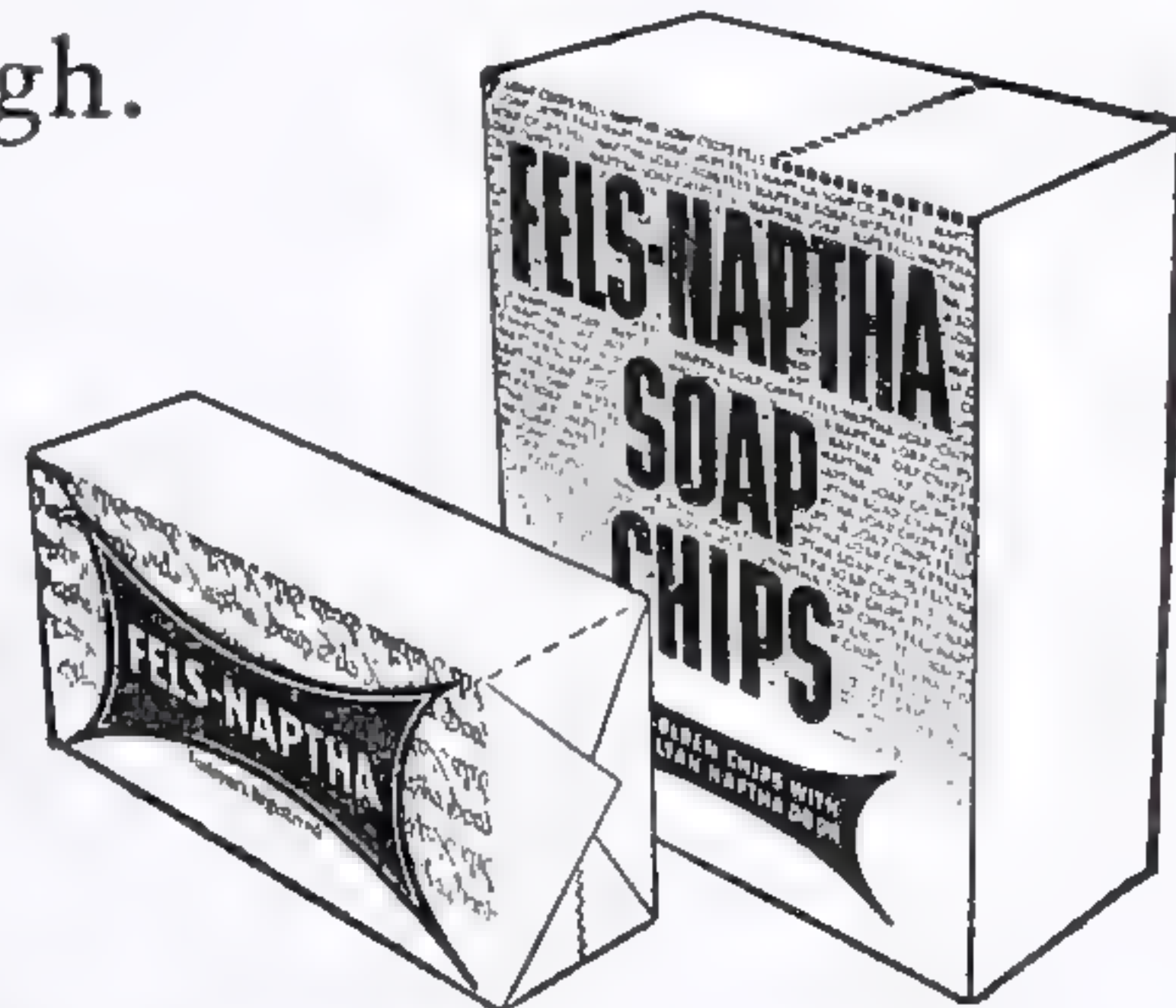
To all housekeepers we venture a gentle warning: *don't gamble on laundry soap. You can't win.*

Millions of women before you have found from experience that ordinary laundry soap can't—and won't—wash like Fels-Naptha.

Your bar of Fels-Naptha soap contains *double* the usual dirt-removing action. . . . Because it's good mild soap blended with active Fels naptha. Together, these *two* grand cleaners do a matchless washing job.

They get ground-in dirt out quickly. And get it all out. They keep colors bright and clear. They wash towels and linens white-clean, through and through.

Whenever you are spending money for laundry soap, spend it on a 'sure thing'—Fels-Naptha Soap.



Fels-Naptha Soap

BANISHES "TATTLE-TALE GRAY"

How much freedom can a career girl enjoy?



**102 OUT OF 127 MODELS, ARTISTS, WRITERS REPORT NO CHAFING
WITH FREE-STRIDE MODESS**

Bright young careerists—girls to whom freedom of action means so much—have made a smart discovery for you!

Girls who had suffered chafe with their regular napkin tested a new, improved napkin, *Free-Stride* Modess. *Object:* To see if it gave freedom from chafe.

The answer: 102 out of 127 reported *no chafing with Free-Stride Modess!*

The secret of chafe-free comfort so many girls found in *Free-Stride* Modess lies in the clever fashioning of the *napkin edges*.

Free-Stride Modess has *extra* cotton on its edges—*extra* softness—right where the cause of chafe begins.

The extra cotton also acts to direct and retain moisture *inside* the napkin, keeping the edges dry and smooth longer. And dry, smooth edges *don't* chafe!

So safe, too! *Free-Stride* Modess has a triple safety shield and a sealed-in deodorant to keep you confident. On sale everywhere *now*. Product of Personal Products Corporation.



Walk with comfort! Try the new Free-stride Modess!

How June Allyson Is Learning to Be Happy

(Continued from page 37) stars want more say about their stories, they want more time off between pictures, they want the privilege of traveling in their spare time, concessions of various kinds because with the income tax what it is increase in salary doesn't mean much any more.

June, who is as popular on her home lot as any star I have ever known, (I would hate to disillusion you but all stars are *not* popular on their home lots) was being more difficult about the new deal than they had figured she would be, being June. There wasn't any question that little Miss Allyson had become one of the biggest drawing cards in the business. The studio was quite naturally willing to do quite a lot of things about that. They wanted June to be happy, and said so.

But Miss Allyson said she wasn't happy—not exactly. Of course there were lots of things about the studio she loved—but there was something that she was very unhappy about indeed. Shyly, blushing a little, she finally told them what it was.

"The contract is wonderful," she said. "Sometimes I can hardly believe it. But—there's just one thing. I'll sign it if you'll build me a new dressing room. You see, I spend so much of my time here—you know. So if you really want me to be happy, I'd like to have a new dressing room, a real nice simple sort of *homelike* one—"

SO they're building little June Allyson a new dressing room that is as homelike as possible.

Believe me, two years ago, a year and a half ago, that would never have occurred to June one way or the other. A great many things would have occurred to her then, because she was the most ambitious young star in Hollywood, the most absorbed in her career, the least interested in things outside of it. She worked hard not only at her pictures but on her dancing, her singing, and everything that had to do with being a bigger and *better* movie star. It wouldn't have been part of that pattern for Junie to want a more elaborate dressing room than someone else—say Judy Garland, or as swanky a one as Greer Garson. She never mentioned the fact that she still had the dressing room which had been given her when she arrived from New York and was just a "possibility."

Her career, her work, filled June Allyson's life in those days.

They don't any more.

Today, she loves her work and she loves to make motion pictures, but she could be happy "staying home." And being happy, she is learning, is important.

The difference is entirely in her marriage. From the day she married Dick Powell—her whole life, her whole outlook and her whole sense of values seems to have altered.

Little Miss Allyson has one panacea now for everything and everybody. A happy marriage.

While we were talking the other afternoon at my house, several people dropped in—people of varying ages and sexes. Sitting cross-legged on the floor, which is her favorite position, with her back to the fire, very smooth indeed in dove-gray slacks, a tailored white shirt and a bright red sports coat, June was immediately interested in all of them. She always is.

The thing she was most interested in, however, wasn't what they did or how suc-

**Turn to Page 95 for
Photoplay Fashions in Color**

cessfully they did it, or where they came from. By no means.

"Is he married?" June would whisper.

In the case of two young men from the University of California at Los Angeles, football players and friends of my son, she asked about them point blank.

One of them said he wasn't, but he was engaged and expected to be married in the spring.

Junie beamed on him with what amounted to practically a grandmotherly air. "That's right," she said. "You do that. No matter what happens, you get married. That's the very best thing in this world that can happen to you. You tell your fiancée I send my best wishes and I hope she'll be as happy as I am."

The other young man had to admit that, having been in the Navy quite a while and wanting to finish his education, he wasn't even engaged.

June shook her head. "How old are you?" she said.

He admitted he was twenty-three.

"You ought to get married," June said earnestly. "You find a nice girl and get married just as soon as ever you can."

"You can't ever be *really* happy until you're married, you see. Then you can have a home of your own, and that's wonderful, and a garden—"

She broke off and pointed dramatically to a vase on top of my best early American book stand. "You see those?" June said.

Everybody looked. "Those" were a brilliant arrangement of stocks and snapdragons, maroon and gold and ivory and deep copper, arranged in an old crystal bowl. When she arrived, June had carried them carefully wrapped in newspaper and had insisted on arranging them.

"I grew those!" June said, in somewhat the same tone that Mr. Einstein must have announced the discovery of relativity.

With her head on one side, June contemplated them reverently. In the firelight her hair was exactly the color of honey. She said, "Of course I guess they're not so good. I—I had to dig an awful lot of holes. Richard said if I didn't stop digging holes the whole place would fall down. You really should get married and then you could grow so many lovely things because you'd have a place of your own."

OVER the teacups, when everyone else had gone, Junie and I began a little matchmaking deal for my youngest son, who is just eighteen. June felt pretty sure that Dicky ought to marry—early. But we would have to be sure he married the right girl. "He's my little brother, you know," June said, "or I feel like he is. And I'll keep an eye on him—but I do believe it's a good thing to get married."

"So I've gathered," I said, and June began to laugh a little guiltily.

But when she had gone, such a busy, happy, contented, young wife, full of plans about her husband, her house, her garden, having a family sometime soon, I meditated a great deal over the changes—and found them all good.

"I feel safe for the first time in my life—with Richard," June had said.

And I knew that was true.

Years ago the great American hero of the first World War, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, had given me a definition of courage. "It's not courageous to be without fear," Captain Rickenbacker had said. "That's a matter of nerve and gland adjustment or something. If a man is not afraid—and some men are not—then it takes no courage to do things which look

The Stars Model

Photoplay Fashions on Page 95

"Learn to Understand Men"⁹⁹ *says Cathy O'Donnell*

"Know the part soft hands can play in love," Cathy O'Donnell says. "And keep your hands completely feminine; appealingly soft with Jergens Lotion."



CATHY O'DONNELL, FEATURED IN SAMUEL GOLDWYN'S
"THE BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES".

CATHY O'DONNELL uses Jergens Lotion for her adorable hands. So do other Stars. Jergens Lotion is 7 to 1 the favorite hand care of the Stars.

You can expect even more from Jergens now — even smoother, softer hands and longer protection. This comes from wartime skin research. Two skin-care ingredients many doctors use are included in postwar Jergens Lotion.

Still 10¢ to \$1.00 (plus tax) for this hand care the Stars use. Never oily-feeling; no stickiness.

For the Softest, Adorable Hands, use

JERGENS LOTION



FREE!
See for yourself why
Hollywood Stars,
7 to 1, use
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Mail coupon today for gift bottle. (Paste on penny postcard if you wish.)
Box 27, Cincinnati 14, Ohio. Please send my gift bottle. Dept. 152

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Quilted for comfort!

You'll scarcely know you're wearing *Fibs* — because quilting makes *this* tampon really comfortable. That's because quilting keeps *Fibs* from fluffing up too much . . . to an uncomfortable size which could cause pressure, irritation, difficult removal.

Quilted for safety!

Quilting is a safety feature, too, because it helps prevent cotton particles from clinging to delicate internal tissues. See how safe, secure *you* feel with *Fibs*.



And FIBS have rounded ends

. . . And that means *insertion can be really comfortable* — with *Fibs*. Try *Fibs* next month, and you'll agree — it's the easy-to-use tampon.



*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

very brave indeed. Courage is the overcoming of fear, it is going ahead and doing something when you are afraid."

That's one reason, I think, that June Allyson has always awakened such loyalty and admiration. There were a great many fears in her—fears that came from the sensitive, always active and vivid imagination which make her such a real artist; fears from long years of helplessness in a wheel chair when she was young and malleable, from no very settled or ordered family life behind her.

When you think about it, for little Junie to venture out alone into the big world must have taken super-courage. You can almost see her moving ahead step by step, like someone moving through a jungle. Knowing her, you have to think of her with that timidity, that wistful lack of any appreciation of herself, as the last girl in the world who would dare the hurly-burly, the rough-and-tumble, the dog-eat-dog battle for success in the theater or movies.

Yet because she loved it so, from somewhere she got the courage to take those steps, one by one.

Her first year or two in Hollywood, she suffered untold agonies over parties, people, new faces, new things. If she had to go to a formal party she was in real, cold terror about it—she was apt to stay home with her music, her books, a few friends —and that's not good at June's age.

What happened between her and Betty Hutton was a good example of the things that June went through.

In one of her first shows in New York, June had understudied Betty who, big-hearted and kindly, had helped her a lot. June was grateful to Betty, and adored her from afar, though Betty's humor and violence and vivacity terrified her just a little bit.

Later they met in Hollywood—and Betty Hutton thought June had gone high hat and June thought that Betty had just simply forgotten all about her and didn't recognize her at all. "I didn't really expect her to, of course," June told me. "But she was so good to me in New York and—I felt awfully disappointed." And Betty said, "What's gone wrong with that little Allyson girl? I know she's a great actress and all, but we were buddies in New York—and then when she sort of ran when she saw me—I was kind of hurt."

Of course they "made it up" as the chil-

dren say—but that was typical of June. Not expecting Betty Hutton to remember.

So that there were times when I used to wonder whether the dark shadows of her childhood, the little worries and fears, would continue on as she grew up—and childhood fears carried over into grown-up days can be very miserable things.

From the beginning, from the first day she fell in love with him, Dick Powell changed all that for June Allyson.

"We've been married one year and a half," June said. "And every day has been better than I thought it would be. Marriage is something you can depend on, and belong to, and it makes you not afraid of anything any more. Your real inside happiness isn't at the mercy of the world—or your career. Marriage with Richard is something you can trust."

Thus Mrs. Dick Powell is a new June Allyson. Her interests have broadened immeasurably. We talked about the appointment of General George Marshall as Secretary of State, and Junie had that clear and definite response that comes from her own inward truth to a lot of things.

Her part in the trip to Chicago on the jurisdictional strike situation, when she met and appeared before labor leaders of the AF of L, hadn't frightened her once—she'd enjoyed every minute of it, she'd studied and thought about it and she was glad Dick was a vice-president of the SAG.

Football and baseball and boating—these were all new things to her. The time she spent in a wheel chair had kept her from an interest in athletics—but she is making up for lost time.

Her reading is broader. The steady companionship of an intelligent man has strengthened her own brilliant and fanciful mind. And having a home of her own, her own plot of ground to grow things in—it seems somehow like a miracle to her.

In other words—June says the best thing is to get married.

From the first time I saw her on the screen I have believed June Allyson had the greatest acting gift of any present-day star. I think she is touched with genius—and I don't use that word lightly.

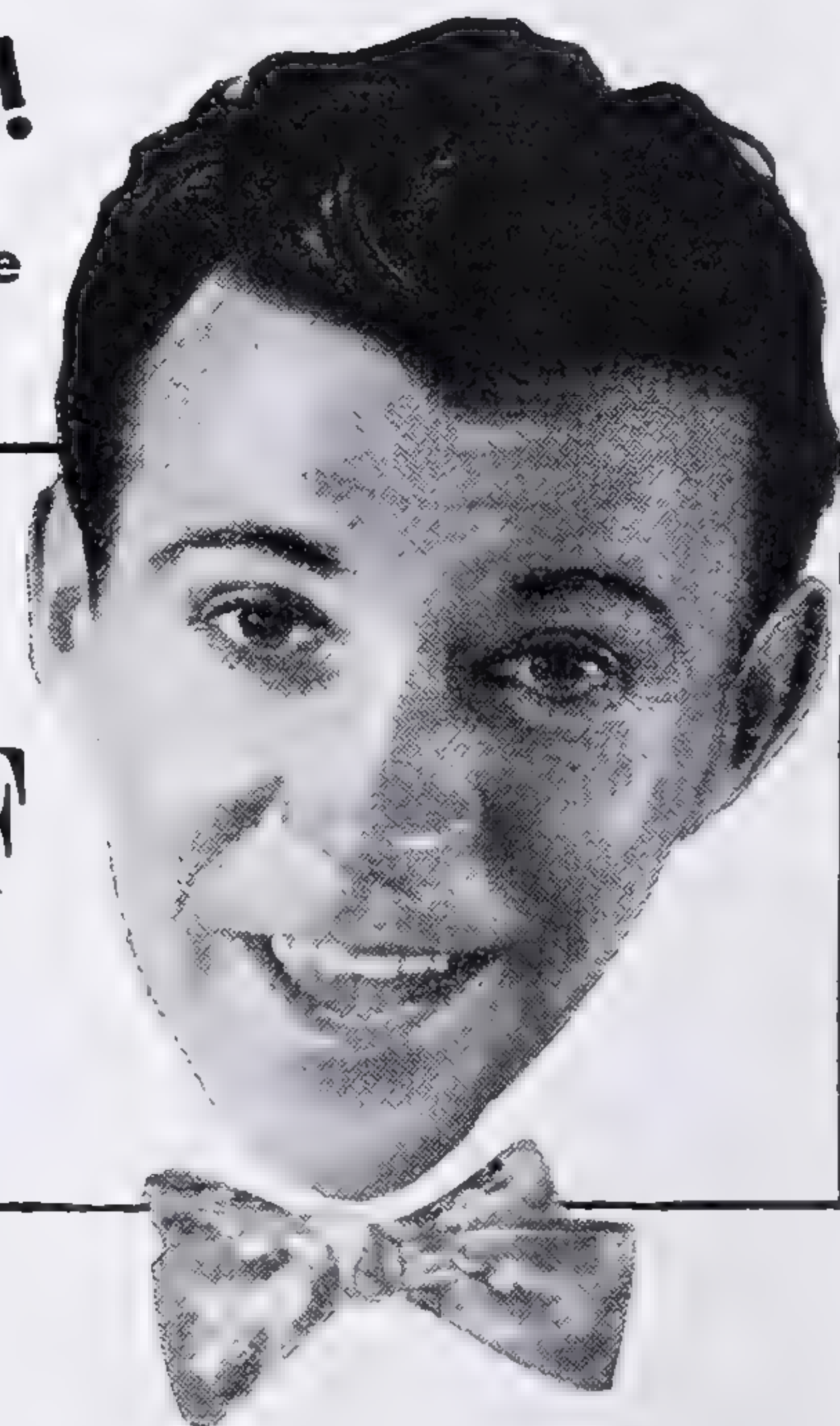
The new June Allyson has added strength to that genius. She ought—if the right stories come along—to be one of the really great stars now. You wait and see.

THE END

chuckles . . . laughs . . . roars!

As Dennis Day puts a dizzy new twist in his life —and gets all tangled up in it!

Tune in the big
SURPRISE BROADCAST of
"A DAY IN THE LIFE OF
DENNIS DAY"



Hear it and howl!

NBC, WED. APRIL 23

Eastern Time
8 P. M.

Central Time
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Don't miss the entertaining story on Dennis Day in the current May TRUE STORY Magazine!

Hollywood inspired
Woodbury

Fiesta

...saucy, spirited
new powder shade
named for
the technicolor hit
picture "FIESTA"

Rose-sparkle for your skin! Wear
Fiesta, spirited new powder
shade that warms and livens your
skin to breathless new beauty.
Blended first for Fiesta's dazzling
Star, Esther Williams, this
enchanted Woodbury shade is
color-right for YOU! Luscious
rose-rachel—disarming, disturb-
ing! A Woodbury-Wonderful
shade that stays *color-fresh*. See its
loveliness on you! For free "try-on"
sample, mail coupon below!



with Woodbury Fiesta *film-finish* Powder
you also get Fiesta Red Lipstick and Rouge . . .
all 3 in the dollar powder box—only \$1⁰⁰

"Try-it" sizes of Fiesta Film-Finish Powder . . .
8 other Star shades . . . 25c, 10c. All prices plus tax.

Esther Williams
starring in
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"FIESTA"

That glow-of-roses on her skin? It's yours . . . with Woodbury Fiesta.

Free Sample! **FIESTA POWDER... so beautifying!**

See Fiesta's sparkle on your skin! Send for free Woodbury
Powder Sampler (contains eight other flattering shades), plus
Hollywood Make-up Chart. Print name, address clearly. Mail to
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(Sorry, offer good in U.S.A. only.) *Paste coupon on penny postcard, if you wish.

Which Twin has the Toni?

(and which had her permanent at the beauty shop?)



Miss Ella Wigren, the lovely Toni twin, says, "No one at the party could tell our permanents apart — *can you?*" (See answer below.) "My Toni Home Permanent looked soft and lovely from the start! No wonder Lila says after this we'll be *Toni twins*."

Yes, you can give yourself a lovely

TONI Home Permanent for your date tonight

It's easy as rolling your hair up on curlers. No trick at all to give yourself a Toni Home Permanent. And you'll be delighted with results. Deep, wonderful waves—heavenly soft and natural-looking. Easy to manage, too, because your Toni Home Permanent is frizz-free from the start.

Toni works like a charm on any kind of hair—even gray, dyed, bleached or baby-fine hair. And the permanent is guaranteed to last just as long as a \$15 permanent—or your money back. Try Toni today. See why every hour of the day another 1000 women use Toni. Just ask for the Toni Home Permanent Kit at your drug, notion or cosmetic counter. Ella, the twin with the Toni Home Permanent, is the one at the left above.

DeLuxe Kit with re-usable plastic curlers
\$200

Regular Kit with fiber curlers
\$125

Refill Kit complete except for curlers
\$100

All prices plus tax

Toni

HOME PERMANENT

THE CREME COLD WAVE



Liza, Liza, Smile at Me

(Continued from page 43) records and hot bands and jam sessions. Now her lovely eyes lie quietly in her face. And, no longer running away from anything, no longer searching, she has no need of the old nervous activities.

Vincente helped Judy find herself, I'm sure. Actually, it would take a man like him, a genuinely sensitive artist to understand her. Beyond her recklessnesses and young brashness he felt her depths and her beauty. Like that unforgettable time she sang "Dear Mr. Gable" at a Metro convention. Two thousand members of this organization, fairly worldly human beings, sat, tears on their faces, trying to divide their eyes between the little figure on the big stage and Clark Gable who sat with tears on his face, too.

Judy singing "Dear Mr. Gable" wasn't one star singing of another star; she was a kid singing of a great idol. She still has that ability to lose all sense of her own importance in her appreciation of others. At a party last autumn, for instance, I asked Vincente to create a costume for Irene Dunne from odds and ends out of the five and dime store. Then I apologized to Judy for not having thought to ask Vincente to dress her. It was, after all, the first party she had attended since her illness following Liza's birth.

She looked at me with her velvet eyes. "But Elsa," she said, "I am proud to have Vincente dress Miss Dunne! She's my favorite actress. She's so talented!"

WHEN Vincente won a prize for his costume she beamed upon every one, Vincente especially. And he beamed upon her. For this is a real love match, one I predict will last. Of course they have spats. Isn't it one of the oldest human laws that those who love will quarrel?

"Judy's learning to cook," Vincente told me that night. "You must come for a spaghetti dinner on our cook's night out."

This was news! I thought of Judy's first marriage, at nineteen, to David Rose. It lasted less than two years. I don't know what he did or didn't do that was wrong. But I do know that Judy at this time was completely unfitted to be a wife. In the studios—and her work dictated her life—she had just been cast as a thirteen-year-old in an *Andy Hardy* picture. In fact, it was the knowledge that she would be a married woman by the time the picture was shown that influenced the studio to let her grow up.

One time, I remember, dinner guests arrived at Judy's house to find Dave out and her having dinner in bed. She had invited the guests, then forgotten them. Other times, because she never did keep the engagement book necessary in a family with two careers, she and Dave would discover they had accepted dinner dates or asked separate groups of friends for the same evening. The servants, who had seen her as *Dorothy* in "The Wizard of Oz" called her Judy. And if she went into the kitchen and said, "We'll have clams and a roast, a mixed green salad . . ." her cook was not impressed at all.

It's different now. Vincente's bachelor house, with its acres sprawling down the hillside in gardens, a tennis court and a pool, has been redecorated as a family home. Like all beautifully managed menages it runs as if it ran itself. Whiskey and soda, for a gentleman guest, tea and sandwiches, a pot of coffee for an early morning caller, appear as if by their own accord. The silver always is shining, bath towels and linen are always fresh and ashtrays always clean.

Also, I delight to report Judy's spaghetti dinner is worthy of a husband with Italian

ancestry. Her meat is savory and her spaghetti is *al dente*, not limply overdone. "You know, Elsa," she told me that day as we sat in the nursery, "we mothers have a great responsibility. We must guide our children and we must discipline them—yet, above all, we must be a friend. . . ."

I never in the world thought Judy would be such a wonderful mother. "The Pirate," a Technicolor production in which Vincente will direct her and Gene Kelly, will be the first film she has made since months before Liza was born. At first there was her illness. Then there was her wish to get Vincente's house in order and see Liza started in the way she should go. For the first time in her life, you see, since she sang in her family's vaudeville act at four years of age, the personal demands upon her time, thoughts and energies have been so many that her professional life hasn't had a chance.

The most important thing she is teaching Liza is not to be afraid. She even seeks to free her of the two fears with which an infant comes into this world—the fear of loud noises and the fear of falling. If there is an unexpected noise everyone acts as if nothing had happened. If Liza falls everyone laughs.

A few days before I saw Liza, Judy and her nurse had taken her for a drive. When the nurse had accidentally let the car door slam with a frightful noise, Liza had practically leapt into her mother's arms. Then she had laughed. And Judy had wept with pride and joy.

JUDY, who loves jewelry, used to buy pieces that befitted her position. Now she thinks of Liza. "She'll love this when she's older," she said, admiring the heavy coral necklace and earrings which, I'm sure, were Vincente's choice. With his artist's eyes he would see the great complement they would be to Judy's frail dark beauty.

It's good to see Judy these days . . . being herself. It used to be only infrequently and briefly she knew this pleasure. I remember how she used to talk about the few months she once had in high school while Metro were deciding what to do with her. "I wasn't known," she always says describing this interlude, "and I didn't tell that I'd done a few small parts in pictures and been in vaudeville. So I was just like the other girls! It was wonderful!"

Another time, in 1943, after her marriage to David Rose, Judy tried to crash a party I gave at Romanoff's. However, since she was with two sailor boys, was wearing old sport clothes and had no invitation, the doorman didn't recognize her and would not admit her. "I know Elsa Maxwell," she told the boys. "I'm sure she'd let us in; then you could see the stars. Let's wait—maybe we'll catch her . . ." So they stood with the crowd and waited. They didn't catch me. But they had a magnificent time. For, in slacks with the collar of her coat turned up and her hat pulled down, Judy was not recognized and the crowd's comments were unconfined.

"I never had a better time," Judy told me afterward. "I kept wondering what they would have said about me had I arrived all dressed up. I had more fun than I would have had at your party, Elsa. I was one of the people as never before!"

Always, I think, Judy has longed for a place in the world without benefit of her name in electric lights. At last she's found it. And from the slightly reckless, slightly wild, jam session devotee there has emerged an old-fashioned devotee who finds her pleasure in the simplest things.

Vincente started her transformation, no doubt. Then, there was Liza.

Liza, Liza. . . .

THE END



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(Continued from page 65) Command Performance, there was no controlling the mob. Even the King and Queen were in peril. For awhile it looked as if we'd never be able to make our way through. Finally, four mounted policemen came to our rescue.

When it came my turn on the program, my mind went completely blank, just like that night at Grauman's Chinese Theatre when I stood on the stage tongue-tied, holding on to my "Oscar." Then a sudden thought hit me.

"The last time I was in this theater," I began, "I sat in the last row of the balcony. I saw a picture called 'Alias Jimmy Valentine,' starring William Haines and Leila Hyams and that's when I first got the idea that I'd like to go to Hollywood and meet Leila Hyams in person.

"Eventually I did get to Hollywood. I worked, struggled, got fired, worked and struggled some more. Finally, lady luck beckoned and things began to happen. I have a beautiful wife, a fine son, a home in Beverly Hills and a career. And now after seventeen years I find myself in the Empire Theater once again. This time I'm on the stage instead of in the balcony. So you see, in seventeen years I've travelled exactly one hundred and twenty-one feet! And I still haven't met Leila Hyams!"

Needless to say, when the reception came and some thirty or forty of us were presented to the King and Queen, the Princesses Elizabeth and Mary Rose, it was a thrilling experience.

But again my mind went blank. I can only remember that the Queen wore fabulously beautiful jewels, that they were gracious, friendly, a composite of everything you'd ever expect of a king and queen.

Afterward Mal said with that wonderful humor: "Why didn't you tell the King that you used to work for his father!" (Author's note: When I was quite a young man, I served in the King's Guard, as a member of the Household Cavalry.)

Arrangements had been made for our visit to Cardiff, capital of Wales, land of my birth and upbringing. When we walked out of the station at Cardiff, we just stood there astounded. I'd overlooked that hometown-boy-returns angle. There were people everywhere carrying banners. They swooped down on us and carried us along on a surging tide of humanity. For the first time in my life, I found myself frightened of a crowd. "Local boy makes good," muttered Mal and at that exact moment they swept her completely away from me.

Several anxious hours later I reached

our suite at the Angel Hotel. Mal was already safely there. The room was crowded with photographers and reporters. There in a quiet corner, in typical unassuming manner, sat my father. Thinking he was a reporter to see me, Mal had merely bowed pleasantly and turned to unpacking. Thus did my two loved ones meet.

At six-thirty the following morning, I rented a car and set out to recall old landmarks. We drove past my old Radyr School I—painful memories of a painful adolescence. Past the Portobello, my first pub and my first glass of beer. The Taff River, cold and fast, where I first learned to swim. The big railroad viaduct, spanning the gap from mountain to mountain. I must have been all of nine when the school bully dared me to cross hand over hand, swinging dangerously from the supporting rods beneath. Now, looking up, I suddenly felt sick inside. Fear gripped me—maybe it was only yesterday.

Throughout the civic affairs of the day, my father remained singularly disinterested. Finally, in the midst of a special luncheon, he excused himself and went back to the hotel. He really seemed glad to see me and that was all that impressed him. Finally, we were forced to slip out the back way to our car parked behind the stables. My father went out on the balcony to divert the attention of the throng in the meantime.

"Goodbye son," he said quietly, as we shook hands. "When you get back to Hollywood, don't forget to buy yourself a good warm overcoat!" (I was wearing a light topcoat, something unheard of in the rugged country of Wales.)

We turned our faces toward the third goal of our trip. It's been ten years since the last time we saw Paris. I can only say, everything this fabulous city is purported to be, she is today. Twice a week the city lights are dimmed to conserve power. We happened to arrive in the midst of a dim-out. Such a sight at the station! Crowds of people carrying huge, three-foot-high sparklers to provide lights for the cameramen. It was like nothing you've ever seen in the movies.

Thank heaven my wife was the "star" in Paris. She took them by storm and they loved her. I don't know which rated more attention, my "Oscar" or my wife, but I have a sneaking feeling it was Mal.

Speech-making in English is bad enough. So you can imagine me when the President of France made the Grand Prix Award and I had to make a speech of acceptance—in French yet!

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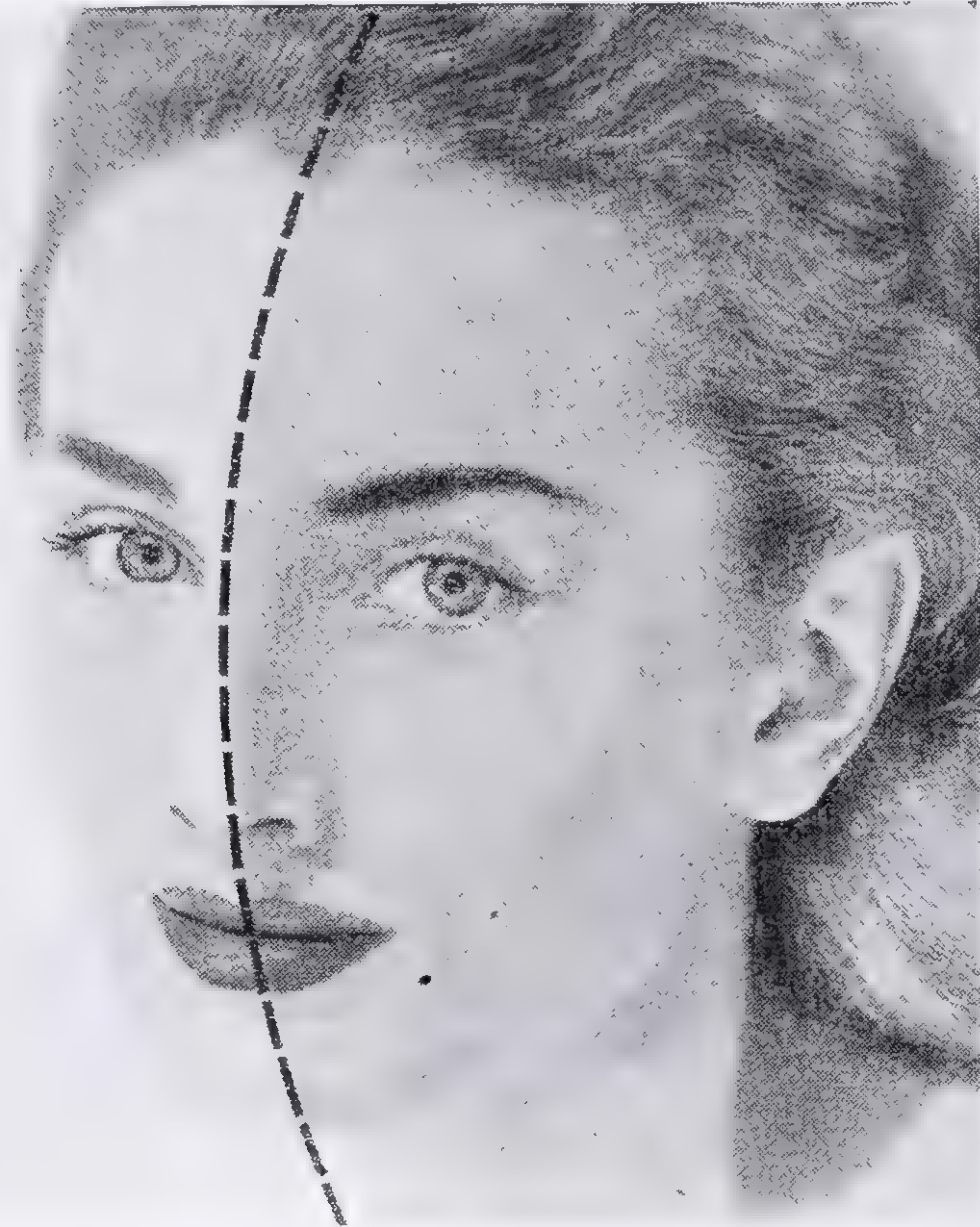


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Back in Hollywood, it never would have occurred to me to accompany Mal on a clothes shopping tour. But in Paris we made the rounds. One day we were "summoned" to the shop of a leading French milliner. They had designed a special chapeau for Mal. Typical of the highly excitable Parisienne, they staged their little act and I was part of it.

At a given signal I was to open my eyes as Mal made a dramatic entrance. There she stood, wearing a black velvet crown trimmed with two sky blue bird of paradise feathers. It was one of the most unbecoming hats I'd ever seen! Sweet Mal didn't want to offend them by expressing her displeasure, so it was my cue to go into *my* act. I tactfully made a suggestion. They crowded around, obviously pleased. Finally, the session ended with my completely remodelling the hat. They got a great kick and no one was offended.

Wherever we went Mal was presented with flowers. Even in the South of France, we were recognized by a peasant woman who shouted: "How long you be here? Where's your kid?" So much for Hollywood publicity. We swam at Cannes, gambled at Monte Carlo. We stayed at strange inns, buried in the mountains.

Our last night in Paris we went to The Casanova. To forty violins and a harp, we danced to Lizst, Bach and Tchaikowsky. The leader was marvelous. He came to our table and played any piece we could think of. Finally I rechristened him, "Nicolo Paganini." So help me, he kept the name and even had it outside in front of the building. It could only happen in Paris!

THE next day we were off to the land of Smorgasbord and Aquavit. (It tastes like Vodka.) In Stockholm I visited their famous Royal Dramatic Theater, training center for such Hollywood stars as Ingrid Bergman, Signe Hasso and Viveca Lindfors. I was asked to appear at a theater and accept two Lapland horses!

"How are you going to get them on the boat?" teased Mal. "Now let's see you get out of this one."

They turned out to be two bright orange-colored wooden horses, one for me, one for Danny. I wish they could have seen his face the day we gave it to him. During my first newspaper interview, I was asked if I wanted anything special printed. Came a sudden inspiration.

"Indeed there is," I said. "Randy Scott has a sister somewhere in Stockholm. We lost her address and we can't remember her married name. If she reads this would she please get in touch with us?"

The next morning we went shopping at Nordiska Kompaniet, the largest department store in Sweden. The one thing Danny wanted us to bring him was a cap pistol, so we started our search. Just as we entered the store, a charming young woman stopped us. She had called our hotel and learned where we were. Yes, it was Randy's sister!

Before our shopping spree Paramount arranged a dinner party with a special folk dance put on by young girls in native costume. In the grand finale, I was asked to be a participant.

"How'm I doin'?" I called out to Mal, as my partner and I went whirling by.

"Much better than when you rumba," retaliated the woman I love.

Oh yes, I almost forgot to mention that we *did* find Danny his cap pistol. Got it at the Broadway Department store—in Hollywood!

THE END

Photoplay Fashions to
Make You Lovelier on Page 95

It's My Business

(Continued from page 61) each one of them was "discovered." Certainly no two had the same circumstances. The one thing they all had in common was that I believed in them. The better I knew them, the longer I worked with them, the more I believed in them. It is a partnership, a kind of family feeling that grows in you.

I couldn't tell you in exact words what starts that confidence on the part of a producer in a new star. It might be the warmth, the heart, that I feel in you. It might be that glowing, healthy, young look, above all things, *natural*. It might be the way you laugh, or light a cigarette. Your eyes, your hair, anything about you, might be the point that first attracts my interest.

THREE years ago, an agent brought a young girl to see me. Her name was Ann Steely. She had never been on the screen. Never had a screen test. Never met a producer before. She was so nervous when she came into my office that she was shaking all over. She was so shy that she answered my questions in a whisper. She kept her chin tucked down. Her voice was high and childlike. She had lovely eyes, but not the kind of beauty that bids for attention. All of us know people like that—sweet and pretty but with the kind of suppressed attractiveness that never gets a second glance.

But she had something special. She had a warmth, a gentle whimsical quality, a sympathetic tender thing about her. (Teresa Wright has this same sympathetic quality. When she says "I'm going to break up that marriage!" in "The Best Years of Our Lives" and gets a round of applause, you know she has a sympathetic quality!) And she had a wonderful unshakable determination to be an actress. I'll come back to that later. It is important.

She had no stage experience except for parts in a few school plays. I asked her to do any scene she could remember so that I could hear her voice. Of all things, she chose the balcony scene in "Romeo and Juliet." In a deep southern accent! It was funny . . . the combination of her nervousness, a plain little street dress, the southern whisper, and Shakespeare!

I did not want to laugh out loud, so I stopped her after three lines. "Am I that bad?" she asked.

"You're terrible!" I had to say. "But I can use a girl like you if you are willing to work."

She said she was and she meant it.

A course of study was outlined for her and she followed it faithfully. Not for just the hours set aside for study, but she concentrated all of her mind and time on getting ready for her first opportunity. That is where that all-important determination comes in. That is the difference between a girl who wants to be a star and a girl who wants to be an actress. The girl who wants to be a star . . . to have the wealth, adulation and attention, the clothes and the position of a star . . . and thinks only of that, is the girl who is never going to get anywhere. It is the girl who wants to play every part the best she can, who thinks about the job she is doing first of all, who is the girl worth training.

It is the same in anything you do. The girl who marries because she wants a nice house is not going to be happy. The girl who marries because she loves a man and who puts her wits to helping him save to get a nice house is the one who is going to make a success of that career.

This girl was well worth training because she did her part. After two years, she was ready to play the part of Wilma in



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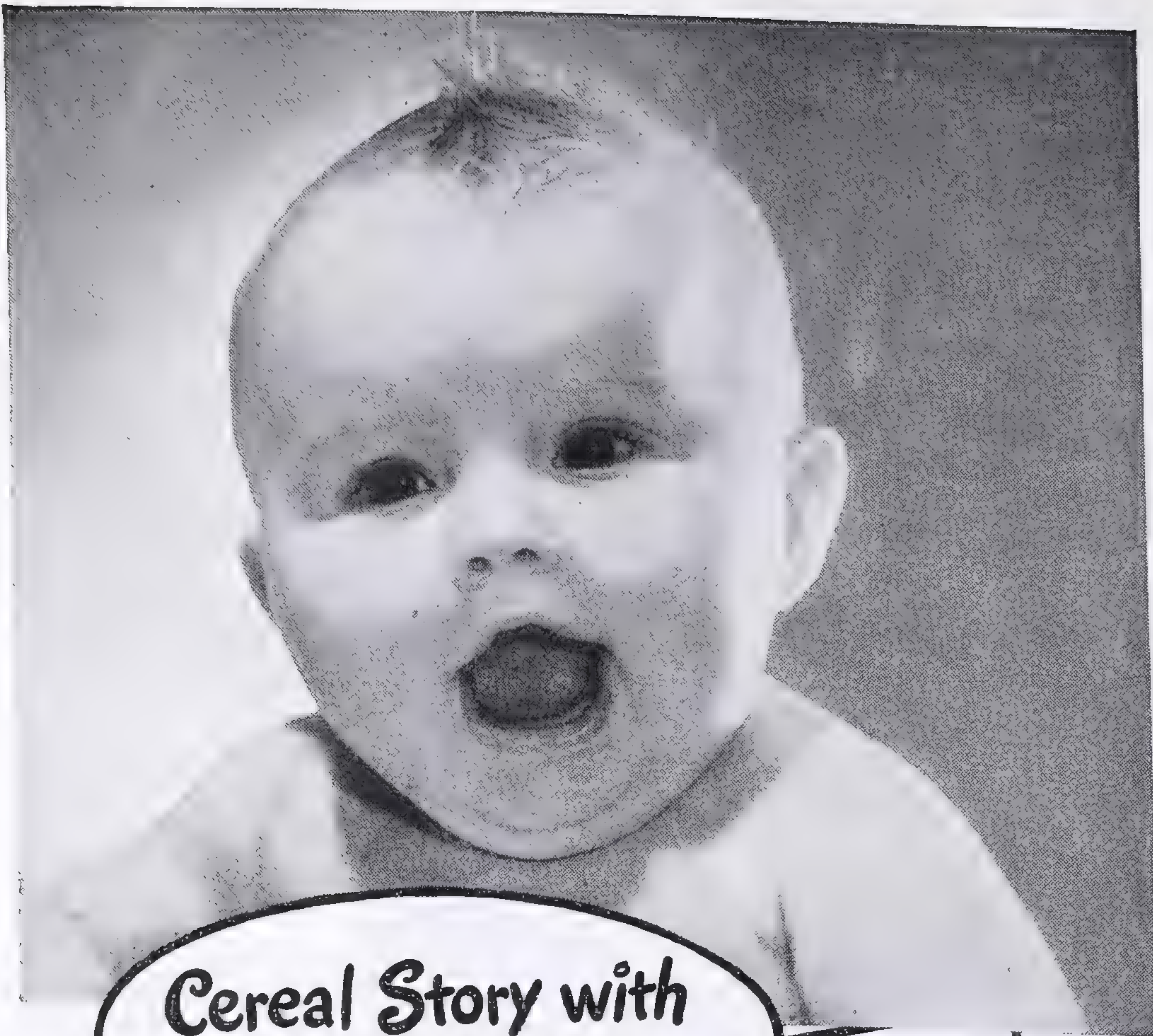
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If you want to be successful, whether in private life, in business or in the theater—*be yourself. Avoid imitations.* Do not try to be something you are not. Maybe you like jive and can't stand classical music. Admit it. Perhaps you are the robust type. Then don't pretend to be a piece of Dresden china.

When Lucille Ball was a Goldwyn Girl, I used to enjoy her because she was so refreshingly herself. Lucille hated to be alone and she loved to eat. She would go across the street, buy huge sticky pieces of chocolate cake, bring them to my office and eat them there. She wasn't a sophisticated woman and she didn't try to be.

WHEN Paulette Goddard was first in pictures, she often came to my house with Charlie Chaplin. Chaplin was trying to teach Paulette to act with her eyes. "Just imagine you have no face below your eyes," he told her. "You can be a ham with your eyes," he added. Paulette would sit an evening through, handkerchief over the lower part of her face, patiently registering every emotion, from hunger to heartbreak, with her eyes. She worked at her job of being an actress by learning. She did not waste time by pretending to know more than she did.

Part of being a producer is trying to see possibilities in people. That is one of the things that makes it such a fascinating profession. The camera does strange things to people. Sometimes the littlest changes make all the difference.

When Robert Montgomery made his first screen test, the report came back, "His neck is too long." The test was not made for me but, chancing to see it, I said, "His neck is not too long; his collar is too short." It made all the difference in front of the camera in this very good-looking man.

In the stage musical, "The Connecticut Yankee," I saw Vera-Ellen do a bit of a dance. I liked her personality. The next day, I sent for her. She didn't know how to walk and she talked through her nose, but she was charming, highly individual. I knew that training would take care of her speech, but her personality was heaven-sent. Without making a test of her, I signed her to a contract. Her first appearance on the screen was with Danny Kaye in "Wonder Man." She didn't change her personality, but she did work on her speech. Now she is ready for stardom.

I don't claim to be infallible. Many wonderful players have come to see me in the hope of getting parts and I have not signed them. Sometimes because I did not have the right part. Sometimes because I did not see the potentialities that other producers saw and developed. But I am proud of the number of stars that have grown to greatness under my banner. Who wouldn't be?

Finding a great star is a creative thing. And helping a great star to his proper place brings amusement and pleasure to millions of people. Of course I am proud, for instance, that I "took a chance" on Danny Kaye.

Danny Kaye was a very fine performer in the theater before I brought him to Hollywood. He had made a number of tests for different producers, but no one had ever signed him. Looking back, it is funny to think that he was considered "not interesting looking, and his eyes too light for the cameras." I thought he was funny and like himself and nobody else to an extraordinary extent. I starred him in "Up in Arms."

Sometimes I am wrong. Then I have no one to blame but myself. No one can "sell" me on a player. I have to feel that

I am right. Then I do my best in my part of the "partnership." All the adjectives in the world can't convince me about a player if I don't get that conviction of something special. If I get that conviction, I don't let anything unsell me. Perhaps I should say that only the public can unsell me. I feel unhappy when that happens.

Some years ago, in a German-made film, "The Brothers Karamazoff," I saw a young actress whose name was Anna Sten. In type, she was a cross between a young Marlene Dietrich, a new Pola Negri. I brought Anna Sten to America, to Hollywood. I worked very hard with her. She worked very hard with, and for, me. She learned to speak English. She took singing lessons. Dancing lessons. She worked with our studio experts on make-up, hair, clothes. Through months that ran into more than two years, she was patient, indefatigable. When I believed she was ready, I starred Anna Sten in "Nana." The response on the part of the public was tepid. But we didn't give up. We made two other pictures, "The Wedding Night" and "We Live Again." Still, the reaction was negative. I do not believe we failed, I still believe, what I believed then, that Anna Sten was talented. I know that she was beautiful. But *something in the final reduction did not come over for the audience* and to that verdict, producer and star having done their utmost, there is no appeal.

Each of the actors I have mentioned was chosen for a different reason, but there is one common denominator—each was a *born actor*.

If you are born without talent, a producer can turn you over to what my friend called "the star-making batteries of studio experts" and you can be taught how to walk, talk, dress, make up, and how to register emotions. A producer can then, if he is so disposed, display you on the screen and even give you star billing. But

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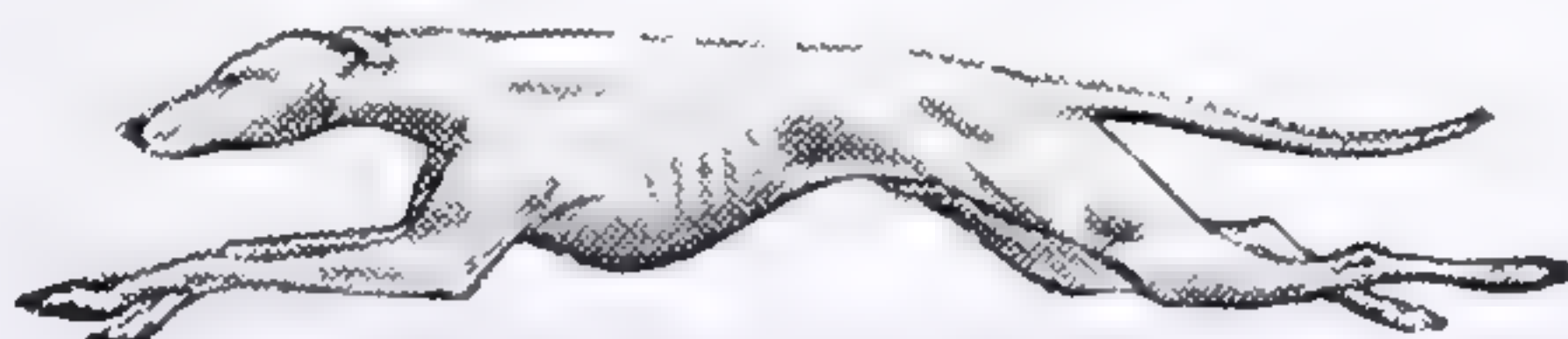


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● Here's smart advice to all who want a fun-filled, carefree vacation this year: *First, GO EARLY!* Start in Spring or early Summer, to get first choice of hotel or resort accommodations, and to be sure of uncrowded transportation. ● *Second, GO GREYHOUND!* For only Greyhound serves all the 48 States, reaching up into Canada, down to Mexico. Its modern motor coaches go direct to the most desirable of vacation spots, the National Parks, the mountains and seashore, the big cities and little resort towns. ● A Greyhound ticket always means a saving—often enough for extra days of enjoyment. Coaches are unusually comfortable—schedules most frequent and conveniently timed.



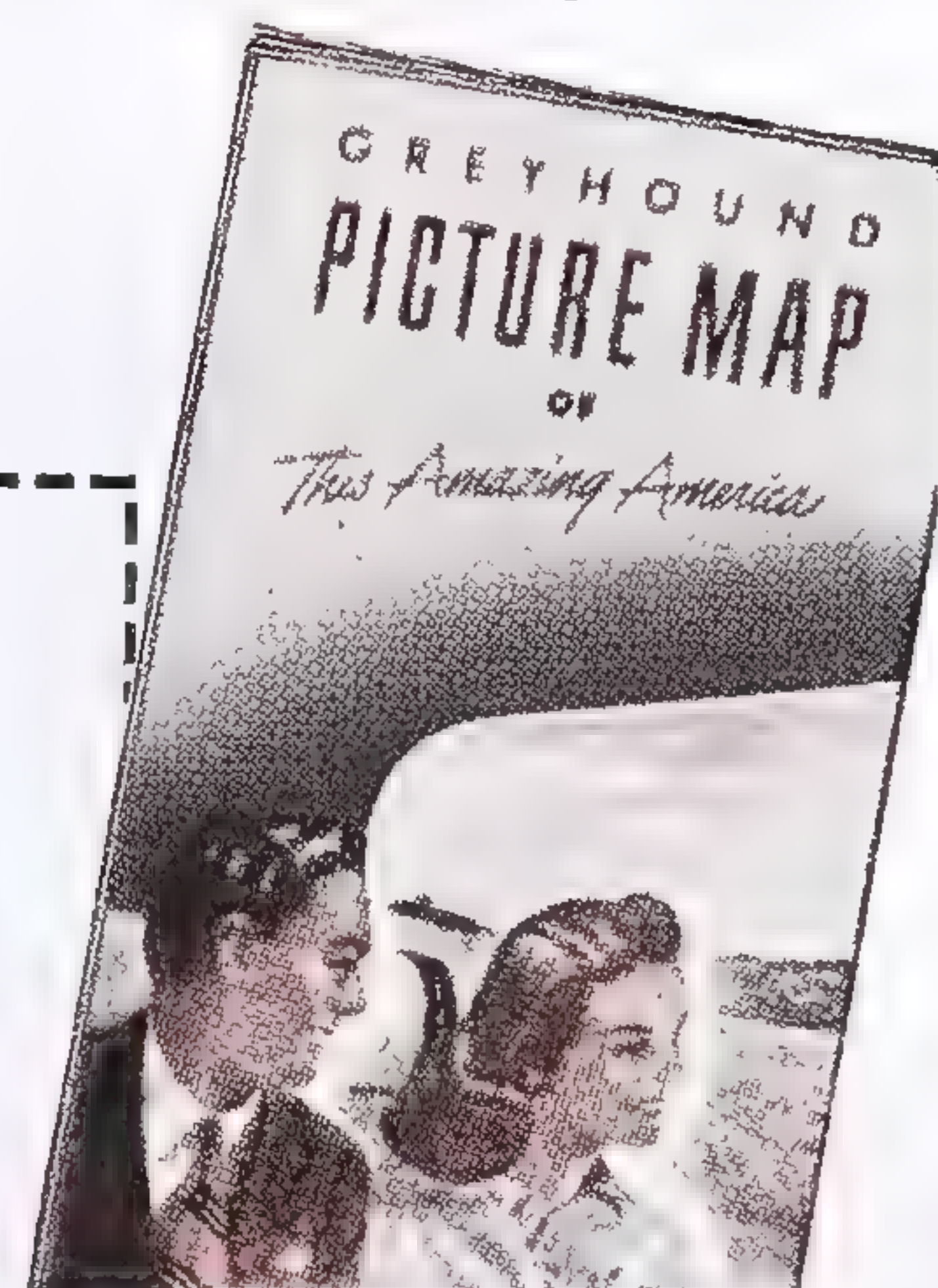
FULL-COLOR PICTURE MAP OF AMERICA—FREE

This coupon will bring you a fascinating Picture Map of America, lithographed in full colors, unfolding to 18 x 24 inches in size. Mail it to GREYHOUND HIGHWAY TOURS, DEPT. PH 57, ROOM 2600, BOARD OF TRADE BUILDING, CHICAGO 4, ILLINOIS.

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LEADING CUTTERS AND DECORATORS CHOOSE FEDERAL GLASSWARE




Exclamation point of any occasion

The hostess who thoughtfully places lovely, gleaming glasses—and the ingredients for filling them—within easy reach of *all* hands, is bound to appreciate the admiring “Ohs” and “Ahs” that pay tribute to her good taste and judgment.

There's no doubt about it, beautifully cut or decorated tumblers *are* the exclamation point of any occasion—and the chances are that they bear the Shield  of Federal.

Luxury-quality tumblers by Federal are *first* choice of leading cutters and decorators. *They* know that the matchless color, clarity and brilliance of Federal tumblers make a perfect base for lovely cutting or decorating.

When you buy glassware, in department stores, gift shops, variety or convenience stores—look for the Shield  of Federal. It's your assurance of luxury-quality unsurpassed—*at the price you wish to pay.*

THE FEDERAL GLASS COMPANY • COLUMBUS 7, OHIO



LUXURY
QUALITY

Fashioned by **Glassware
Federal**

ADDS DISTINCTION TO YOUR DAILY SERVICE

you will be a star in name only, for a producer can no more create talent in you than he can make a cabbage produce strawberries or a lion fly among the clouds.

It has been tried. It always fails.

It fails because the camera is very smart. The camera has an eye for the synthetic and no scruples whatsoever about revealing it. In other words, the minute you are phony, the camera detects it—and tells on you.

However, it is often necessary to use unorthodox methods to bring out what the camera eye detects. When I decided to star David Niven in “Raffles” I was afraid that stardom had come so suddenly and so easily that he might take it a little too lightly. I decided to worry him a little. I gave instructions to a young player to come to the studio every morning and dress in a *Raffles* costume, and just hang around all day during rehearsals. Everywhere David went, there was another actor, all ready and made up, to take his part if he fell down. When the picture began, David put his heart into it, and did a wonderful job.

There is an interesting topper to the story.

AFTER some months during which the unknown young actor did other odd jobs around the lot, he came into my office one day and asked me, point-blank, whether I thought he had a future in pictures. “I want to get married,” he said, “but unless I have some assurance of at least making a living, I don’t dare.”

I took a good look at him. I liked what I saw. I liked the strength in his face. I liked the drama in his voice. I liked the way he looked me in the eye.

“Go ahead and get married,” I said. “You have a great future. It is starting right now.”

The name of the unknown young actor? Dana Andrews. The “great future” I predicted for Dana Andrews is *now*.

I have said that beauty is the least important thing to an actress. So it is. Beauty, alone, doesn’t mean a thing.

The Goldwyn Girls are the most beautiful girls in the world or they would not be Goldwyn Girls. Yet of the 1000 hand-picked teen-agers who, over a period of sixteen years, have been glorified on the screen as Goldwyn Girls, Paulette Goddard, Betty Grable, Lucille Ball, Jinx Falkenburg, Virginia Bruce and Virginia Mayo—these six alone—have stepped out of anonymity and become stars.

Virginia Mayo made one picture as a Goldwyn Girl. Then she jumped to the top as Danny Kaye’s leading lady in “Wonder Man” and “The Kid from Brooklyn” and as Dana Andrews’ frivolous wife, *Marie*, in “The Best Years of Our Lives.” She has great beauty. But great personality, too.

Of a group of fifteen applicants for the job of Goldwyn Girl, I once turned down the most beautiful because she sat in a chair on the end of her spine, her hair kept falling across her face, there was lipstick on her teeth—and she was chewing gum!

Lack of beauty you can remedy. But for lack of fastidiousness, pride in self, good taste and consideration for others there is no remedy.

We have discussed some of the qualities that make a star and some of the important parts of training for stardom. There are a lot of other things that are equally important that only a girl can do for herself.

The story is true that I give every girl who goes under contract to me a present. It is a very valuable present. It is a two-dollar hairbrush. I give her that brush because I want to impress her with the fact that hair brushed 100 strokes every night

and washed at least once every week is beautiful!

My wife once asked me why I had selected a certain girl out of a dozen different applicants for the job of Goldwyn Girl.

"Because she looks as if she had just stepped out of a bathtub," I said.

I meant it. There is something fresh and radiant and even beautiful about being exquisitely clean. So—get that "well-scrubbed" look. Ingrid Bergman is a shining example of it. It is as attractive to your friends and to your dates as it is to a movie star's fans. It is the best "foundation cream" on the market.

Once every six months, the boys and girls on my payroll visit a dentist. I lay down an eight-hours-of-sleep-every-night law—and can tell whether it has been kept, or broken. If you have a good night's sleep, and a good bath, you look as though life agreed with you. It is a pleasing look.

Cigarettes and drinking do not help health, beauty, charm, or a career. While I do not actually forbid smoking, or an occasional cocktail, the girl who becomes a "chimney" or is known to "drink" is no longer in my employ.

Nor do I hesitate to step into the private lives of my players with advice if I feel their behavior is injuring their reputations. Scandal, unsavory gossip is to the reputation what a blemish is to the face.

I am interested in young people who are ambitious, who are eager to know and to do things. A daily newspaper and a weekly news magazine are required reading for any modern girl or boy, whether in Hoboken or in Hollywood. You will not be an interesting personality unless you can carry on an intelligent conversation.

There is nothing more important to charm and personality—especially in a woman—than the speaking voice which should and can be made warm and intimate. When an actress comes to me with a high or strident speaking voice, I send her home with a copy of Shakespeare and instructions to spend an hour a day reading aloud. The result of this inexpensive course in voice culture is usually satisfactory. Try it. You will find it works wonders.

I advise the young people in my studio to take up bowling, tennis, riding, golf. I advise the girls to acquire the good old-fashioned accomplishments of sewing, cooking, housekeeping. "You will be a woman," I tell them, "long after you are an actress." I ask them whether they can write an amusing, informative letter. Play a decent hand of Bridge? Garden? Tend a baby?

"Be natural, friendly, organized, relaxed, graceful, healthy, well-dressed (within your budget), confident, knowing and happy"—this is the scout law, according to my conception, for success in Hollywood.

You may never become a movie star but you can be a star in your own circle by working at it. And it is worth it. The ability to live gracefully and graciously from day to day is not gained by accident. Marriage is as competitive a career as motion pictures. In both, the better you do your part, the more successful you will be.

I would like to believe that, as the Midas touch turned everything into gold, the "Goldwyn touch" turns the fit and the unfit, alike, into stars.

Actually, it is a combination of circumstances that makes you a star. You have the talent. You meet a producer who divines your talent and undertakes to develop it. You have what it takes of courage, patience and the capacity for hard work you need for the roadwork that leads to stardom. It is not easy. It is hard work, hard work, *hard work* . . .

I know. You see, it's my business.

THE END



"M-m-m!"

RC

tastes

best!"

says

ALEXIS SMITH

Starring in

"STALLION ROAD"

A Warner Bros. Production



"WHEN I TOOK THE COLA TASTE-TEST— tried leading colas in paper cups—I chose Royal Crown Cola best-tasting!" Try it! Say, "RC for me!" That's the quick way to get a quick-up with Royal Crown Cola—best by taste-test!

RC is the quick way to say...

**ROYAL CROWN
COLA**

Best by taste-test

Starduster

How Hoosier Hoagy Carmichael

hit the buttermilk trail to fame

BY SARA HAMILTON



The old block, and two chips—

Hoagy, Hoagy Bix and Randy Bob

HOAGY CARMICHAEL, the little man with the big ears that never miss a note, finds himself stepping high in the bobby-sox parade of favorites these days and loving it. He isn't sure just how it happened, or why. He can't read a note of music but he can play and even make up right good tunes that hit the jackpot on the Hit Parade. He can't warble like Crosby but he gets a Hooper rating on the radio that any star might envy. And many do. He can't out-Muni Paul on the screen but his fan mail pours in like rain after a long drought, so Hoagy—why he's as happy and busy as one of those little old love bugs he writes about. What's more, he's about to become an author. His book "Stardust Trail" will hit the stands any minute. He's just a Hoosier caution, Hoagy is, and he knows it.

As a child he learned to play the piano while sitting beside his mother who thumped out the accompanying music to the villain's schemes in silent movies. At eighteen he was a member of the Indiana University orchestra and a member of the dance committee. Hoagy always voted for Bix Beiderbecke and his Wolverines to play at the school dances and so began the friendship between Hoagy and Bix, the young-man-with-the-horn. His death was a blow to Hoagy who named his oldest son Hoagy Bix in his honor and then euphoniously called his younger son Randy Bob.

Hoagy's composing began while he was still at the University. His "Washboard Blues" and "Riverboat Shuffle" were recorded and played with no resultant hosannas. And then many years later Isham Jones revived another long forgotten tune of Hoagy's called "Stardust"—a little ditty Hoagy had whipped up on an old piano at a Greek candy store where the college gang gathered. (Continued on page 123)



BY APPOINTMENT PERFUMERS TO H. M. QUEEN MARY. YARDLEY, LONDON



An English
Complexion with
lips of "Cherry"—

a spring-fresh color

by **YARDLEY**



To the natural loveliness of an

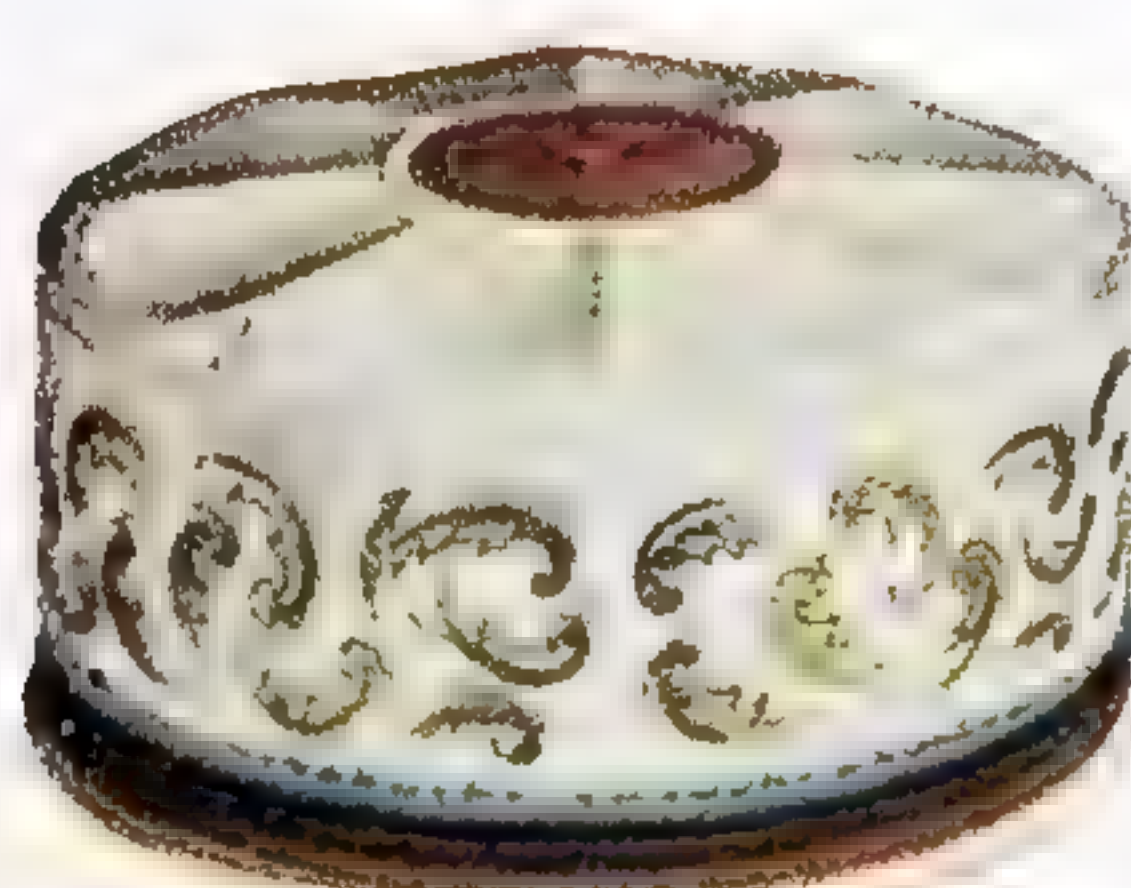
"English Complexion," Cherry, a gay
lipstick shade, gives glowing springtime
spirit. With it wear an
undertone of Yardley Make-Up



Base to "Color-light" your
skin, a touch of Cherry Cream Rouge to
match your lips, and a soft, smooth
finish of flattering "English Complexion"

Powder in a shade that's
most becoming. Cream Rouge 85c.

All others \$1 each, plus tax.



Yardley products for America are created in England and finished in the U. S. A. from the original English formulae, combining imported and domestic ingredients. Yardley of London, Inc., 620 Fifth Avenue N.Y. C.

IT'S MAN CATCHING—THIS "Skin that stirs the senses!"



and the secret of this romantic blessing ... the PHILLIPS' "BEAUTY FACIAL"

Take any girl. Give her *skin that stirs the senses* . . . and see what a difference it makes to men. For romance—thrilling romance—is born of such skin. And this luxurious Phillips' "Beauty Facial" is designed to make it *yours!*



● *Twice a day*, spread a thin beauty-veil of new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Cleansing Cream over face and neck. Instantly, it loosens dirt, makeup, floating them on skin surface. As you tissue off this beauty-veil—*always* using an upward, outward motion—you almost feel your skin *breathing* with cleanliness!

● *Next*, wash with soap and warm water. Blot dry. Finally touch your fingertips to new Phillips' Cleansing Cream and pat very lightly on face and neck. Tissue off.

Start today! . . . Try thrilling new Phillips' Cleansing Cream—for radiantly romantic *skin that stirs the senses!*

New PHILLIPS' CLEANSING CREAM

Dress Parade

(Continued from page 53) huge bright red cabbage rose placed at the high neckline—toward the right shoulder. Her evening cape was almost floor length—and of black wool. It was lined with matching red heavy silk taffeta. Accessories were black and Barbara's only jewelry a pair of diamond and ruby ear clips.

The evening gown worn by Janet Blair that night furnished something really new and startling in the way of a "nude" line. Instead of the usual bare mid-riff or mid-riff effect, Janet's one-piece dress (cut to look like a two-piece affair) of heavy white crepe had a diagonal "nude line" that ran from her right shoulder to the left side of her waistline and ended there. The nude effect was achieved by an insert of flesh-colored chiffon, across which hung tiny flat tassels of white and silver beads. A high neckline and cap sleeves were the remaining details of the gown's top. She wore an ermine cape and long white suede gloves.

A lot of gals stared with envy at the knockout outfit on Maria Montez at a La Rue luncheon one day. The "luncheon" being for two—Maria and Jean Pierre Aumont. The hat was the thing—a big, white fez-type of turban, with hanging drape of the same dead white crepe of the chapeau, that fell to her chest. She also wore a sheer wool midnight blue suit, matching blue alligator shoes—and carried a big blue alligator bag. An enormous heavy gold band bracelet was the only hunk of jewelry I spotted on Maria that day.

WELL, let's not put off the "bad news" any longer. It's about the longish and dipping hemlines for daytime wear that so many designers want to put into our style-life—now that restrictions on the use of fabrics are off. But that's not all! Some—not all, but some—are beating the drums for doing away with shoulder pads altogether—and having us all get inferiority complexes by going around practically as nature made us. I've never met a gal with broad shoulders who didn't want them to look even broader in clothes. And as for the femmes whose frames are narrow at the top and broad across the beam! Well, Heavens t' Betsy! I doubt very much if fashion-wise stars of Hollywood, who know that shoulder pads do as much for their hips as they do for their shoulders, will accept this mandate. Irene, M-G-M's great designer, is one who predicts that natural shoulder lines will be the vogue. I hope she's wrong. Foolish, indeed, is any girl who accepts a fashion merely because it's the "vogue," unless that new foible does something for *her!* If it doesn't, then that particular "fashion really is spinach!"

One gal you can bet will never accept a no-pad edict is Joan Crawford, even though nature has blessed her with broad shoulders of her own. Joan's love of tailored evening clothes and very wide-shouldered effects at all times is well known. I was musing about this when the phone rang and it was Joan, just back from a vacation at Carmel; full of gab about her "beeg" romance whose name has to be a secret for a while—until he arrives in Hollywood from the East. Joan was on her way out when she called. "I'm going dancing—with Freddie de Cordova," she said, "and I'm wearing a divine dinner suit I picked up in New York." So I told her I'd go mad if she didn't drop by so I could get a look at it. So she did and this is what it was: A black, tailored two-piece suit of sheer wool, the short skirt tight and straight. The hip-length coat has a high, uncollared neckline that rolls softly where it meets in front and is trimmed with flat rows and rows of

black bugle beads—sort of necklace effect. The long sleeves are embroidered with large shiny leaves of the bugle beads.

Alexis Smith, because of that broken foot, has to use a cane as part of her "costume"—and she manages to be chic about it. At a party recently Missy Smith wore a dinner dress that consisted of a floor-length, slinky black crepe skirt. The top was a pale beige, threaded with gold—and most of the evening, she wore long, black suede gloves. The cane with which she hobbled about was black and shiny—topped by a big gold head. It "matched"!

And speaking of "disabilities" reminds me of how well Connie Moore managed to conceal the fact that she'll be a mama again soon, with the lovely evening gown she wore to director Mitch Leisen's gorgeous party. It is of black net, the bodice softly draped, very low V neck, front and back. But along the V-line in front runs a jabot-type of collar, very full and tapering to nothing at the waist. The black net jabot is edged in a tiny piping of pale green satin. And now comes the important part. The skirt of black net is tremendously full—gathered to the waist. But all around and falling to just below the hips is an equally full gathered pep-lum—most of the fullness being toward the front—and this frilly flounce is also edged with the piping of green satin. Sitting, standing or dancing, the lines of this gown are just perfect for any gal expecting the stork—and wishing to create the illusion that she isn't!

AND what an illusion "Mitch" created as the setting for this party! He turned a bare, rather large vacant dance studio into a combination indoor and outdoor night club. And by the time the guests arrived, the walls had been painted the place had been furnished (even to crystal chandeliers)—a bar had been installed—and a complete kitchen to cater the sumptuous buffet that spread over a table that looked a block long! Shrubbery and trees, striped awnings and parasol-topped tables featured the "outdoor" part of the soiree where guests dined. The setting was perfect for the glamour gals and their gowns.

Claudette Colbert was there in emerald green, stiff satin, simply made, the bodice featuring an almost leg-o' mutton type of sleeve that ended just above the elbow; Rosalind Russell was wearing a rose-red duplicate of a black evening gown she adores. Tremendous, flowing skirt, one bare shoulder, the snug bodice continuing up over the other where an enormous fluffy "flower" made of the same material nestled. She was wearing an inch-wide gold and diamond bracelet that Barbara Hutton gave her.

The special handbag that producer Bill Menzies had made for Joan Fontaine to use in "Ivy" is liable to start a new fad. An ornament at the top opens so that a modern *Lucretia Borgia* could hide her poison there. But a Hollywood handbag manufacturer thinks the gals could find a lot of uses for a bag gadget like that, and is going to put out purses trimmed with them by the thousands.

Standout for something different was on Laraine Day (she came with her Leo Durocher) at the lovely dinner dance of Raquel Torres and Stephen Ames. With ermine coats and fox stoles slung over chairs by the dozens, Laraine managed to get most of the attention by wearing a bright red crocheted shawl for her evening wrap! It was so becoming and looked so smart over the simple black gown she was wearing. Love, to say nothing of the little red shawl, gave Laraine such a glow. And when you gotta glow, you gotta glow!

THE END

How Powers Models 'GLAMOUR-BATHE' THEIR HAIR TO A VISION OF BEAUTY



Miss Nancy Gaggin, a captivating Powers beauty, uses Kreml Shampoo to keep her lovely tresses sparkling with natural highlights.

Leaves Hair Shining-Bright For Days!

Those radiantly beautiful Powers Models must be up to the minute on every beauty trick. And these famous American Beauties wash *their* hair with Kreml Shampoo. They claim there's nothing better to leave the hair softer, silkier and easier to hold a wave.

Kreml Shampoo thoroughly cleanses your hair and scalp. Its luxurious *active* foam removes all loose dandruff as well as the dirt. It has been especially developed to 'glamour-bathe' each tiny strand of hair so that your hair fairly *dances* with natural glossy highlights and rich lustre that last for days.

Helps Keep Hair From Becoming Dry

Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals to dry or break the hair. Instead, its beneficial *oil* base helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. It rinses out so easily and *never* leaves any excess soapy film which makes hair look so dull and lifeless.

So before that important date—'glamour-bathe' your hair to its natural shining glory with Kreml Shampoo. Then see if he doesn't whisper "you're beautiful"! At drug, department and 10¢ stores.



Kreml SHAMPOO

A product of R. B. Semler, Inc.

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE
MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC



Kreml Shampoo leaves hair fairly teeming with natural glossy lustre



Helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle



Leaves hair softer, silkier—holds a wave better

Haunting as a Serenade



Perfume portrait by Audrey Buller

Poetic Dream—a tender floral blend
sings of sheer enchantment

Leigh Perfumes

"POETIC DREAM" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF. BY LEIGH PERFUMES, A DIVISION OF SHULTON, NEW YORK

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Ben Studios

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Biddy Banton

West Coast Associate

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West Coast Photographer

Marie McDonald,

daughter of a Ziegfeld Follies beauty, has measurements which Hollywood producers, artists and at least one professor of anatomy and physical anthropology rate ideal. She's 5' 6½" tall and weighs 119 pounds. Her bust measures 37", waist 23½", hips 36", thigh 20", calf 12½", ankle 7¾" and wrist 5¾". Her next Metro picture will be "Living in a Big Way" with Gene Kelly

A Caltex swim suit for figure moulding flattery. Jersey lined Botany wool in all of the rainbow colors. Sizes 10-16. \$12.95 at Marshall Field & Co., Chicago, Ill., and the Dayton Co., Minneapolis, Minn.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102

Mae McDonald





It's Fun



Karin Booth wanted to become a ballerina. But Metro saw some pictures of her—and she was in the movies. She has blue eyes and auburn hair and boasts one of the smallest waists—a scant twenty-one inches—in Hollywood. Her next release is “The Unfinished Dance” with Maggie O’Brien.

Be a sunworshiper in town (with a bolero) or country (without bolero) in this exciting gypsy striped Monroe Lloyd dress. Assortment of colors in sizes 9-15. About \$14.95 at Lansburgh's, Washington, D. C. and The May Co., Los Angeles, Cal.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102

to Flirt with the Sun



A "beau catcher" playsuit by Koret of California in Dan River cotton. Three pieces (Little bloomers hide under the skirt). Many colors. Small, medium, large. About \$10.95 at Sanger Bros., Dallas, Tex., and The Bon Marche, Seattle, Wash.

For the store in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102.

Gail Russell wanted to become an artist. But a Paramount talent scout heard about "a great beauty over at Santa Monica High"—and wooed her from her drawing-board.

She has blue eyes and black hair. And she's amazed at her natural flair for acting.

Her next film is "Calcutta."



Cyd Charisse, at twelve, studied dancing with Nico Charisse. Five years later, while she appeared in France with the Ballet Russe, she married him. Now she's under contract with M-G-M. You'll see her with Esther Williams in "Fiesta."

Inspired by the Hawaiian tropics—a satin lastex print swim-suit designed by Mabs of Hollywood. Sizes 32-36. About \$15.95. Jordan Marsh, Boston, Mass., and Bullock's, Los Angeles, Cal.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102

PHOTOPLAY FASHIONS

Do go near the water, Darling

Jane Greer, born in Washington in 1924, sang torrid Latin songs with Eric Madriguera's Orchestra. Then, for a short time, she was Mrs. Rudy Vallee. Striking out for a career of her own again, she signed with the R.K.O. Studios. You'll see her with Bob Young and Susan Hayward in "They Won't Believe It."

A Jantzen suit of "Peachskin" lastex designed for figure flattery. A riot of other colors in sizes 32-38. At \$7.95. At Meier & Frank, Portland, Ore., and Joseph Horne, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For other stores in your vicinity write to the manufacturer listed on page 102



**MORE SAMBA SURENESS
FOR THIS
ARTHUR MURRAY DANCER!**



SHE'S WEARING



*More sureness in your
samba, too, when you wear
this Real-form Panty
Girdle! It's fashioned to
fit of two-way stretch
Raschel-knitted Lastex and
DuPont Rayon for gentle
control. Won't roll or ride
up, guaranteed non-run—and
the crotch is semi-detachable!*
Sizes: Small, medium and large.

JUST \$3.00

Real In-Form-ation! Send 25¢ in coin
or stamps for the Arthur Murray Dance Book.
Real-form Girdle Co.,
Dept. 3P, 358 Fifth Avenue, New York 1

Fashion is Fun

Little tricks you can use . . . new items

you can buy . . . to dramatize your wardrobe



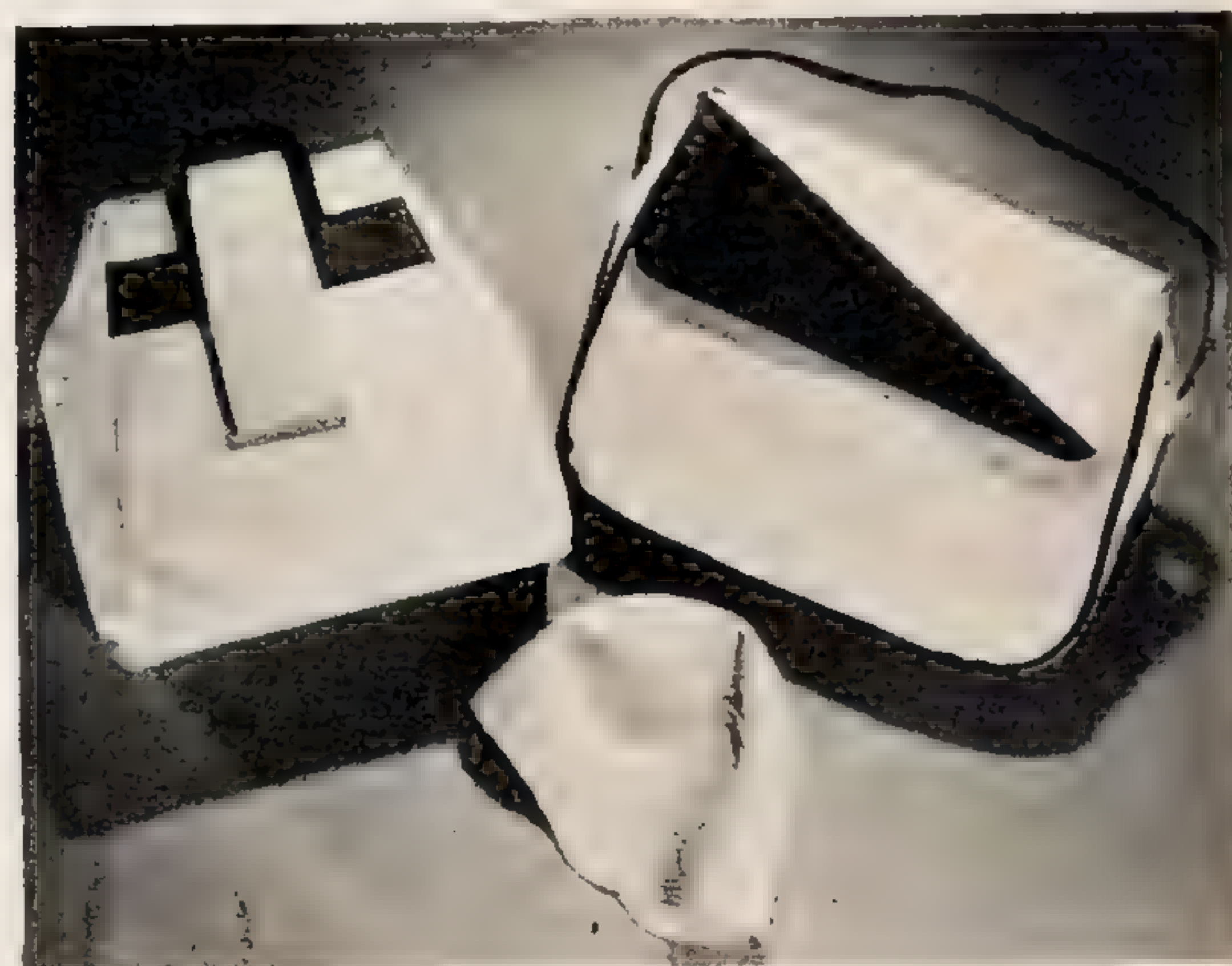
ACCESSORIZE your new summer clothes with a smart hat and matching bag like this set designed by Everitt. Made of a cool straw fabric, the hat is trimmed with yarn. The bag has a spring closing, which eliminates buttons or snaps. Hat is \$3.95 and matching bag \$5.00.



DON'T THINK that pleated skirts, fashion's newest look, are not flattering to large hips. Pleats are very flattering on the larger girl if they are stitched down from waist to hip bone.



TUCK A LITTLE half veil, that just covers your eyes, under the brim of your summer hat. It's the newest look in veils and especially good in a rather wide apart and stiff veiling. Try lace on a flowered head band instead of veiling, for a glamorous after-dark chapeau.



WHAT TO DO with sunburn cream, sun glasses, etc. for that day at the beach? Well, your problem is solved with these water resistant bags by U. S. Rubber Co. They're big and roomy and so easy to clean by wiping with a damp cloth. They come in wonderful colors.

The bathing cap, a new version of the flattering helmet, really fits and keeps your hair dry.



ARE YOU wearing a black sweater or a filmy white blouse? It doesn't matter which if you own this Lovable reversible bra that is black satin on one side and white satin on the other. Invisible stitching and perfect fit make this bra a "must" in the wardrobe of a busy gal. Comes in sizes 32-38 and it's \$2.00.

NOW IS THE time to blossom out in colorful prints, soft cool fabrics and clothes gay as a summer breeze. The stores are full of such as these . . .

Dan River, famous for their plaids and gingham, have wonderful color combinations that look so right in crisp play clothes and summer dresses.

A divinely soft fabric called Ponemah Spoven is lovely for summer clothes that keep you cool and fresh looking.

Concordia-Gallia have a crush resistant fabric called "Tangelo." This material makes slacks, suits and summer sportswear look crisp and well tailored and the color range is terrific.

These fabrics can be found in clothes that suit your budget so here's looking forward to a bright gay summer!!!



ANN SHERIDAN, that red-haired beauty, apparently doesn't believe in the maxim, "Redheads shouldn't wear red." She has decorated her new portable dressing room and the walls, lamp shades, rug and curtains are in deep crimson hue. If you're a redhead you might try a red or pink dress on the next time you're shopping. Never can tell, it might be the perfect color for you.

YOU'LL SEE more and more wonderful sun-back dresses this summer. Most of them come with a jacket or bolero that makes them cool and right for an office or while traveling to the beach. Low cut backless bras or strapless bras and petti-skirts (half a slip) are the perfect undergarments for this type of dress.



HOLLYWOOD MOTHER GOOSE
Buy, buy lady bunting,
The stars have been a-hunting,
They've found a pretty garment thin
To wrap that lovely body in.



HAVE three or four pairs of white shorty gloves in your summer wardrobe. You'll need that many, for each day you will want a fresh pair to complete that "bandbox" look. Tuck sachet in between the gloves and dust a little bit down in the fingers while they're still damp. You'll really start the day right when you slip them on.

Fashion is Fun



IN THE good old summertime you'll bless this cool white nylon girdle and bra. You'll also need the sleek hip look these foundation garments by Venus induce since so many of the new dresses have molded torso lines. They're cool and pretty and you know how nylon wears. The girdle is about \$8.50 and the bra is \$2.00.



DID YOU know there are earrings made especially for your type of face? Jordon has designed the earrings and Eddie Senz, famous Hollywood beauty expert, who has drawn the various types of faces, explains why certain shaped earrings are right for each type. Jordon earrings are sold in large stores throughout the country and you'll find the informative booklet with the Senz drawings at the jewelry counter. Ask for the booklet and then choose the earrings, priced from \$1.00 to \$2.00, made especially for you.



"IT'S FUN to be fooled," Barnum said. But we don't agree when we buy washable dresses. Today most dresses come equipped with a tag telling if they're washable, non-shrinking or sunfast. Great strides have been made in this fabric guarantee. So be thankful that the day is past when we tub a dress only to find, when it's dry, that on a Singer midget it would look well.



ARE YOU too tall, or too short, or just plain hard to fit? Designers have taken pity on those with "problem figures." There are dresses at stores made for every height and figure. Ask about these special sizes when next you shop. You'll be amazed at the money you'll save on alterations.



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Side View

of the Fashion Sitting

with **CYD CHARISSE**

By *Rena Firth*

Cyd Charisse, who poses for our fashion section this month, took up dancing at the age of eight. Her family physician recommended this, as she was so underweight.

Cyd, a ballerina with the Ballet Russe before she entered the movies, knows how to walk—with the legs and the hips. She's not very big—only five feet and one-half inches. Her graceful figure makes her seem taller than this, however.

Nico Charisse, Cyd's first dancing teacher, took her to Colonel de Basil of the Ballet Russe when it was playing in Los Angeles. Impressed with her talent and beauty, de Basil signed her immediately. She toured the United States and was ready to sail for Europe with the Ballet when her father became seriously ill. Canceling her plans, Cyd remained with her father until his death. When the Ballet came back to Los Angeles, however, she rejoined the ranks and went with

them on their next tour of Europe.

Nico Charisse followed them to France and married Cyd soon after her seventeenth birthday. While they were honeymooning in Monte Carlo Hitler invaded Poland and Cyd and her husband returned to Hollywood and his ballet school.

Four weeks after the birth of her son, Nicky, in 1942, Cyd was signed for a dancing spot in "Something to Shout About." Now under contract to M-G-M, she is devoting herself to a career that will, she hopes, give her dramatic as well as dancing roles.

A Texas girl, true to the traditions of the Lone Star State, Cyd adores riding. Swimming, too, and like many stars, she is an avid movie fan.

But most of all, however, Cyd loves to dance and act—and as she posed in the gay print bathing suit we wished that the family doctor who decreed dancing for her because she was "too thin." could see her now!

The End

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By Mary Jane Fulton

LOVES HER FANS

In her flower-filled suite at the Waldorf, FRANCES GIFFORD excitedly admitted the fun of being a movie star and having fans ask for her autograph . . . But there isn't an ounce of conceit in this tall, slim Hollywood lovely with the chestnut hair and friendly, dark blue eyes, which are very blue when she wears blue, and greenish-blue when she wears green.

A MODEST BEAUTY

Beauty secrets? Frances modestly claimed she didn't have any. While chatting with her, however, we discovered how she keeps herself looking so beautiful . . . Even when away from home, she washes and sets her own hair and has learned to do it expertly and quickly. As proof, she ran to get a small electric hand hair dryer to show us, and the bottle of shampoo she also brought with her . . . Her skin is oily, she claims, so she scrubs it twice daily with soap suds and a complexion brush. After rinsing with warm, then cold water, she rubs cracked ice, wrapped in a hand towel, over her face and neck, pats dry with another towel, then applies an astringent. Once a week she gives herself a facial, using a prepared one on the market, or one she mixes by dissolving a yeast cake in enough milk to make a smooth-spreading paste. When dry, she removes it with warm water, then gives her skin the ice treatment . . . She likes alternating between powder or a pancake make-up, applied sparingly.

OUTDOOR GIRL

Frances loves to get tan as early as possible, but avoids painful burning first by using a baby oil, which she says gives her an even, golden color and keeps her skin soft and smooth . . . The reason her feet never bother her, she thinks, may be because she gives them weekly pedicures and wears low-heeled shoes for walking . . . She relaxes nightly by reading in a warm, scented tub bath. Then, before hopping into bed, she splashes on lots of cologne in one of the floral fragrances . . . Frances loves to eat! She keeps slim by playing tennis, bending to touch her toes a dozen times daily, and running with her cocker spaniel. Who is her dream man? None other than the nine-year-old heartbreaker—Butch Jenkins!



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Richard Conte, of
"13 Rue Madeleine"

The case of the man
whose magic world
was served up to him
from a waiter's tray



Nick, alias Dick

BY STELLA KAMP

IF anyone had told Nick Conte that he was riding into a magic world that day he boarded the train for Connecticut, he'd have said, "You're bats in the belfry." All he knew was that he'd get twenty-five bucks a week, plus tips, for waiting on table.

Way back in 1938 a job at a summer camp was the equivalent of a vacation—if standing on your feet from seven to seven and waltzing the girls around in the social hall at eight, when you were dying to soak your aching feet in Epsom salts, could be called a vacation. It was one way of getting out of the hot grimy dust that was Jersey City and at the end of the summer you could come back with a nice fat bankroll.

Meanwhile he was having fun and meeting lots of people that up until now he had only read about in the newspapers. Like the blond guy with the horn-rimmed glasses who was always playing slow, sad music on the victrola in his room when Nick brought his breakfast on a tray. Clifford Odets. And the pretty girl he had just married who had caused a stir in camp when she came to see him one weekend, Luise Rainer. Imagine, movie stars! They were all regular people though. Take Bobbie and Julie Garfield for instance. Just as friendly as the neighbors back in Jersey City where he came from. For this was the summer the Group Theatre was at the Pine Brook Country Club, where Nick had a job.

He was just another waiter until the night he played an extra in "Waiting for Lefty." He was nice to have around because he vibrated such a sense of being glad to be alive and he was good looking. Add to this a gift for barbering. He'd learned how from his dad. In his spare time he was cutting the hair of Elia Kazan or Joe Pevney in the back in the little barber shop he'd fixed up for himself.

Then one afternoon all the waiters were called in and told they'd have to report for rehearsal. The Group Theatre needed plenty of extras for "Waiting for Lefty" which was the week's performance and the boys would have to pitch in and help. Nick gripped along with the others. Rehearse. Put grease paint on your face. Stand under hot lights. After a hard day on your feet.

Malarkey. What wouldn't they think of next? Well it was part of the job. So why not?

And then it was the night of the play. Odets was at his best. While up there on the stage, Nick Conte was being ensnared in the exciting web the actors were spinning. He wanted to cry. He was feeling so deeply. Why this . . . this was what he was looking for. It was the answer to why he was always quitting his jobs. This was living. This was for him. That night Nick wasn't in the dance hall. He was in his room figuring out this new thing that had hit him right over the heart.

From then on Nick spent his free time around the rehearsal hall, listening to Michael Gordon direct or remembering words of acting wisdom fall from the lips of Stella Adler. At night he'd hang around drinking cokes with the actors, listening to them talk shop. The members of the group were intrigued by his obvious sincerity. They held out a helping hand to him.

They taught him about books, about music. So now he knew the music Odets played was Brahms and Bach. Theory of acting. Nick would be the first to admit today, "They made me what I am, taught me everything I know about theater and gave me my first break in the theater."

It was a long hard grind from that summer to a little part in the Group's production of "My Heart's in the Highlands." His first. There were months of making the rounds. No casting. Maybe next week. A part. Rehearsals. A flop. A long lull. The Group Theatre to the rescue with another part.

Then "Jason" and a hit. The thrill of seeing the newspaper blow-ups of the critics' reviews. Hailing one Nick Conte of Jersey City now of Broadway as the find of the season. He was on equal footing with Julie Garfield, Luther Adler and Elia Kazan.

Yes, Nick would have laughed at you if you'd told him all this was going to happen that day he boarded the train for New Haven. That there'd be trips all over the country after that. Even to Hollywood. He's just beginning to cause comment out on the West Coast with his brilliant portrayals and it's a sure thing, given the right parts, the name you're going to be hearing a lot of from now on is going to be Nick, or as Hollywood has named him . . . Dick Conte.

THE END

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"THE WORLD'S FINEST SHAMPOO"

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Duon

What's Wrong with Sinatra?

(Continued from page 35) endeared him to me like a baby python.

When he banned the bobby-soxers from his broadcasts in New York I thought he had taken leave of his senses and said so. Frankie retaliated with the argument that they were *his* broadcasts and that I should mind my own business.

He came back to Hollywood and got in a battle royal with his broadcasting company over permitting another program to use his broadcast theater. Since there was no apparent reason for this (Frankie couldn't be broadcasting when the other program was on the air, natch), I set it down to the fact that he had just made up his mind to be disagreeable.

When he separated from Nancy, the little wife who adores him, and then staged a reconciliation in a public night club—it was the final straw. I was sure he was crazy.

Then along came the Hollywood Women's Press Club and nominated my pet peeve as the "most uncooperative actor of 1946." Frankie had not only been raring and tearing with me, he had engaged in a vendetta with the entire press, even going so far as to inform one reporter that he would pop him in the mouth the next time they chanced to meet.

It was getting ridiculous!

SUDDENLY, all my pique began to die out both in my heart and my column. Something was seriously wrong. Something had happened to Frank Sinatra. What was it?

Perhaps it was this slight weakening in my armor that inspired George Evans, Frankie's Man Friday, to invite me to lunch with Sinatra. My answer was brief and to the point—"No." But, if you think that daunted Mr. Evans, you don't know the little man who has been with Frankie for so many years.

George is just plain pained if you don't see his idol as he sees him. I finally agreed to have luncheon with Frank in Beverly. The stipulation was that George was to call for me and Frank was to be ready and waiting. I didn't trust the Skinny Thrush.

Sure enough, there he was sitting in a booth, very conservatively groomed—and not even a bow tie. He looked the usual Sinatra, thin, but better than the last time I had seen him.

When I walked in, I said: "If I'm not out of here unharmed in twenty minutes my armed guards will call the police. I insist that the maitre de hotel taste all food before it passes my lips." Suddenly our eyes met, Frankie's and mine, and we broke into quick and good laughter. It was good for both of us. It broke the ice that had been so long freezing.

You don't just start, in a situation like this by saying, "What in jumping blazes happened to you"; so—for a while we sparred over conversation about the new home he and Nancy are building in Palm Springs and how exciting it is to build a house for the first time.

"When I have a little rest," he said, "I'll be even more interested." And then, quietly and unexpectedly, he added: "*I have been so exhausted. I have been confused. I know I did many things I shouldn't have, things I am now sorry for.*"

There it was—the explanation for his whole puzzling behavior. How wonderful is complete simplicity and honesty. He could have spoken around the issue in a few thousand words and not have won me as completely as he did in those simple sentences.

It was as near to an apology as he gave—but it was good enough for me. Exhaustion—confusion—those two devitalizing

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morning glory...*

neat at nine. Her hair combed and curled—every strand in place. On her way to work, she caught admiring glances and a few low whistles. But look



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KEEPS HAIR UNDER CONTROL AND LUSTROUS

demons that follow in the trail of working too hard, of taxing one's strength almost beyond endurance. I know that story by heart. It cost me five months away from my jobs and a serious operation last year.

I looked at this boy and realized that if he doesn't slow down, it will cost him that much—and more. It is no secret that his health is not good. He has serious ear trouble that has been rumored as developing into a pressure on the nerve centers in the back of his brain. It is impossible for him to put on an ounce of weight. And yet, in the past few years, he has spun through his career like a punchy prize fighter almost out on his feet. When he should have been taking it easy between movies, he has almost burned himself out in his zeal to fight intolerance and gone barnstorming around the country.

He has done a weekly radio show plus "guest" spots. He has made two pictures in the past year. He has had to be separated from his family for months at a time. And always—always—there are those mobs of adoring kids almost killing him with love and admiration.

It was complete *exhaustion* that caused him to ban the youngsters from his New York broadcasts and yet not single out the Hollywood bobby-soxers.

HE SAID to me: "The kids in New York are different, Louella. They aren't used to stars like Ingrid Bergman, Kathryn Grayson or Greer Garson going into stores or theaters as they do in Hollywood. The Hollywood kids ask for autographs—but they don't go wild.

"I know very well that when the New York youngsters cheered and yelled and stamped—it was because they liked me. But suddenly, I found I was having to grit my teeth to bear it. It was like being drowned by an overwhelming wave of noise. After all, I had responsibilities to my listening audiences as well as those in the studio. As things were, I was getting to the point where I felt I could not go on with my shows. I was trembling and shaking like a leaf.

"I didn't want to do it, but I finally had to bar them. And who can say it was the wrong thing to do? After that little spell of discipline, they came back as quiet as mice. If one of them got out of order the rest of the kids silenced him yelling, 'Ah, pipe down. Frankie gets *noivous*!'"

I had no intention of tossing another log on our subsiding feud when I said, "But, Frankie, there was no confusion or noise on the set at M-G-M and yet straight from headquarters I heard you were difficult and temperamental."

He hit that straight on, too. "I've never asked for anything I did not think was reasonable and right," he answered. "When so many human beings of varied temperament are thrown together in the making of a picture, there are bound to be some differences. But to the best I know, I have never been unreasonable or failed to listen to the other fellow's opinion. All I expect is that he listen to me, too. Between us, we'll usually arrive at the right thing. You have to believe in what you are doing and fight for the things you think are right. Otherwise, you won't be around very long," he smiled.

"One of the things you heard is that I was disagreeable and raised thunder to use a song they wouldn't let me have. I'll tell you a secret. I *didn't*. I might have, mind you—but it wasn't a very good song!"

For the first time in my interviewing life I found myself reluctant about discussing a personal problem with a star—I mean Frankie's short rift with his wife.

It seemed a little silly to pry into that, in view of what he had told me. It was all too obvious. Little irritations and nerves

that were becoming as heavy as hammers hanging over his head in his career must have made him difficult to live with. He had practically admitted as much when he said, "—so many things I am sorry for and wish had not happened." One of the things, I am sure, is that he walked out of his home for two weeks. Instead of probing an old wound, I was content when Frankie was willing to talk about the new plans he and Nancy and the kids have.

"That house in Palm Springs is a nine-day wonder around our place," he said enthusiastically. "We own the house we now live in—but we didn't build it. It formerly belonged to Mary Astor. This will be the first place we have had the fun of wearing the *new* off ourselves."

"The swimming pool is shaped like a grand piano. The narrow part is shallow so it is safe for the kids. Almost every room has a wall of windows because none of us can get enough sunshine."

"Fine thing," I laughed, "for Frankie Sinatra, of all people, to be living in the next best thing to a glass house!"

"Oh, we've got blinds," he came back.

That he is sincerely devoted to Nancy and his two children I believe with all my heart. He carries pictures of them around in his wallet and trots them out at the slightest provocation.

There was one point I could and did discuss with him—that booby prize he won from the Hollywood Women's Press Club as the least cooperative actor of the year. Was he angry? Did it make him even madder at the press in general?

He said quietly, "I was hurt—really hurt. That was something I never wanted to happen. Maybe it was good for me though. It's made me stop and think. Not everybody can be out of step but me."

I liked that—his saying he was not angry—just hurt. It all goes back to his diagnosis of himself—exhaustion and confusion.

"All right, Frankie," I said, "What's for the future?"

"You can't change yourself suddenly, Louella," he said honestly. "Many things I'll just have to work out. Some of them will take time. I'm going to have to take it easier and not get nervous about things that don't matter. First, I want to take a rest of three or four weeks. I'm off my radio show for just that purpose. What will happen is that I'll probably just rove around. I'm freer than I've been since the days when I couldn't get a job—and I like it. Guess you can say I haven't any plans—and it's worth a million dollars for the privilege!"

Well, the armed guards didn't have to come in after me. Frankie and I had buried the hatchet in a better understanding, I think, of each other—even if it took a heap of doing.

THE END

They called her
"high-hat" and
"temperamental"

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Almost Down to Earth

(Continued from page 57) because, confidentially, even at this late date, it wouldn't shock me to see my pal Cornel down on his knees, in black-face and white gloves!"

In the long interim between the test and the filming, there was the gratification of his first chance in an "A" picture. He played a supporting part in "Counter-Attack," and then, in the super-Western, "Renegades." His work in these helped to convince his bosses he should be given the plum Jolson role. And meantime, by some considerate arrangement of the fates that rule Broadway, wife Betty had sung her way into her lushest opportunity. Opening in "Call Me Mister," she enticed critics into calling her "the best musical-comedy personality since Marilyn Miller," and the producers into giving her top billing.

IN the two years of their marriage, there had been occasional reunions—the brief sort that begin on a note of approaching an ending. At long last, however, it looked as if the little house Larry had bought in Nichols Canyon was soon going to be big enough to hold two careers. Young Mr. Parks started learning to cook.

"I'm getting ready for Betty to settle down with me and one of those three picture contracts she's been offered—" he grinned. "She can probably get a husband as good as me any time, so for an added attraction, I'm learning to wrassle a skillet. You see, I'm so much in love with Betty, I'm not taking any chances on losing her—now."

That "now" was Larry's three-letter word for all they'd risked, and all they'd finally won. Only one sad circumstance was to dim the happiness of his wife's homecoming. Larry's mother, who lived with him, died. For the son who'd known her encouragement and comfort when the going was tough, it seemed extra tragedy to have her pass away just when she might have enjoyed the benefits of his success. However, Mrs. Parks had lived to see him gain the things he wanted—and usually, for mothers, that is enough.

"Our little doll house," as its mistress calls it, is the second residence Larry has owned in California. The first was one he built with a couple of pals, strictly for profit, when he first arrived on the Coast. All three of the fellows were broke, but one of them owned a vacant lot. Brooding over the sad fact that you can't eat real estate, young Parks had an ambitious idea. They would float a small loan, build a house on the lot and make enough to fill three pockets. It took a succession of miracles to accomplish each step, but they did it.

"I understand the place is still standing," he says, "although we never knew what made the walls stay up to begin with. When it came to putting in the windows—a tricky job—we cheated a little. That is, we went down the street to where some carpenters were working and accepted a little professional advice. When we got the roof on we sold the place—but quick, before the next wind storm. I made \$133 on the deal."

The feature they're proudest of in their current abode is the fireplace, where both of them love to sit and read—or just get reacquainted.

"It's funny, the things you discover about each other," grins Betty. "The other day, for instance, Larry let me know—in a subtle way, of course—that he was all tired out from picking up after me. I was perfectly astounded. Until that minute I thought I'd been picking up after him!"

There is a small point of difference, too, concerning their first meeting: "Actually, we only knew each other two months

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GOLDEN GLINT

before we were married. Imagine my surprise to hear him telling reporters we'd known each other two years before in New York, when he was with the Group Theatre."

"Well, I saw you that long ago in New York—only you didn't know it," says her husband, not at all sheepishly. "Besides, I wasn't going to let people think our marriage was a fly-by-night thing."

The wedding took place at the Episcopal Church here. "We'd decided, since he was working in a picture at the time, we'd make it a quick and quiet affair," Betty says. "No one there except us, Larry's mother and our witnesses. The minister looked a little astonished when people started to troop into the church. On the way, Larry had just gone up the street telling everybody he met, 'Hey, come on to my wedding!'"

Sparkling on Betty's third finger is a recently purchased diamond of ample carats. "Her engagement ring—although it's about two-and-a-half years late," says its purchaser. "He didn't miss any of the usual thrill, however," says his wife. "It was such a complete surprise, I could still gasp and say, 'But this is so sudden!'"

In a man's way, Larry was filled with the same sentiments when Betty surprised him with the motorcycle, a gift sent from New York. "I'd been away on location, and the first thing Mother told me when I got back was that she'd had a slight mishap with my Ford convertible. I started for the garage with visions of the old jalop a crumpled wreck. I opened the door—and there stood the motorcycle—the thing I'd wanted all my life. I think I just gulped, and said something like, 'Well, I'll be darned—!'"

That warm smell from a motor has always been the Parks lad's favorite fragrance. He is moved by simple, elementary sights and sounds: "The most beautiful thing I ever saw was the sun coming up one Easter morning in New York. There was I on the dark and deserted city street, tired out after an all-night rehearsal—and then suddenly, there was the sun coming up over the RCA building—like a great promise. I automatically turned and walked to St. Patrick's Cathedral."

For his own private music, he'll take the sound of a teakettle. "We have one of the whistling kind someone gave us," says Betty. "He'll put it on at the slightest provocation and let it whistle away for hours. There was a time when the thing affected me like chalk drawn down a blackboard, but with my husband enjoying it so, how can I complain?"

Both of them prefer small, informal



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gatherings at home to large social affairs, or night-clubbing. In friends, they demand one major quality—tolerance. "I can't stand intolerant people," Larry says. "The finest thing that ever happened to me was a summer I spent at camp when I was a kid. I was a rather sickly boy, and because of it Mom had coddled me. Usually, if I was told to do anything, I had to be bribed with a candy bar. At camp things were different. That temper I had had to be controlled if I didn't want to wind up with a sore jaw, donated by one of the other boys. I learned to get along with other people and, believe me, I've always valued the lesson."

Larry—formally known as Lawrence—was born in Olathe, Kansas, but spent most of his early life in Joliet, Illinois. His mother was an organist of talent and his father an advertising man. As a small boy he suffered a weakened heart from rheumatic fever—and later, a paralyzing illness left him with one leg temporarily shortened. Today, he excels in such virile exercises as skiing, surfboard riding and tennis, and stands five feet eleven.

"I never brag about it, though—I'm still the smallest fellow on our family tree. My father was over six feet, and his sisters were giant women. One of my aunts on my mother's side, believe it or not, stood six feet seven. Maybe that's why I'm so fond of Betty—she's small enough for me to beat in a wrestling match. Providing, of course, you don't tell her I said so!"

ACTING was an "accidental" profession discovered when, while studying for medicine at the University of Illinois, he took part in some campus dramatics. By the time he obtained his Bachelor of Science degree, he had decided to trade it for stock-show billing. After touring Illinois, he headed for New York. In the big city, there was a period when "the wolf was not only sitting on my doorstep, but inside and sharing my furnished room."

One of his early jobs was as a uniformed guide at Radio City and one of his fellow ushers was Gregory Peck. With his heels acquiring callouses from Radio City's endless halls, he decided to seek a footlight break via mail order. He got a list of sixty-four stock companies from a theatrical magazine and wrote a letter to the whole sixty-four. Six of them answered, and he was then in a position to grant a favor to the fellow making the best offer. He went to work for twenty dollars a week in a community theater in up-state New York, playing there two seasons.

Next time Broadway saw him, he met with better luck. He joined the Group Theater, which included John Garfield and J. Edward Bromberg. At this encouraging point, tragedy called him back home. His dad had died, and a job as Pullman inspector on the New York Central railroad offered the more reliable income he and his mother would be needing. It was a dull occupation, but he stuck at it until one day a wire arrived from John Garfield. There was a small part awaiting him at Warners in "Mama Ravioli"—a picture that was cancelled thirty-six hours after his arrival on the West Coast.

Now that the "downs" have turned into "ups," he hopes to get a chance soon at a light comedy role. "Something like 'Arsenic and Old Lace,' I hope. Mostly, however, I will be content to do as good a job as I can, in whatever they pick out for me. You see, I've always wanted to be an actor—it was just that I never wanted to be a starving actor!"

Talk like this is, in its way, as good a definition of Mr. and Mrs. Parks as any we can supply. Up in the happy heights now, but still almost "down to earth."

THE END

The Bali Bra

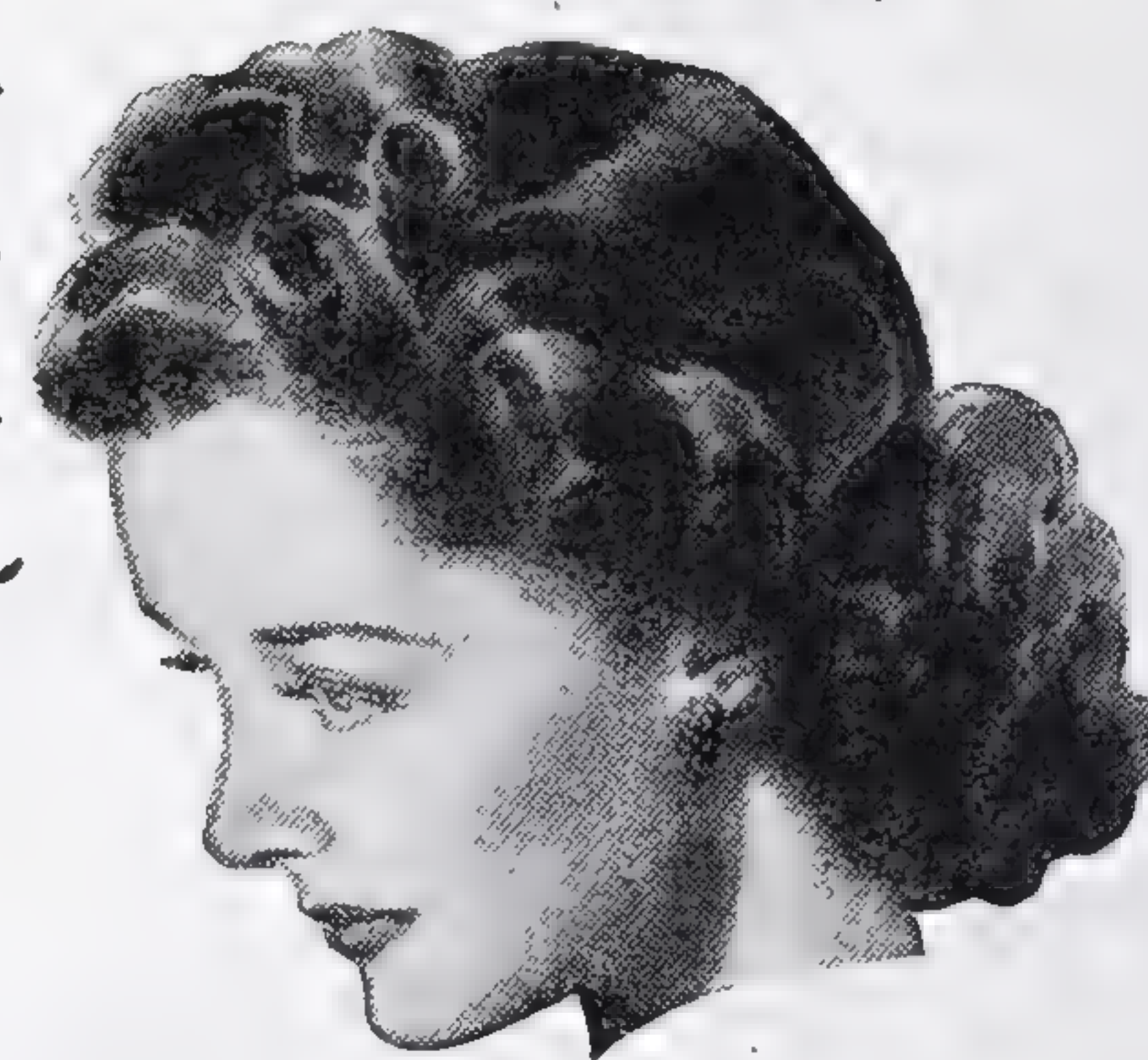
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Bedtime Story

(Continued from page 67) But there's still another chapter to Gail's bedtime story. It goes under the heading of "Hands." Whenever she buys a new toothbrush, she buys two of them—in different colors. One is for her fingernails. Each evening before putting on her cold cream she gives her nails a good scrubbing with soap. Then the cold creaming of her face softens her nails at the same time. And her last move before turning out the light is to rub on some cuticle cream, covering her hands for the night with white cotton gloves to keep the oil on her nails—not on the sheets.

But to each her own bedtime story. Each of us must plot her own. However, this rough outline should be applicable, with variations, for all of us:

1. Since cleanliness is not only next to godliness, but the first step to good health and good looks—cleanse your face. You may either use two coats of cold cream to insure thorough cleanliness (like Rita Hayworth and Maureen O'Hara) or you may use first cold cream and then soap and warm water, followed by cold. This latter method is preferred not only by Gail Russell, but also by Diana Lynn, Dorothy Lamour, Betty Hutton and Ella Raines. But there are the soap and water gals—and you may be one of them. Audrey Totter and Esther Williams are firmly fixed in this school of thought.

And right here let me stop and point out something: Every one of those stars wastes no time while applying the cleansing cream—which they leave on for twenty minutes before removing. Maureen O'Hara reads a bedtime story to her daughter Bronwyn during the "absorbing period." Ellen Drew lies on the floor with her feet elevated on a chair, so as to give her face the benefit of blood circulation.

2. Care of your hair. Brush it—and brush it thoroughly. Not only does brushing cleanse the hair and scalp, but it aids growth and sheen. Remember, the smart way to wield the brush is to stretch out across your bed, with your head hanging over the side. This combines two things: Your hair is being brushed, while your face and scalp are being stimulated.

3. Exercise! Even if you have a magnificent figure already, remember it won't stay that way without help. To keep you limber, as well as to whittle the hips and waistline, I'd suggest scattering a deck of cards on the floor, then picking them up without bending the knees. Another easy but worthwhile exercise is to lie on your back

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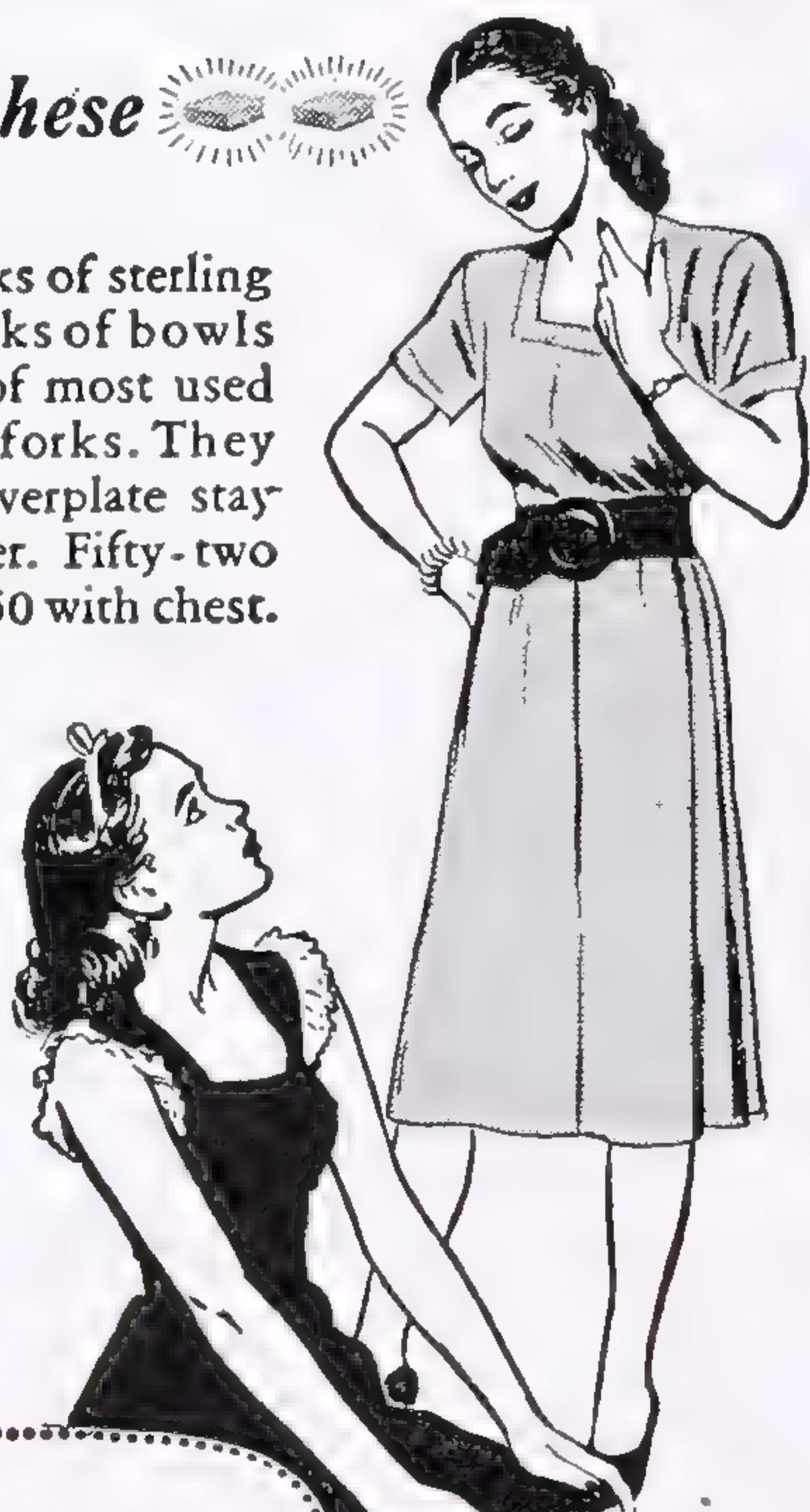
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in bed, raise your legs and make like a six-day bike rider.

4. Now you are ready to put your hair up in pin curls. If you've been smart enough to practice and learn how to do it as so many of the stars do, this should take only a couple of minutes.

5. Next, you apply a rich night cream to your nice, clean face before you step into your bath or shower. This is especially important for the girl with a dry skin, or for the woman whose skin is beginning to show a few lines and wrinkles. I don't advocate leaving the cream on all night—this merely lubricates the pillow, not your face! Besides, most skin doctors agree that a skin-food cream does its best work within twenty minutes. So smooth it on for twenty minutes, and during that time take your bath. The steam from the bath helps the cream to penetrate.

If your body skin has become dry from either the extreme heat or cold of your climate, here's a trick to correct this. Paulette Goddard says: "Make like a sleek and shiny sea-lion. Rub baby oil all over your body before you step into the tub or shower. You emerge with your skin feeling like a piece of satin." Paulette believes in baby oil and she applies it most vigorously to her knees, elbows and neck. Let me add that if you're too lazy to rub oil on yourself, one of the new perfumed bath oils will accomplish somewhat the same object in softening your skin.

6. And after the bath is an excellent time to check up on the de-fuzzing of underarms and legs that fastidious women never neglect.

7. You may also want to give your hands a little extra attention. Try massaging them with hand cream. Next follow in Gail Russell's footsteps—put on a pair of old cotton gloves to protect your sheets. Another tip: An application of castor oil and white iodine will help make your fingernails strong, and will keep them from breaking. However, be sure not to do this more than once a week. The iodine is very drying.

NOW this simple bedtime story is almost ended. I've suggested seven chapters to it. However there may be certain things you, with your own personal problems, may want to leave out—or add to it. But whatever you do, make sure you work out a bedtime beauty routine for yourself—and stick to it. Time yourself when you first start this nightly regime . . . and then time yourself again when it is established as a habit. You'll be astonished at how little time it takes once you're in the swing.

Remember, too, not to make your bedtime story an unpleasant task. Use your free time in it to read or make out household lists. And pamper yourself: Use a new bath oil or a delightfully scented eau de cologne. Or treat yourself to one of the new bath mits or powder mits for after the bath. A feeling of feminine luxury goes a long way toward relaxing you for the night's rest that lies ahead.

Once your relaxed, well-cared-for body is between your clean sheets, pamper yourself in one final way: Listen to music or read something entertaining until you are drowsy. But if it's reading, be sure to sit upright in bed, not slumped halfway down, or you'll strain your eyes. Then turn off your light, close your eyes—and drift into the dreamless sleep of a completely relaxed and lovely body.

Like Gail Russell, you'll wake up more beautiful than when you went to sleep. Then you can plant your feet firmly in your mules and say or sing confidently, "Oh, what a beautiful morning!" Because your bedtime story gave you a beautiful night.

THE END

What Should I Do?

(Continued from page 70) salvation. Quietly you might find out whether any of the other mothers have hobbies.

The next time you invite a friend to your home—which you certainly should do—simply pave the way by saying, "Your mother knits beautifully, doesn't she? Didn't you say she made your sweater? My mother doesn't care much for knitting. Her gift shop takes up all her time. I want you to see some of the cute things she has on display in our show-window."

Indicate to your friends that you are proud of what your mother is doing, you are interested in it, and see nothing unusual about it—except its charm and success—and they will adopt your attitude.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a seventeen-year-old boy. I left home over a month ago because I couldn't stand my father's drinking. I had been living with my father and stepmother. I went to my mother's home, but couldn't stay there because my stepfather objected.

My mother loves me very much although I have never lived with her since she and my father separated when I was six. When she saw that my living with her wasn't going to work out she sent me to my aunt's home. I quit school and got a job. I don't feel welcome here, although I pay board.

I am a long way from my home town and friends and I am very unhappy. I feel as if no one wants me, or cares. Will you tell me some way to make my life worthwhile? Please don't think I'm silly.

Sandy

Believe me, Sandy, I don't think you are silly. I don't think anyone who reads your letter will think you are silly.

First of all, everyone in the world goes through periods of feeling alone and unloved. It is probably the most usual of all human heartaches. But you must not give in to it. As you have said, your mother loves you and wants you. I don't doubt for a moment that she is grieved to tears that circumstances make it impossible to have you in her home.

I do think you should return to your home town where you have friends. Go at once to the principal of your high school and tell him your full story. Ask him if there isn't some way you can work and continue with your schooling. If you will rely upon the principal, or upon some other teacher, I'm certain that you

Have you a problem which seems to have no solution? Would you like the thoughtful advice of

Claudette Colbert?

If you would, write to her in care of Photoplay, 321 S. Beverly Drive, Beverly Hills, California, and if Miss Colbert feels that your problem is of general interest, she'll consider answering it here. Names and addresses will be held confidential for your protection.

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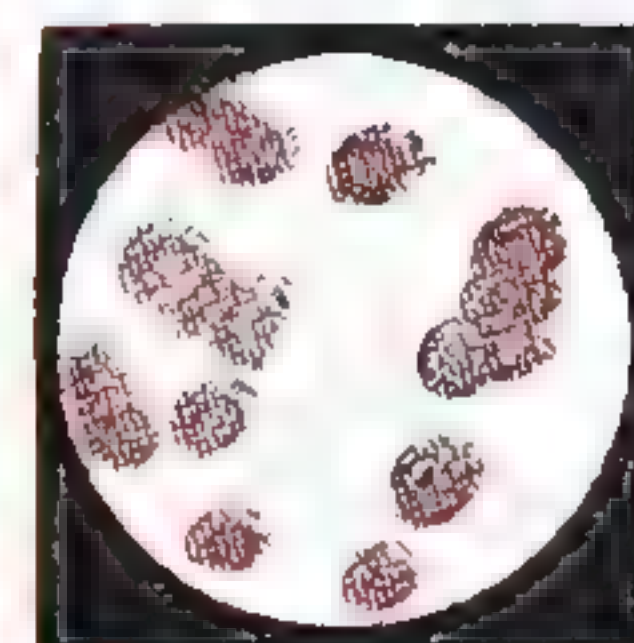
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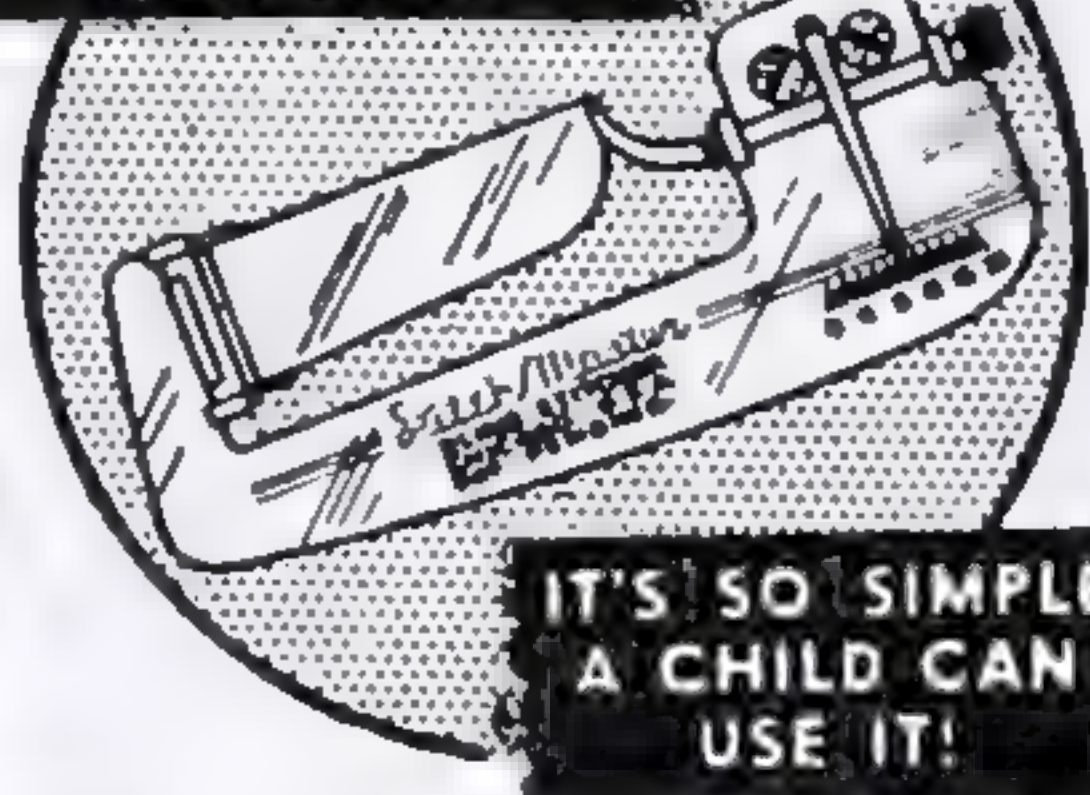
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Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a girl of seventeen and quite fond of a man twenty-five. There are some who think him too old for me, but I am a serious-minded girl and appear to be much older than my years. I consider boys my age to be silly, noisy and without manners.

This man likes me, I'm sure, because he has asked me for five or six dates within the past two months. Each time I have thanked him and made some excuse. The reason I haven't gone with him is this: He lives in one of the nicest houses in the most beautiful part of this city. I secured his address from the telephone book, rode a bus out there, then walked past.

I live in a poor district, on one of the ugliest streets. I might add that our house is one of the worst on the street. We try to keep it tidy, but we have a big family and there simply isn't space enough.

I would be ashamed to bring this boy into my home.

Would it be simply awful of me to meet him on a street corner downtown, then have him leave me there after our date?

Edna M.

It would be "simply awful" for you to suggest meeting this man anywhere except at your own door.

Since he has asked you for dates repeatedly, I think it sensible to assume that he is drawn to you. Just as you went to the trouble to find out something of his background, it is likely that he has done the same about you. He may know that your family are clean and proud, although they haven't the worldly goods of his own parents.

The most important thing to establish in the mind of a boy with whom you are to have dates is that one of your outstanding characteristics is self-respect. By all means ask this boy to call for you at your home. Be sure to introduce him to your father and mother.

If he is the right sort of person he will like you for yourself. If he is a snob, find it out at once and spare yourself much humiliation later.

Here is another thing for you to consider: Since you are now seventeen, you have many years before you. Psychologists to whom I have talked stress the fact that the best way for a human being to retain mental health is to admit fearlessly at all times his background, while acknowledging his family as they are. Be what you are without apology. Once you let yourself feel inferior, you open the way for all manner of personality ills.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I met a boy about seven months ago and all winter and spring we have been seeing a good deal of each other. On our first date he told me he had a baby daughter. This little girl lives with his sister and everyone thinks the youngster is hers.

The baby is explained this way: While he was in the Army, he met a girl living in the town near where he was stationed. He went overseas and wrote to this girl all the time. When he returned and went to visit her, there was this baby. He asked her to marry him, but she refused. She was ruining her own life by drinking and running around, so he took the baby—with her permission—and gave her to his sister.

Now he has asked me to marry him. I am deeply in love with him, but I am wor-



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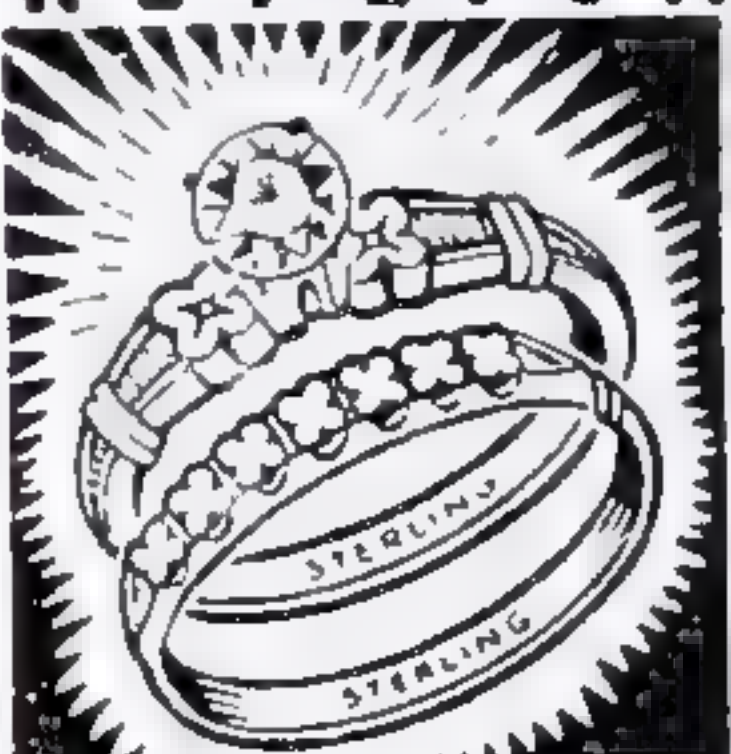
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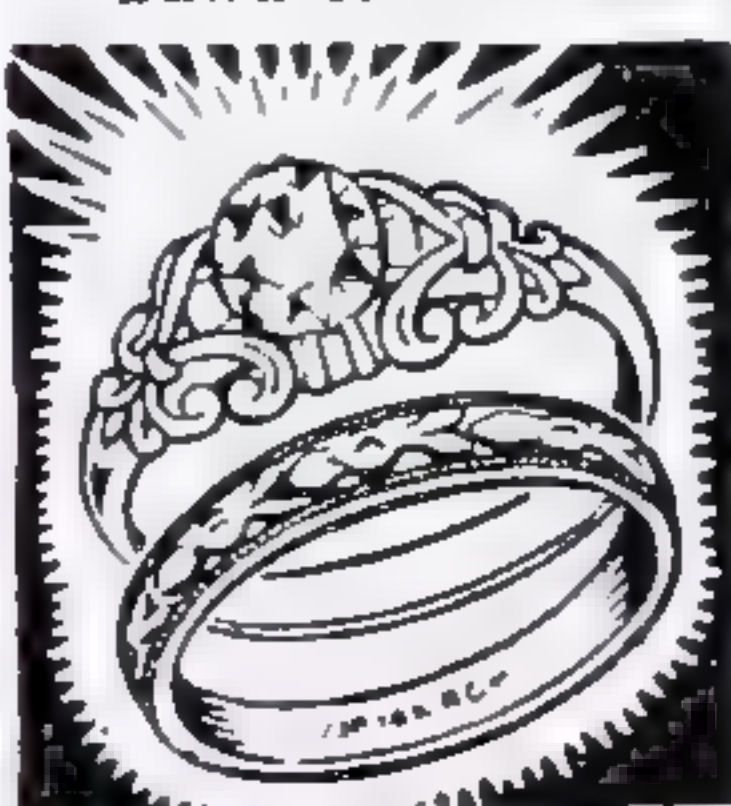
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ried about two things: First of all, my parents know nothing about the baby. They like this boy very much and have given their consent to our marriage, but I think this is something that they should know about because it might make a difference in their attitude. My other worry is that, after we are married, the baby's mother might make trouble.

Gladys T.

Certainly you should tell your parents exactly what the situation is. Naturally, they must agree to keep your fiance's secret for the sake of the little girl.

You and your fiance should discuss this problem together first and you should find out what his actual wishes for the welfare of the baby are. It is possible that he might like to have the child with him and this you should discuss together, as you would then be responsible for the health and up-bringing of the child with him.

From your letter I would imagine that the aunt wants to keep your fiance's child as her own. In that case, I believe that all of you should consult an attorney and make arrangements for the aunt to adopt the little girl. This would eliminate any danger of the child's mother causing trouble in the future.

You should take your family into your confidence at once, and all of you together should decide how best to safeguard the child's future.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Originally there were four of us in our gang. We were in grade school, junior high, and high together.

During my last year in high, I sort of fell away from our quartet. My brother was in service, so his fiancee was lonely.

She and I went roller skating together, to movies and on shopping sprees. Meanwhile, the three girls who had always been my best friends made other friends. I heard they were going to night clubs, smoking, and dating service men.

I didn't pay much attention until the war was over and my brother came home. He and his fiancee were married and moved away. That left me without a chum.

I tried to get back with my old gang, but discovered that I didn't fit. They had secrets to which they referred, leaving me out of the conversation. They smoke now, tell wild stories and tell me I'm a square.

Is there any way that I can change all this and be one of them again without doing the things they do? I feel lost and lonely.

Emma-Jane O.

The truth of the matter is that you have grown away from your friends. This is not as unique a situation as you might believe. Each of us, all through life, changes interests. Friendship is based upon mutual interests, mutual respect and mutual aims. Some of our friends change along with us. Others take divergent paths and are lost to us.

Don't feel unhappy about this situation. Look around for girls who have your attitude, and who will enter into constructive activities with you.

Although you are now graduated from high school, apparently you aren't working, or going to college, or taking interest in any group pursuit. I think you should take a job, or enroll for post graduate work, or associate yourself with some group doing charitable work. Your need is to make new friends and the sooner you set about it, the sooner you will find contentment.

Claudette Colbert

(This letter came from South Africa)

Dear Miss Colbert:

Recently something very tragic happened here. The young parents of a two-year-old baby were murdered. As she had no relatives excepting her grandparents, she went to them.

This case gained much notoriety, so the grandparents received many offers by rich people who wanted to adopt the baby. Her grandparents cannot support her sufficiently and would not be able to give her a good education, but because they love her so dearly and because she is the only pleasure left to them it would break their hearts to give her up.

Would you advise them to give her up for her sake, or to keep her for their own happiness?

Elaine W.

I firmly believe that there is no material advantage on earth to equal the love of one's own family. A young child needs emotional security above all else. This very precious and very fragile thing is best obtained with natural parents, or their best substitute—whenever this is possible.

By this I don't mean to imply that a child can't be entirely happy with adoptive parents; to the contrary, I think that both parents and child are lucky when they are brought together by agencies and happily matched.

However, in such a case as you describe, I think the little girl should remain with her grandparents as long as they live. If some of the "rich people" you have mentioned are really anxious to be of help, why don't they offer assistance to the grandparents? Let them set up a fund for the child's welfare and eventual education.

Claudette Colbert

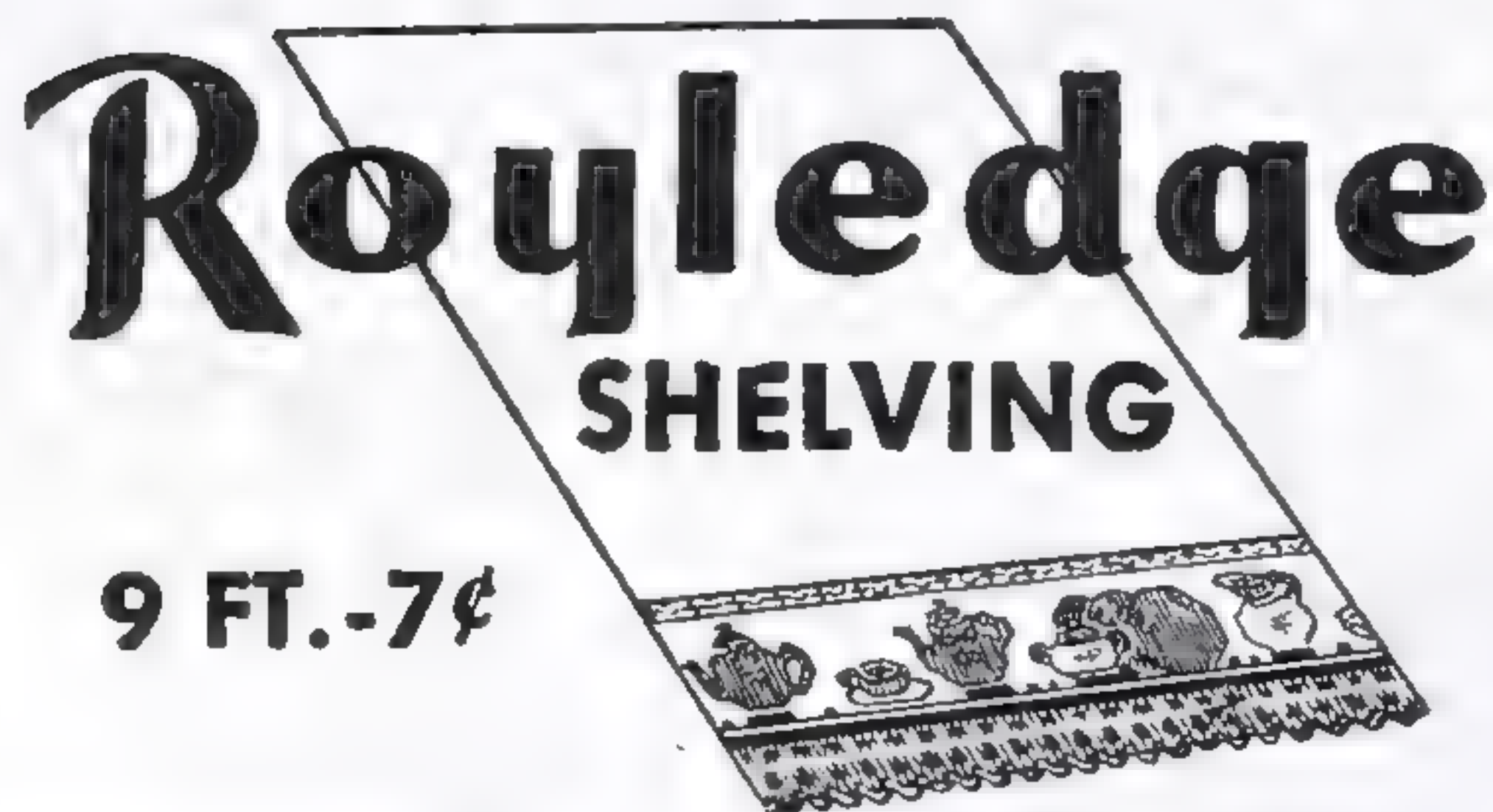
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Incidentally, Mr. Grant

(Continued from page 19) that the chaplain might try a door farther down the patio.

Some minutes later, while Cary was still answering the doorbell, the padre—with a brother priest—returned. Said the chaplain, "I'm sorry to appear to crash this party, but your face is so familiar. I'm certain I've known you at some time. I'm Father X, and this is Father Y."

"How do you do," said Cary, shaking hands. "My name is Grant—Cary."

The two chaplains fell into embarrassed laughter. They said they had been in the South Pacific for several years and had been so busy that—even when Cary's pictures had been shown at the base—they hadn't always seen them. Their memories of Cary's familiar face had clung since civilian days.

Intensely interested in the lives of persons outside the motion-picture industry (a rare characteristic in an actor), Cary enticed the chaplains into another room, secured food and drink for them and settled down for a long talk. He asked about the work of the Chaplain Corps and conditions in the Pacific.

Someone in the party noticing Cary's interest observed, "There's Grant again. The best listener in Hollywood."

"At any party, you can look around and count on finding Cary where the conversation is unfamiliar—anything from taxi-dermy to Egyptology."

One of the chaplains asked if Cary knew a certain Hollywood publicist.

"Yes, he's just out of the Navy. I saw him only yesterday," said Cary. "But I haven't any idea where to find him in town."

The chaplain said, "Too bad. I'd like to get in touch with him. You see, his brother died in my arms overseas."

"Call me tomorrow morning and somehow I'll put you in touch with him," promised Cary.

MANY people in Hollywood have a reputation for being lavish with offers, miserly with results. Cary Grant is not one of them. When he says he will do a certain thing, you may dismiss it from your worry list, because Cary Grant makes good.

The day after the party Cary spent much of his time away from the camera, placing telephone calls.

He finally contacted the publicist, explained the chaplain's mission and made an appointment for the two men to meet.

These two anecdotes illuminate the salient factor of Cary Grant's nature: He is a genuinely kind human being.

Perhaps Cary himself has given us the true key to his own character in the following observation made by him.

Cary knows a good deal about natural history—in an amateur sort of way—and is always fascinated by a study outside his ordinary experience.

Extremely elated when he discovered William Beebe's "Book of Naturalists" and enchanted by the stories about the penguins, the eels, the bees and such, Cary laid in a stock of the book, and delighted many friends by presenting them with a copy.

When someone, confronted once again by this proof of Cary's generosity, commented on his open-handedness, Cary answered with a shrug: "Generosity isn't anything—if you can afford it. And if you can't afford it, a kind word will do; come to think of it, it's probably much better."

THE END

Dana Faces East

(Continued from page 45) "Ah, now, isn't that too bad? My boss was kinda countin' on goin'," Bob said.

"Who is your boss?" Dana asked.

"Why, Senator Connally, from Texas," said Bob. "Fact is, he and Jimmy Byrnes wanted to go together, and that Russian fella Gromyko said he'd like to go too. . . ."

Dana thought he was going to faint. But he promised to do what he could—and somehow he did manage to get six tickets. They were used by the then Secretary of State James Byrnes, Senator Connally, Senator Austen and their wives. Dana met them all after the premiere. And the next day Bob Shirley escorted him out to the United Nations Conference—where he met Gromyko!

On their way out to the Conference at Lake Success they blew a tire! Since they were already late, Bob and Dana got out and flagged down the next limousine they saw. It stopped promptly and they climbed into the back seat next to its solitary occupant—a gloomy individual who curtly introduced himself as a Russian delegate and then retired into what seemed to be a terrified silence.

HIS apparent terror was what drove Dana and Bob into endless conversational springboards. But nothing worked—until Dana suddenly remembered a Russian song he had once learned, and sang it. Then abruptly the Russian delegate thawed. He confided that he was one of the two Ukrainians who had recently been given headlines in the nation's newspapers. They'd gone into a delicatessen shop to buy some cheese—and had been shot by a robber holding up the store! Naturally, he had been paralyzed with fright after he'd picked up the strange pair of men on the highway.

"My first impulse was to help you," he explained. "But my second one was—are these also American hold-up men?"

They managed to resist holding him up. And finally they were in the United Nations restaurant and Dana was meeting Gromyko.

"But haven't we met before, Mr. Andrews?" inquired the head of the Russian delegation.

"No, Mr. Gromyko," said Dana. "I'd certainly remember if we had. There's the faint chance you might have seen me in some movie. . . ."

"Ah, that's it!" exclaimed Gromyko. "You were the fier in the movie 'The North Star!'"

This immediate placing of his face staggered Dana. But he was even more staggered over his reunion with Bob Shirley and what it had entailed. "The moral is," he says now, "you should never lose track of your old roommates from the Y.M.C.A.!" He reported back for work on "Boomerang," an awed man. Verily, you meet such interesting people in the East!

After the picture was finished, Dana discovered that he had a two months' vacation ahead of him.

"After four years we have a vacation! What'll we do with it?" he asked Mary.

"I'm not sure yet. But you'll be sure in a few minutes," said the fair-haired Mary. She knew the symptoms. Dana was about to indulge in a new "craze"—the last one having been sail boats.

At the moment of this discussion they were lunching with a drama critic. For the rest of the meal the three of them discussed possible vacations—Mexico? South America? Florida? But the critic criticised everything. Finally he came up with some constructive advice:

"Why don't you go to Stowe, Vermont?" he demanded. "Stay at the Lodge at



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Mary was horrified at the idea. Why, they had never skied in their lives. For that matter, they had never seen snow. Why, they wouldn't think of freezing to death in. . . .

Her voice died away. She had caught sight of Dana's eyes. He was feverishly in the grip of his new craze—and it was skiing!

Right after lunch they went to Andre's famous ski shop and bought themselves two ski suits apiece and skis. Then they got in their car, complete with children, nurse and the colored couple they'd acquired in Connecticut, and set out for Stowe.

"Just for two weeks," Dana told Mary. They stayed two months and loved every minute of it.

BECAUSE of their large party they couldn't stay at the famous lodge. They had to have a house. "That's impossible to find," everyone said. But Mary found it—the upper floor of a Swiss chalet owned by a middleaged woman doctor named Dr. Luchenthaler. The Doctor wore men's knickers, gaiters and a cap; and for her emergency calls in the snow she had two automobiles, one dog sled and a horse sleigh. These items delighted both the junior and senior Andrewses. Dana took one look at the sleigh and asked, "But where's the horse to pull it?"

"Got rid of him," the Doctor said.

"Then I'll get hold of another!" said Dana. And after an inquiry at the local blacksmith's he found that a farmer named Leo Doubleday had a horse "he didn't want to winter." For \$50 the horse was Dana's. Cub was his name. The first time Dana hitched him to the sleigh, the whole town of Stowe saw an interesting spectacle—Cub running briskly away with the sleigh, while Dana pounded along on foot behind yelling, "Whoa!" Behind Dana skittered small Kathy. This undignified procession ran right down the main street of Stowe and out of sight—like a cartoon chase.

But running behind Cub was a lot easier than another adventure Dana had. It was due to the holiday visit of his son David, who had to be put on a train headed Westward again in time to return to school. Dana decided to drive his son the necessary 180 miles to Albany, New York, where David would board the right train.

"Trip should take four hours," a testy Vermonter told Dana just before he began the drive.

"Fine," said Dana.

How long did it take? Four days! Everything happened, beginning with icy roads and snow drifts six feet high. They left Stowe at noon, drove steadily toward Albany and the 8:30 P.M. train—and missed it. Dana spent the night telephoning at an Albany hotel (while David slept peacefully)—trying to head off people in New York and Chicago who were planning on meeting David; and trying to get him new train tickets. By the following night all was well. David was safely on the train, and Dana was heading back toward Stowe in his automobile.

But came the blizzard—and what a blizzard. In one town it took Dana an hour to navigate a single block. Another twenty-mile stretch took him six hours to cover. But he was determined to keep going all night until he was back home again . . . so the climax of his trip came at four in the morning. Then a tire blew out!

"Picture me," Dana told friends later, "standing on a freezing road trying to pry up the turtle-back of my car with a bent coat-hanger—it's all I had for a tool. The turtle-back was frozen as solid as cement,

and inside was my spare tire! Don't think I won the struggle, either; I lost it. I walked ten miles to the nearest garage—and then had to wait until ten in the morning until it opened for the day!"

So he arrived back in Stowe looking like a ghost. And feeling like Daniel Boone. But he didn't care—it had been an adventure, hadn't it? And a typical Vermont one.

However, there was another Vermont incident that didn't have such a happy ending. It occurred when Dana and Mary were both down in New York City for the one weekend they left Vermont—he to appear on a radio show, she to attend the New York reunion of the Pasadena Community Playhouse. They were both back in their New York hotel room late at night when the telephone rang. Mary answered it. "Vermont calling," announced the operator. Then Mary heard her colored cook's voice.

"Mrs. Andrews? This is Gertrude," she said. "I think you and Mr. Andrews had best hurry back. Something's happened to Stephen—one of the women here set him on the hot radiator to punish him for wetting his pants. The backs of his legs are all burnt. I sent for the doctor, and he said it's second-degree. . . ."

DANA and Mary drove all night long getting back to Stowe. There, early in the morning, they took one look at two-year-old Stephen. The backs of his legs were burnt savagely from the calf to the hip. Promptly they fired the woman. As for their gratitude to the cook—they are so sure of her common sense that they are bringing her and her husband back to California with them.

"But," Dana says now, "that isn't the only reason, though it's reason enough." It's also because William, the butler, has such an unexpected personality. He's traveled all over the world and was elegantly educated. The primitive conditions in Stowe caused him silent horror. Once Dana, coming downstairs in the house, found William sweeping them—wearing ear-pads and a wool cap.

"Well, William," Dana said, "you look like a regular woodsman."

"I'm adjusting myself, sir," said William tonelessly.

The Andrews family settled into the life of Stowe as into a down mattress. Little Kathy went to a school called "The Shoe." Mary and Dana skied endlessly down Mount Mansfield, ate hot maple syrup spilled on snow—an old Vermont custom—and used the charming Lodge at Smuggler's Notch like a second home. Its manager, six-foot-six George Morrell, became one of their close friends—and its famed meals became another of Dana's crazes. So did everything Vermont. Even the middle-aged Vermont hostess who led him—still flushed from his triumph in the great movie, "The Best Years of Our Lives"—up to her friends and said, "This is Mr. Anderson. He's in the picture 'Better Times'."

He learned to say "Dear me suds" with the best of the Yankees. And he'll never get tired of telling a true Vermont story: "It seems," he'll tell you when you meet him, "that a customer came into a Vermont grocery store and asked for a package of shredded wheat. 'I'm sorry,' the owner said, 'but I don't carry shredded wheat any more. It sells too fast.'"

"That's why I like Vermont," Dana laughs. "After all my years in Hollywood it was like going to the wonderful Land of Oz."

And you see by the lights dancing in back of his eyes that the East has touched him with its tang and laid its appetite upon him. He'll be back for more!

THE END

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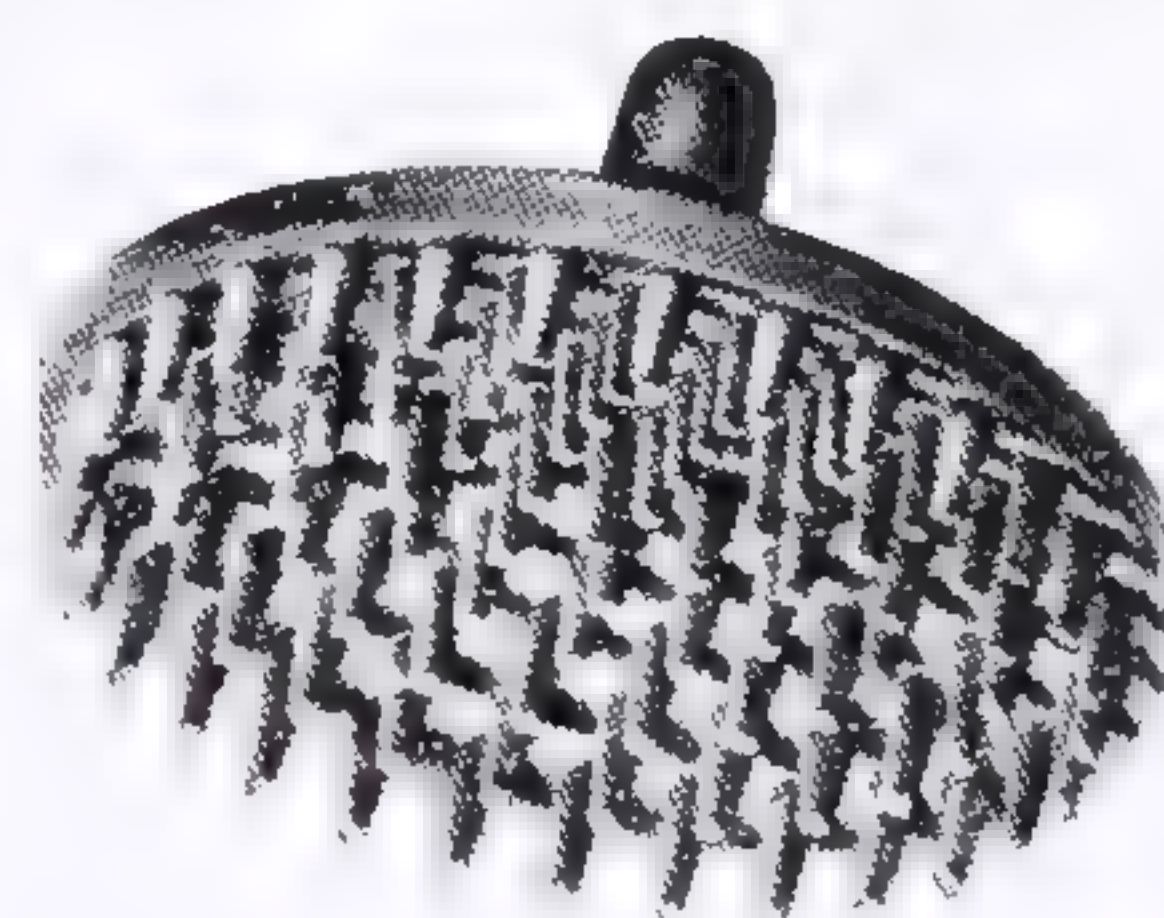
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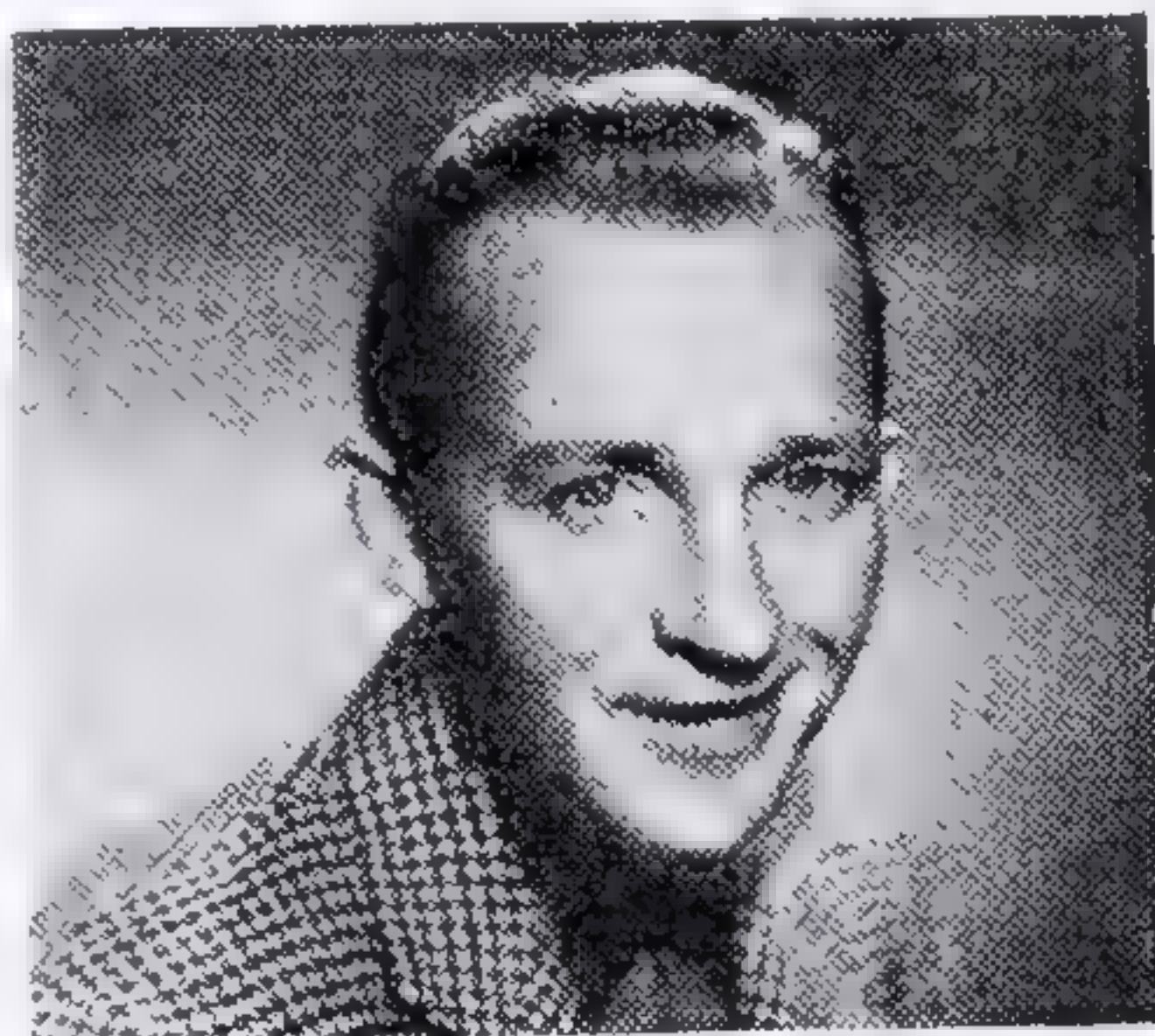
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Platter Patter

By Lester Gottlieb

A rapid record review of this month's popular and classical discs spotlighting songs and singers from Hollywood



Bing Crosby

to his friend Pat O'Brien (Decca).

SONG OF THE SIERRAS: Monogram's singing cowboy star is Jimmy Wakely, who achieved top record popularity with the war-time "Star Spangled Banner Waving Somewhere." Now he has a new Decca disk headed for the hillbilly hit parade. "Texas Tornado" is from his newest horse opera; the reverse is the plaintive "Blue, Blue Eyes."

BING CROSBY: Listen to Bing turn in his briar pipe for a clay one as he clowns through "McNamara's Band" and "Dear Old Donegal" with a gracious ad lib

THE JOLSON STORY: Once again Hollywood has demonstrated its ability to give the nation a song to remember. This time it's the haunting "Anniversary Song" and almost every recording artist has an interpretation. Because you'll want at least one rendition to join Al Jolson's great original (Decca) here are some candidates: Dinah Shore (Columbia), Andy Russell (Capitol), Tex Beneke (Victor), and Guy Lombardo (Decca). For another memorable melody from this fine Columbia film, try Monica Lewis and Bobby Doyle's sentimental duet of "By the Light of the Silvery Moon" (Signature).

DOWN TO EARTH: This film has a likely winner in "They Can't Convince Me," especially the way young Elliot Lawrence and his band convince their instruments to play it (Columbia).

GENE AUTRY: More western stuff, this time by an old cow hand, whose hitchin' post is the neighborhood movie. Columbia has just issued a new album lassoing eight of Autry's best tunes, including "South of the Border," "Mexicali Rose" and "Red River Valley."

LADIES' MAN: Frank Sinatra selects the amusing "Gotta Gal I Love in North and South Dakota" from the Eddie Bracken Paramount film. Although the results are sub-Sinatra you still may enjoy it (Columbia).



Betty Grable

SHOCKING MISS PILGRIM: Now that the over abundant plugging of this film's top tune, "For You, for Me," has died down, perhaps the happy little song Betty Grable sings earlier in the footage will get a break. It's called "Changing My Tune" and Artie Shaw and Mel Torme give it every opportunity (Musicraft).

TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY: The Kern biography will soon be recorded right off the sound track by the new M-G-M record company. Meanwhile George Olson's band picks the imperishable "Who" for a straight dance version (Majestic).

CARNEGIE HALL: Another cutting of the new hit "Beware My Heart" has just been grooved by Les Brown's fine band (Columbia).

THE CLASSICAL CORNER: Probably one of the most ambitious recording works ever undertaken is Columbia's production of Handel's "Messiah." It takes thirty-eight sides for the fine performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic and the Huddersfield Choral Society, with the immortal "Hallelujah" oratorio an outstanding feature . . . The seldom-heard "Concerto for Piano and Orchestra" by Russian Aram Khatchaturian is performed by Victor's Boston Symphony under Serge Koussevitzky with William Kapell giving the work an exceptional piano execution . . . For "Carmen" lovers, Victor's single disk of the Bizet score featuring violinist Jascha Heifetz, is urgently recommended . . . Rise Stevens sings a brace of familiar concert songs for Columbia, including "Trees," "At Dawning" and "The Rosary" . . . Arturo Toscanini gives a spirited performance of Wagner's Prelude to "Die Meistersinger" with the NBC Symphony on a new Victor Red Seal single disk.

Starduster

(Continued from page 90) After receiving his law degree Hoagy organized his own band and eventually landed in New York playing with Paul Whiteman and rooming with another young struggler, Bing Crosby, who was singing with the band. It was a long time after that Hoagy sat by his radio listening to Bing, the radio star, warble the songs Hoagy had composed: "Small Fry," "Old Rocking Chair," "Little Old Lady," "Georgia on My Mind," "Two Sleepy People," "Skylark," "Lamplighter's Serenade" and many others.

He hit movies playing a small bit in "Topper" but his big chance came in "To Have and Have Not" where he warbled into fame another old Carmichael tune, "The Hong Kong Blues." There remains one thing about the character that troubles him. That match he everlastingly clenched between his teeth (and has since become his movie trademark) has been mistaken by fans for a cigarette and Hoagy wants the world to know he neither smokes, drinks nor says bad words in his pictures.

He sat on the set during the making of "Canyon Passage" and tried to think up a melody to be used in the film. Finally he and Jack Brooks worked out "Ole Buttermilk Sky" but Hoagy thought so little of it he begged them not to use it. The day it hit tops on the Hit Parade, Hoagy went out and weeded his garden all over again. Darned if he could make it out.

He likes best his role of *Butch* in "The Best Years of Our Lives" because he gets away from eccentric characterizations. He's just plain ole buttermilk Hoagy in that one and loves it. It was during the making of the film that he painstakingly taught Harold Russell, the lad that wears hooks, to jazz up "Chopsticks." He even invented a certain type of golf club that may enable Harold to play the game.

HOAGY, born Hoagland back in Bloomington, Indiana, was a crack golfer himself, but suddenly went stale. "Everything went blank," Hoagy says, so he took to gardening and cultivates the prettiest fuchsias in Beverly Hills.

He loves to play at parties and will improvise for hours while his friend Walter Pidgeon goes along on the vocal. His two boys, eight and six, provide fun in his life, too, except when they knock over valuable objects in their game of woodtag and are called on the carpet by Mrs. Carmichael. Hoagy married Ruth Meinardi, whom he met in Indiana in 1936, when jazz was her only rival. He still prefers the hot lick type of music and every evening at Hoagy's usually ends in a jam session.

He claims a song can happen to him just about anywhere. He can be driving along in his car and there it is, going 'round and 'round in his head. He gets a chuckle out of the fact the printers who turned out "Archie's Little Love Song" mistakenly credited Ed Gardiner with the music and Hoagy with the words. "Wait till my Indiana friends hear 'them there language,'" he says. Indiana, he's mighty proud of. The hep wise people, its celebrities who were born there, its great men and women, its bright youngsters. When Indianapolis proclaimed it "Hoagy Carmichael Day," the day Hoagy recently did his broadcast from there, he was all broken out in red spots of happiness. He couldn't believe it. For to Hoagy his songs are just little ole melodies that just kind of happen and—well, anyway you know Hoagy. He's American as an antimacassar and as sharp and bright as a polished kettle that many an American pioneer might have carried down any ole Buttermilk Trail.

THE END

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Can't Say Goodbye

(Continued from page 69) care," Pev replied. This seemed odd from the man who photographed "Night and Day," "Life with Father," and more recently "Night unto Night."

"But I'll tell you this," he continued, staring at some inner picture of his own, "Linda and I have decided that every year from now on, we're going to have at least two months together. It was ridiculous—in three and a half years of marriage we hardly saw each other at all. When I was through with a picture, she'd always be starting one and vice versa. We'd sometimes pass each other in the hall of our house and say 'Hello' and that's all we'd see of each other the whole day."

"Once," said Pev with a bitter laugh, "we went to Palm Springs for two weeks. Yes, nothing was going to interfere with our little vacation. We had a wonderful time, we played golf, we rode, we swam. I taught her to dive. It was Paradise—for two days. Then one of us—I forget which and it doesn't matter—had to come back to Hollywood and to work."

I REMEMBER Linda's telling me at the time of the break-up that in addition to those two days in Palm Springs, the only other time she and Pev had really had any time together was for three days in New York. "But then of course I had to spend a lot of time giving interviews and doing radio shows."

"But this time it's going to be different," said Pev grimly. "It wouldn't matter so much if Linda and I didn't enjoy doing the same things. But we do. We have real fun. You know I taught her to fish and last summer we managed to get in one afternoon when neither of us was working and we rented a boat and went fishing. Linda caught a fifty-five pound shark! And once I taught her to play golf—on a Sunday when we weren't too tired from working six days a week. And she used to practice between pictures. Of course I wasn't with her because I was working, but she's quite good at golf now. And we both like to travel—Linda maybe more than I do. I've already been halfway around the world."

I hated to interrupt Pev at this point, but I had to ask him, "But what happens to the reconciliation if you can't arrange to do your pictures at the same time, so you can have fun in between?"

"There are ways of arranging those things," Pev replied mysteriously. He might mean he or Linda will take a suspension from their respective studios if a new picture threatens to encroach on their time together.

"That is why," he continued, "I will not accept another picture at Warners until after Linda and I have been away together for two or three months."

When I asked Linda where they were going for the second honeymoon—or perhaps I should call it "first," she told me, "Pev is crazy to go to Honolulu, but I'd like to go to Rio de Janeiro."

If Linda is smart, she'll go where Pev wants to go. Because she's right—he is understanding. He understands that Linda is a fine person and worth waiting for. And he understands that she's young and hasn't yet achieved his own realistic approach to life. But he's very proud of her—of her looks and her talent.

When I asked him, "Who is the actress you find it easiest to photograph?" He replied, "Can't you guess? The girl with the prettiest skin, the prettiest eyes, the best shaped face is Linda. You can't go wrong no matter what angle you photograph her from. And she knows all the angles. That much I taught her. She's a

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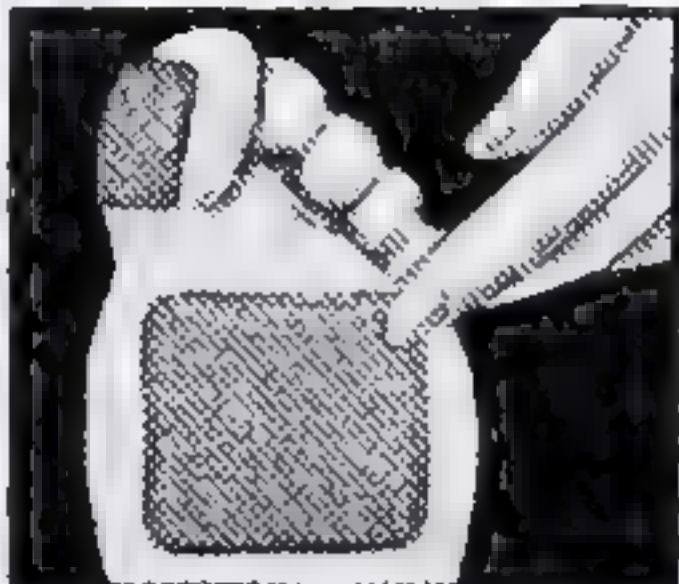
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great help to the cameraman on her pictures."

Pev photographed Linda's first test at the studio when she was fifteen years old and he was cameraman on her first three movies, "Hotel for Women," "Daytime Wife" and "Stardust"—all rather prophetic titles!

And one of the reasons Pev consented to wait for Linda until she finished her *Amber* role is because—"I think she's a great actress and they've never given her a chance before." And if it is Linda's wish that she keep her mind wholly on her big picture opportunity, Pev says that's all right with him. (I hope Linda realizes what a super treasure she has in Pev!)

When Linda left Pev last September, there was talk in town that another man was involved. Linda vehemently denied the rumors and when the name of Howard Hughes was raised said that she and Howard were just friends. Certainly subsequent events seem to have borne this out.

BUT while the stories must have been very painful for Pev as well as Linda, they didn't destroy his love for Linda and his hope that they could get together again.

"All my clothes and furs at the house were left just as I left them," Linda told me. And that was another story that hurt—that Pev had taken back all his gifts and furs. "He'd just bought me, the week before we separated, two fur coats and some new jewelry and I didn't think it was fair for me to keep them," says Linda. But Pev kept them—for Linda.

I sometimes think that one of the reasons why the marriage was difficult for them is because Linda earns more as a star actress than her husband does as a star cameraman. I once heard Pev say to her, "You're earning twice as much money as I am and it doesn't feel right."

So Pev tries to make it right by buying Linda very expensive presents. I wish you could see the ring he gave her for Christmas—a beautiful pink quartz stone surrounded by square-cut diamonds. But too many presents can make a girl feel too sure of her husband's love. Just a thought.

But Linda will really have to have her head examined if she lets Pev slip through her fingers this second time. He's one of the nicest men I've ever met and all he wants to do is to make the gal happy. Linda's nobody's fool and I'm sure she realizes this. I reminded Pev that a couple of years ago Linda told me that she planned to retire at the age of twenty-five and raise a large family.

"I'd like that very much," remarked Pev quietly.

"But wouldn't Linda be bored without her movie-acting job?" I asked him.

"She paints very well," he reminded me. "I think if she had time she'd be a great painter. She did a really fine painting of me in about five hours." Pev's own ambition—apart from making Linda happy—is to direct pictures.

"Would you like to direct Linda in a picture?" I wanted to know.

"Sometimes that's not a good idea," Pev replied with a grin.

Well, it will be interesting to see how the reconciliation turns out. You see, it was Linda's idea to get married to Pev in the first place.

"I forced him to marry me," she told me. "I fell in love with him when I was fifteen and loved him for years but he'd have nothing to do with me and to bring him up to scratch I almost eloped with someone else. But he turned back when I told him about Pev." And when she told Pev about it, he knew she wasn't kidding.

And I don't think she is kidding now—she wants the reconciliation to take.

Let's keep our fingers crossed for them.

THE END

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Life at the Lawfords'

(Continued from page 33) how it happened that their next short subject features the father of their young British find. There was also the matter of PHOTOPLAY's Cal York to clear up. It was Cal who had stated the belief that Peter was an adopted son. Not so, father Lawford said firmly, and offered as proof the birth certificate on file at the Embassy in Washington.

The most recent visit this editor paid to the Lawfords, he arrived to find Peter not yet home and Lady Lawford entertaining some baron or other. Peter would be late. It seems Sir Sidney had a leg infection he wouldn't own up to, because if he had the doctors would have forced him into bed. Which would have meant walking out on his big role at the studio. Now the role was finished, but so was Sir Sidney. Peter had him at the Cedars of Lebanon where needles were rapidly filling Sir Sidney with penicillin. But they'd be along soon, perhaps by ambulance. And meantime, could Lady Lawford find a nurse to be on hand to continue the injections during the night?

The next hour was a series of swift lap dissolves with both telephones ringing at once, the baron reminiscing about various friends who had died torturous deaths because of neglected leg infections, and Lady Lawford looking through the Red Book for nurses. At the height of this sound and fury, Sir Sidney bounced into the living room, ruddy and cheerful.

"How about a whiskey and soda, old girl?" he suggested in his "best General" tone.

The baron looked disappointed, Peter rushed in and began a tour of the home, including the patio obscured by dusk and Pacific night fog, Lady Lawford discovered she had left both receivers off the telephone hooks and your editor stole quietly out to the garage.

THE END

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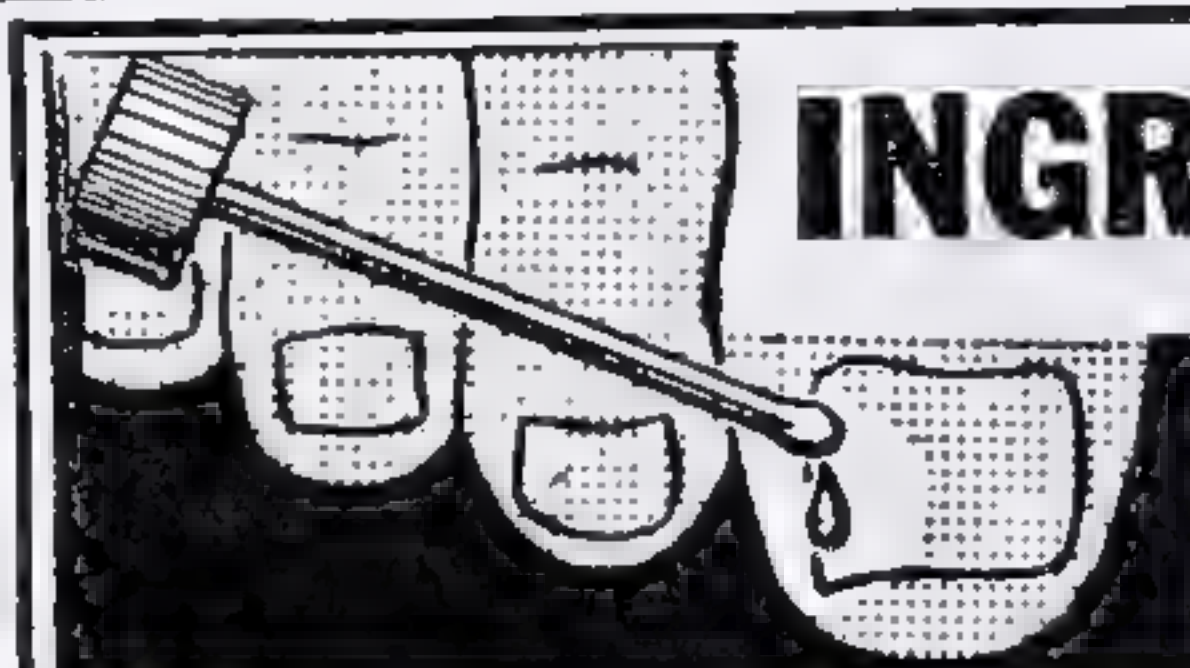
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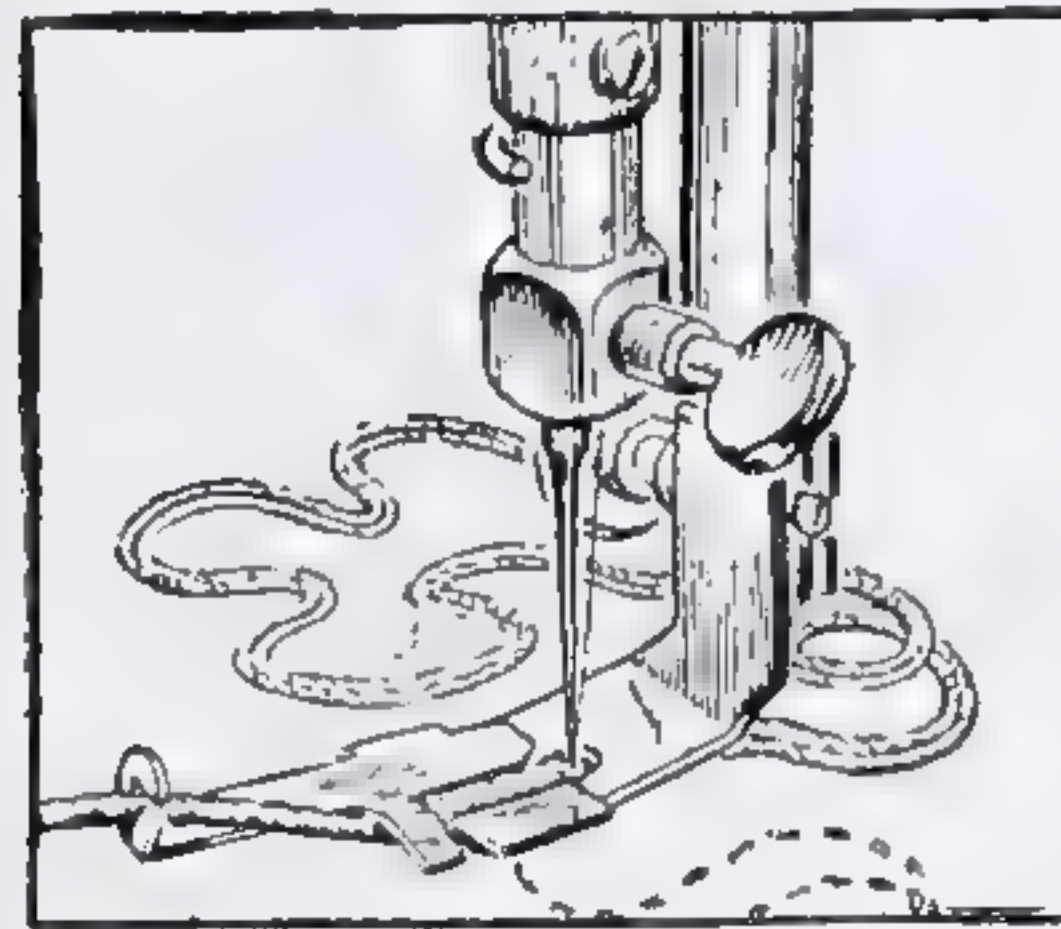
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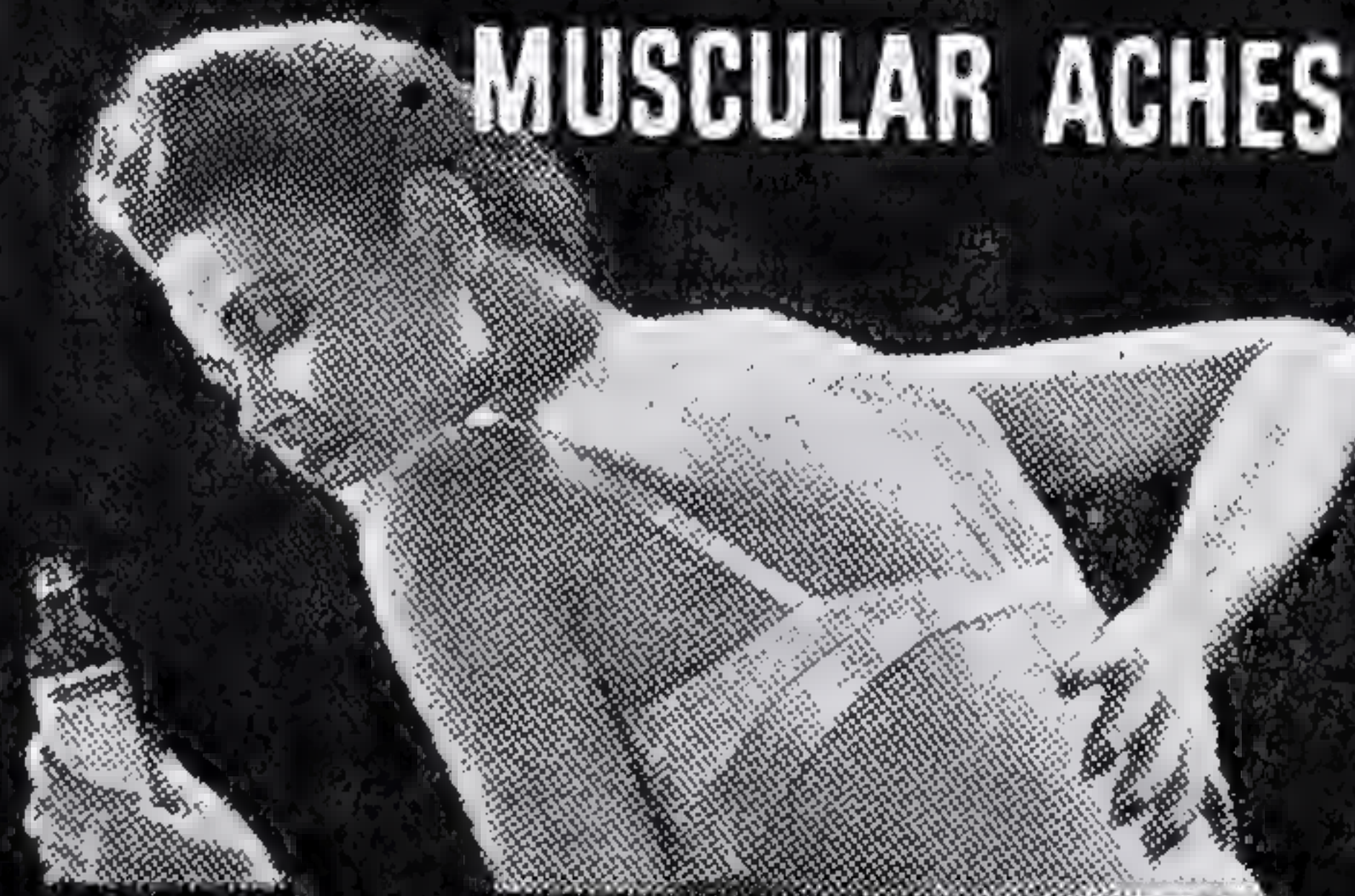


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The Case of "Duel in the Sun"

(Continued from page 38) depressing." Subsequently Mr. Selznick refused to give out any statements, but on that date he said, "I am particularly surprised at the Archbishop's statement, in view of the fact that at all times we worked closely with the Production Code Administration of the Motion Picture Association. All suggestions made by the Production Code Administration were followed to the letter. The result was that we received the Production Code seal of approval without question."

"The Tidings" quickly answered that statement through its movie critic, William H. Mooring. Mr. Mooring wrote: "Although this film gets a certificate of approval from the Production Code Administration, many critics, myself included, consider it far worse in the moral sense than Howard Hughes's 'The Outlaw,' which provoked the Motion Picture Producers Association to public protest and political action."

Mr. Mooring went on to say that Selznick's "filming of this immoral story... indicates the beginning of a new and dangerous Hollywood trend... (and) no amount of argument that the public demands realistic screenplays will ever justify the screen representation of lust as if it were love... He (Selznick) also ignored the Code provision that, 'Screen treatment of low subjects should be guided always by the dictates of good taste.' Jennifer Jones's costumes permitted 'undue' if not 'indecent exposure'..."

NOR did the attacks stop there. Representatives of the Protestant and Jewish churches of Los Angeles, while not giving out definite statements, let it be known "that they were in accord with the stand taken by Archbishop Cantwell."

The Catholics took an even more concrete step toward active censorship. Members of the Sodality of Our Lady at Roman Catholic high schools and colleges in the Los Angeles Archdiocese resolved to boycott *all* motion pictures for a month as a protest against such films as "Duel in the Sun" and "The Outlaw."

About the only editorial voice raised in Selznick's defense was that of "The Nation," which said: "The important issue here is not whether Selznick has a moral picture or an offensive picture, but whether a small segment of the population is to impose its standards on all the rest—whether one group has the right to decide for everyone what is right or wrong."

And what's all the shooting for? Well, the story, based on Niven Busch's novel, "Duel in the Sun," is set in the lusty days of Texas back in the Eighties when the fight was hot and heavy between the cattle barons and the railroads. Into the McCandles home comes Pearl Chavez, the fiery half-breed played by Jennifer Jones, to bring hatred between two brothers—one, solid citizen Joseph Cotten, the other, outlaw Gregory Peck. During the action of the picture there are murder, rape, train-wrecking, a gaudy soul-saving sequence by Walter Huston as "The Sin Killer."

Hollywood was frankly looking forward to seeing the much-touted film and crammed the doors of Grauman's Chinese Theatre at the premiere with high hopes. However, the consensus of opinion was that Selznick had a box-office property (Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute estimates it will take in over \$10,000,000), but no work of art. As a result, the picture did not receive the coveted nomination for the Academy Awards, but its star, Jennifer Jones, was nominated for the year's best acting among women stars.

At least Mr. Selznick can take so much

Ladies, accept this challenge

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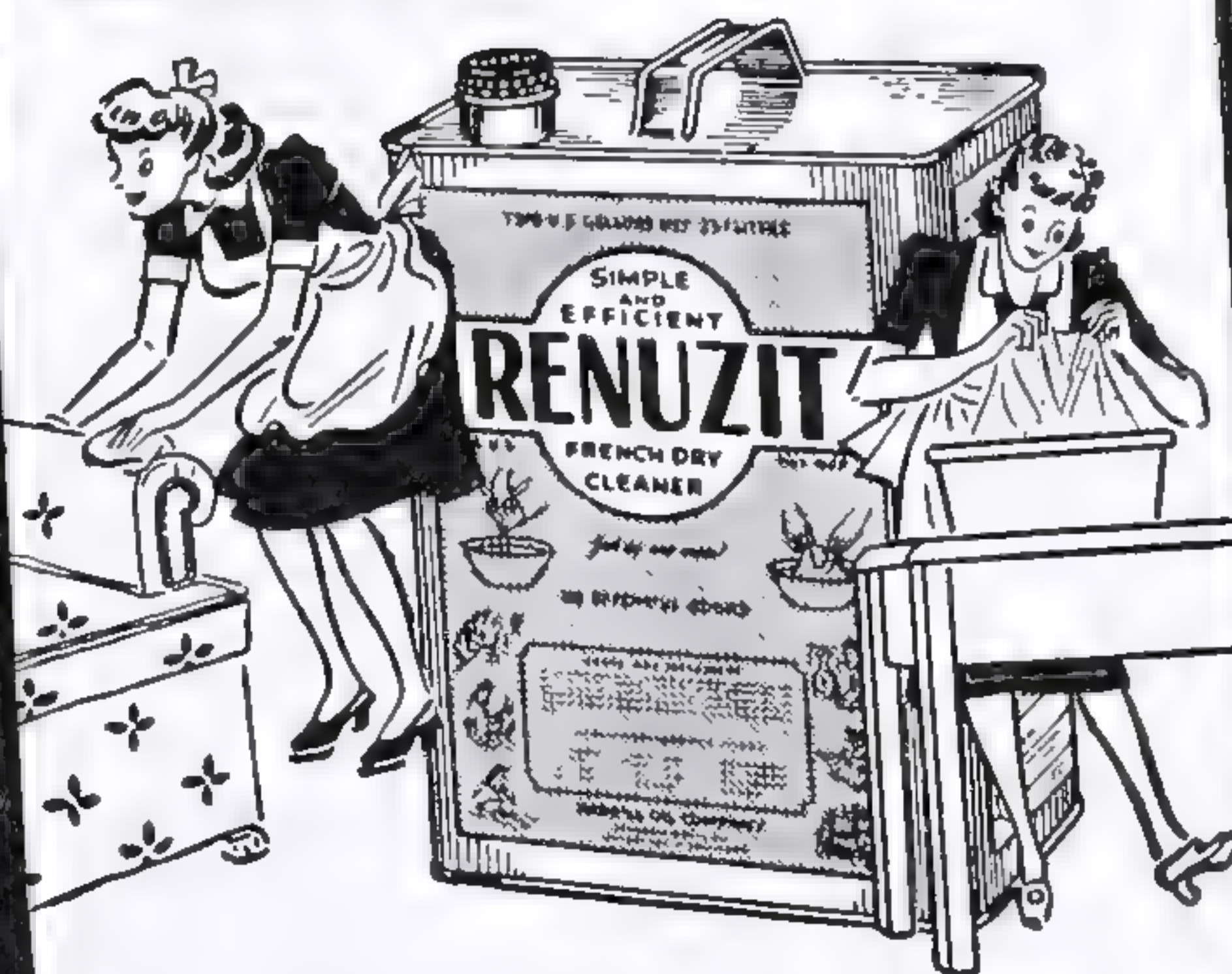
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solace from the situation. And he may find ways of working out his other problems. For the truth of the matter is that the Legion of Decency hasn't got the power to stop any film—that is, it hasn't this power directly. But its opposition is painful and expensive, and because of the money Selznick has tied up he can not long afford this opposition. True, Archbishop Cantwell's statement covered only the Los Angeles situation. But the Legion decision will apply to the whole country.

Since he has the production seal of approval on his picture, he can release it into any theater that will book it. But there's the rub. He now has "Duel in the Sun" running at two Los Angeles theaters, but these are not the big theaters of the big chains. What's more, he had to book these theaters himself, since before he released "Duel" he had quarreled with United Artists, his usual releasing company.

HE HAD planned to show this colossal Western by an "area saturation" method. That is, he expected to play dozens of theaters in individual cities all simultaneously. He can't do this now—without the Legion's sanction. They have, as this is written, held up their decision on the film for nearly two months. They may hand down their pronouncement on it any day now—or wait further months.

Selznick could defy them, as Howard Hughes did, and put "Duel" into other cities, but there are two very powerful reasons why he probably won't dare.

The first reason is that he can't afford it. On top of the five to six million dollars he spent in actual production, he put more than another million in the loudest, longest, most expensive publicity campaign ever launched. Allowing for press-agent exaggeration, it probably is true that Selznick has around seven million tied up in "Duel," and the only way to make such a picture profitable is to get the people who only see movies once or twice a year.

Selznick had believed that he would do this with "Duel." He achieved it with "Gone With The Wind," which cost a paltry \$3,500,000. The very success of his Civil War epic undoubtedly tempted him into his present predicament, for he gambled similarly on this former picture. Its failure would have put him out of business. Instead it has brought in more than twenty millions and is still earning.

"Duel" is something else again. In view of his releasing costs, he must take in considerably more than his production costs even to make a profit. But the timing for big box-office returns is bad.

Originally, "Duel" was scheduled for release last September. Phenomenal grosses were still the rule then. But today the box office is sagging so sharply that theaters are dropping admission prices.

To release the picture himself, as Selznick now has to do because of the United Artists situation, also increases his costs—and slows down the actual showings. If the trend toward lower box-office continues, all delay is most dangerous to him. He was held up from September to December by the effect of the movie strike. He has been stalled from January to March by the Legion's refusal of an okay, and may yet be stalled when you read this article.

Howard Hughes is a multimillionaire, to whom movies are a plaything. Thus, he could go against the Legion of Decency (its real title, incidentally, is the Society of Catholic Alumni), because he doesn't really care whether or not he stays in the movie business.

But Selznick was born and bred in a silver screen atmosphere. It is his great love. He is an artist and a creator—and not a businessman, as his very attitude toward

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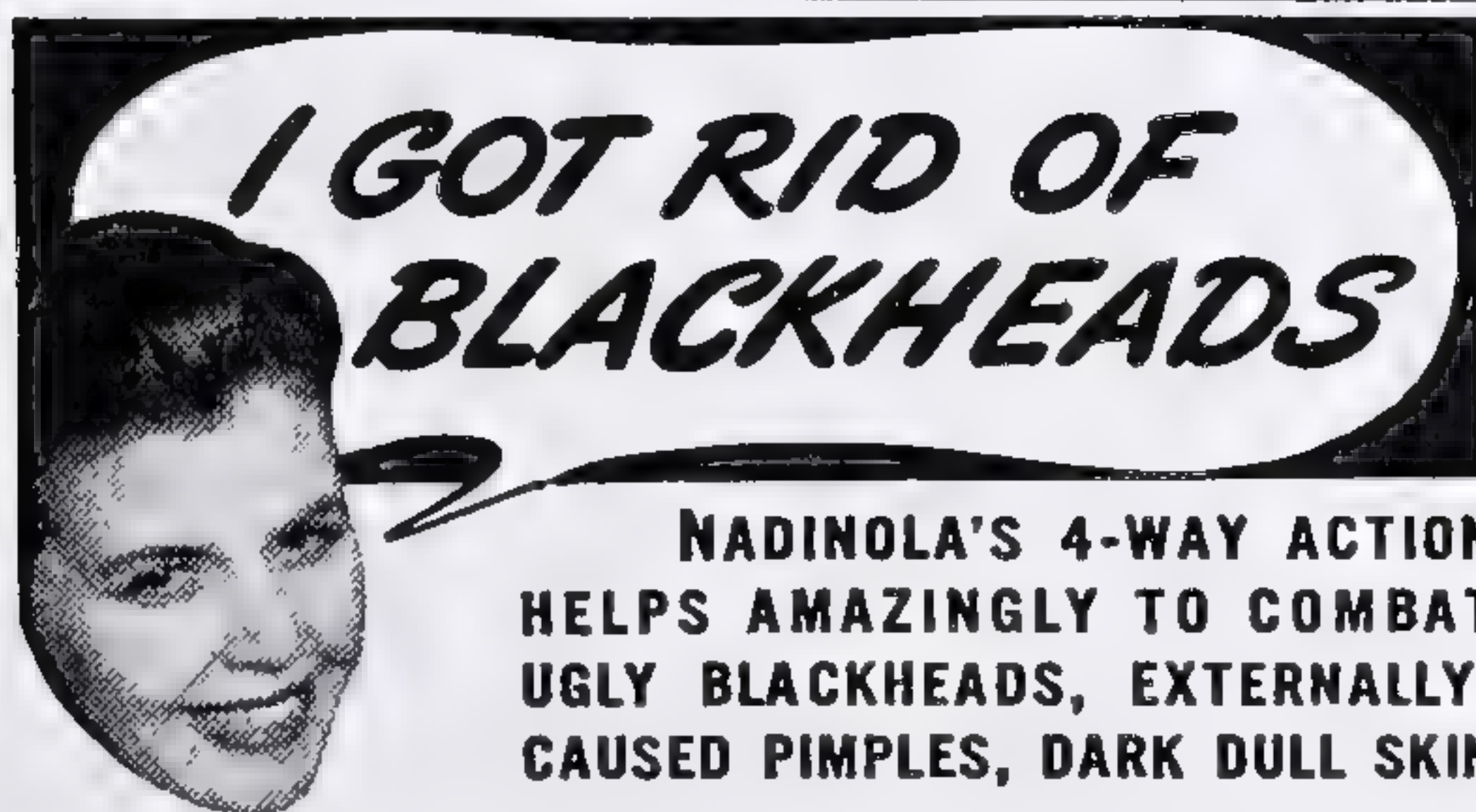
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all his films proves. His entire impulse is to make his movies the very best he can—regardless of the profit motive. There are a thousand moments in "Duel in the Sun" that barely show at all, but which to his sensitive eye had to be perfect.

For two brief examples, the "bit" role of Jennifer Jones's mother was played by Tilly Losch, the stellar dancer—which meant a stellar salary. The scene where Butterfly McQueen enters Jennifer Jones's room at night only takes a second, but because Selznick wanted the kerosene lamp to light the darkness of Butterfly's piquant little face in one particular glowing way, it took an hour to get it. That means this single second cost \$6,500, which was the production cost per hour. You can multiply these details by a hundred to understand the staggering cost of the present picture.

RELASING "The Outlaw," Howard Hughes could afford to be boldly defiant. Even at that, his picture, wherever it has played, has still not played the "top" theaters. This is no accident.

The big "chains"—such outfits as Fox and Loew's Theaters—will not deliberately go against the conservative elements in their communities. This conservative element is composed of the church groups, the PTA, the DAR, and similar organizations, which are always roused by censorship drives.

It is true that the Legion of Decency led the original revolt in 1930 and it is leading the "Duel in the Sun" revolt today, but the other religious groups seem to be in sympathy.

Bring this conservative element together and it is a group that more than outbalances the citizenry who throng to see "The Outlaw," "Scarlet Street" and "Duel in the Sun" because of the whisper that they are "hot stuff."

This latter is a terrific audience—but Selznick needs both audiences to break even. The conservative element uses its power very quietly, but most effectively by letting the big theater owners in the cities, and the small exhibitors in the small towns, know it would prefer that frowned-on movies are not shown. It kills the box office by stopping the picture before it gets to the audience. With a big releasing organization behind him—or an endless bankroll like Hughes's—Selznick would have had force with which to fight back. As an individual, he is in a practically impossible situation. Defiance may lose him everything. Yet, if he waits too long he may also lose everything.

A second viewing of "Duel" reveals that some cuts have already been made in the released picture. The wild dance that Jennifer Jones performed for Gregory Peck is gone. So, too, is much of the rape scene. The Hollywood outdoor advertising has changed also. Where originally huge cut-outs showed Peck and Cotten gazing amorously at a carefully undraped Miss Jones, now she is covered up most demurely to her throat; and her legs are nowhere at all, bare or otherwise.

Meanwhile, Jennifer herself is doing "Portrait of Jenny," a role that will re-emphasize the sensitive loveliness she revealed in "The Song of Bernadette." Gregory Peck is all right, protected as he is in the public mind by the fine and noble character "The Yearling" reveals for him.

So far the happy ending all anticipated for "Duel in the Sun" has not materialized. Yet in one sense it has more than lived up to what was expected of it. For not only is it the biggest picture with the biggest cast, the biggest budget, the biggest scenes and the biggest campaign—but it's also the one that's giving everyone concerned the biggest headache!

THE END

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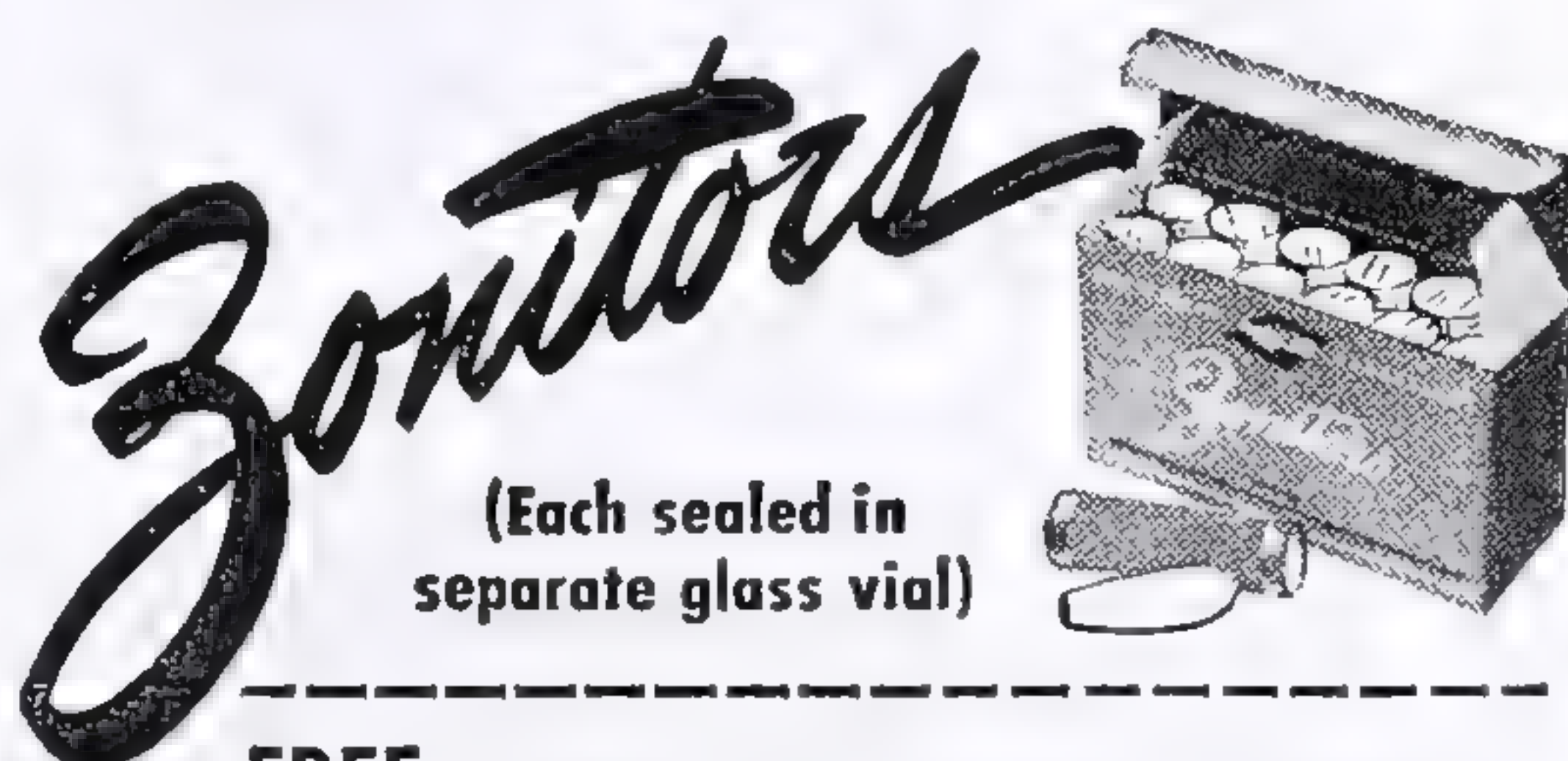
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How Dreamy Can You Get?

(Continued from page 63) The one Olivia chose from a line of literary associates extending from Shakespeare to Errol Flynn is Marcus Goodrich, author of "Delilah" and himself a character for a book. A Virginian, Texas reared, he hitched to sea at sixteen, quit swabbing decks to be a drama critic and stage manager for the Barrymores, hit the deck again as Commander of LST's in battles of Africa, Sicily, Salerno, Okinawa. Besides these hazardous occupations he survived the shatter of marital romances as only a sailor could.

Though Marcus is the only one Olivia has married, her destiny is gemmed with writers. It's a joy not unalloyed.

Shakespeare fetched her to Hollywood when but a schoolgirl eighteen. It was said she was highbrow. That is the worst thing you can say to a girl in the Athens of America where bosoms are valued more highly than brows.

Rumor that Miss de Havilland had a brain snowballed into the monstrous legend that she is B.A., Ph.D., Phi Beta Kappa—symbols sometimes confused in the lay mind with Ku Klux Klan.

Actually, Miss de Havilland never went to college and has brooded a sense of illiteracy in the company of the illustrious writers she seems to attract.

Nature gave Olivia discriminating intellect. Born in Tokyo where her father was an English attorney she toddled away from the ill-omened place before she was two. With an entourage comprising her mother and sister Joan, little Miss de Havilland barged to San Francisco.

THEY promptly settled in Saratoga, a village in a lovely vale with population of eight hundred. It had no high school. She was sent to Notre Dame Convent at Belmont. There to her shame she distressed the nuns. Her marks were fine but her bloomers showed. This was the first indication she was destined for Hollywood.

Sensing evil omen, the good sisters compelled her to write a hundred times, "I will in future be modest and will not again display my bloomers while playing basketball." It left her handicapped. In Hollywood a girl thus shy gets the name of being stiffnecked and proud, enigmatic and aloof and hard to get along with.

Olivia had entertained thoughts of becoming an actress but after her bloomer trouble she put them aside. Instead she took entrance exams for Mills College and planned to devote herself to teaching behind a desk where nothing showed.

Here is where Shakespeare came peering in. A scout for Max Reinhardt, who was producing "A Midsummer Night's Dream" in the Hollywood Bowl, arrived in Olivia's neck of the woods, seeking girls who could speak Shakespeare's lines. In due course, Olivia's liquid language sent Max in a classic way. The schoolgirl made her first stage appearance as *Hermia* before twenty-six thousand people under the stars and sent them too. Warner Brothers elatedly signed her and, after some B-minus pictures, cast her with Errol Flynn in his first notable effort, "Captain Blood."

She's been busy ever since giving a magic touch to a variety of roles. In fact, the magic of de Havilland so engrosses the spectator in the character she plays that he fails to think of her personally until hours later.

Brackett's young daughter Alexandra summarizes the impression you get of Olivia in "To Each His Own." She said: "She couldn't have played the part if she were not a nice woman."

She is not so nice as to be negative, though. For all the velvet gentleness we call breeding, our Olivia is no dove; she's

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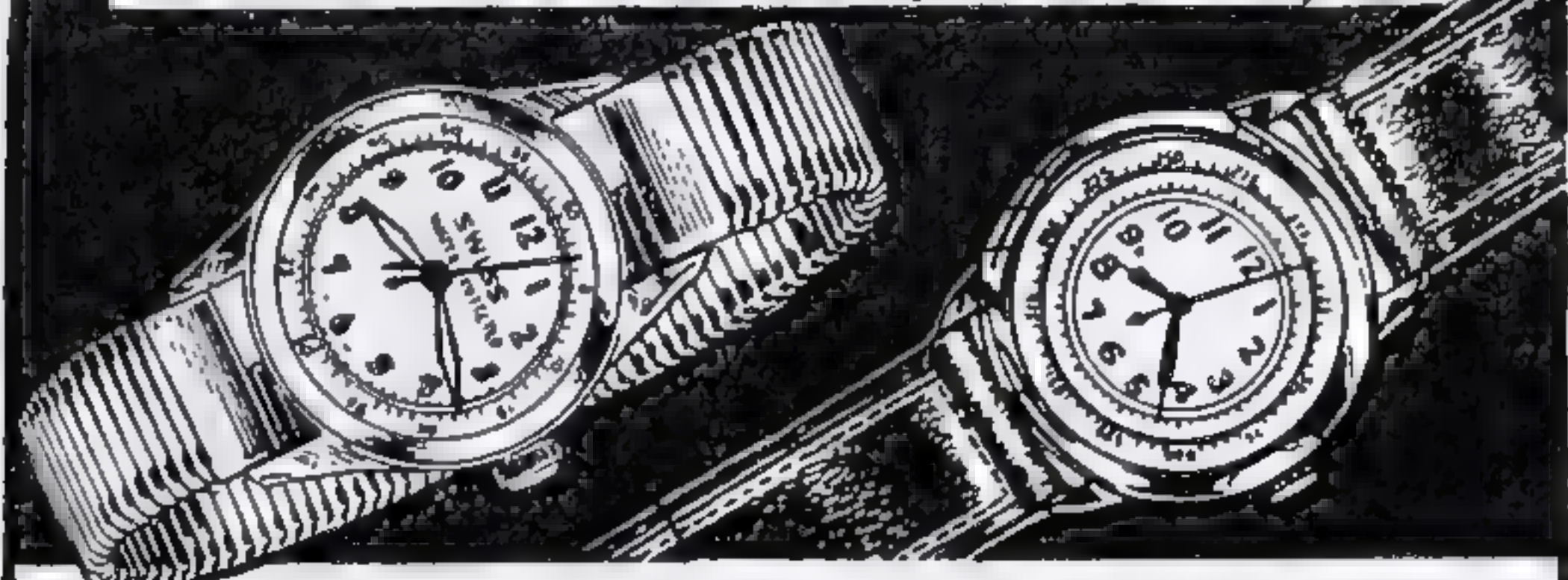
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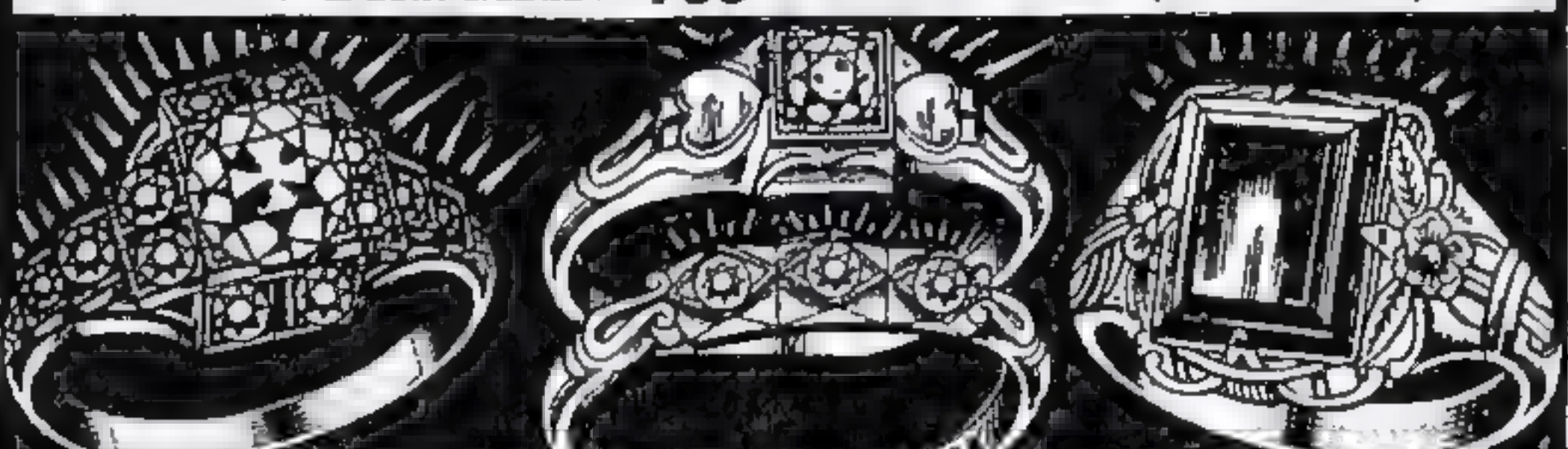
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Olive Tablets, being *purely vegetable*, are wonderful! They not only gently, yet thoroughly cleanse the bowels but ALSO pep up lazy bile secretion to help digest fatty foods. Test their goodness TONIGHT without fail! 15¢, 30¢. Follow label directions. All drugstores.

a jet-propelled tigress when aroused in a cause.

For eighteen months she went off screen to do battle with producers over a practice which courts agreed might well lead to slavery. She dispatches the faithless with guillotine celerity and rewards the loyal with more than gratitude.

She loves politics and makes speeches, always on the liberal side. Her name flies on the mastheads of committees to aid the persecuted and underprivileged. Trampling on human rights is stepping right on Olivia's toes and she tells the tramps off in words so brilliantly chosen they go away educated.

"Women should know the art of self-defense," says Olivia. "Everyone exploits women. Women are by nature trusting. They must be constantly on guard in this business."

"What about the men in the business?"
"They get ulcers."

Men, she observes, are caught up in a system that is stronger than they are.

You have the happy feeling that Miss de Havilland will not get ulcers.

HER tastes are definite and indicative. She likes gold jewelry and is cold to diamonds. Her clothes are feminine without fuss. She's eloquent in black crepe slacks, white blouse and two strands of pearls. Young, slender with dark lustrous beauty she should play *Juliet*, as Max Reinhardt instantly observed. She likes flowers in bouquets but not in corsages. She is at odds with snakes, wind, radio commercials, bridge, snobs, hysterical people and those familiar on first acquaintance. She enjoys gray days and gentle rains, tea by an open fire, books and Chinese checkers and long motor trips.

Her taste in literature is universal. She reads newspapers with devotion, "even the Wall Street Journal." When young, she adored the Brontes and George Eliot. Her favorite novel now is "Delilah" by Marcus Goodrich, pursued by Dreiser's "Sister Carrie" which she would like to do in pictures. Other favored authors are Henry James, Dickens, Willa Cather, Forrester, Thomas Hardy and Thomas Mann.

Chinese checkers is a favorite indoor sport at which she has a record of beating her husband nine games out of ten.

In the matter of food she is not mincing. It cannot be said she eats like a horse because a horse might sue for libel; Olivia is carnivorous. Steaks, chops, lamb, squab, ham, turkey, sea food and roast beef rare. It's awful and British.

Her name is French but her paternal ancestors crossed to England from Normandy a thousand years ago. Olivia pays respect to the French with devotion to green salad. Her loyal Americanism is shown by attacks on corn on the cob, potatoes and pickled watermelon.

"Need I say I have to go on periodic diets?" asks the grocers' delight. "Harper high protein diet, by necessity not choice."

Olivia fattens on work. Honeymoons too are fattening. She took two with Mr. Goodrich and gained eight pounds. They were married in Westport, Connecticut, and motored through the South to Hollywood. The bridegroom had virus pneumonia all the way and didn't know it until he reached California and a doctor told him. He still had a cold. To clear it up he suggested a honeymoon at Del Monte.

"What was that we just had?" asked Mrs. Goodrich.

"A wedding trip," said Mr. Goodrich who knows *le mot juste*, being a writer. "A honeymoon you stay in one place."

"All right," said Olivia who knows by now that writers are always right.

THE END

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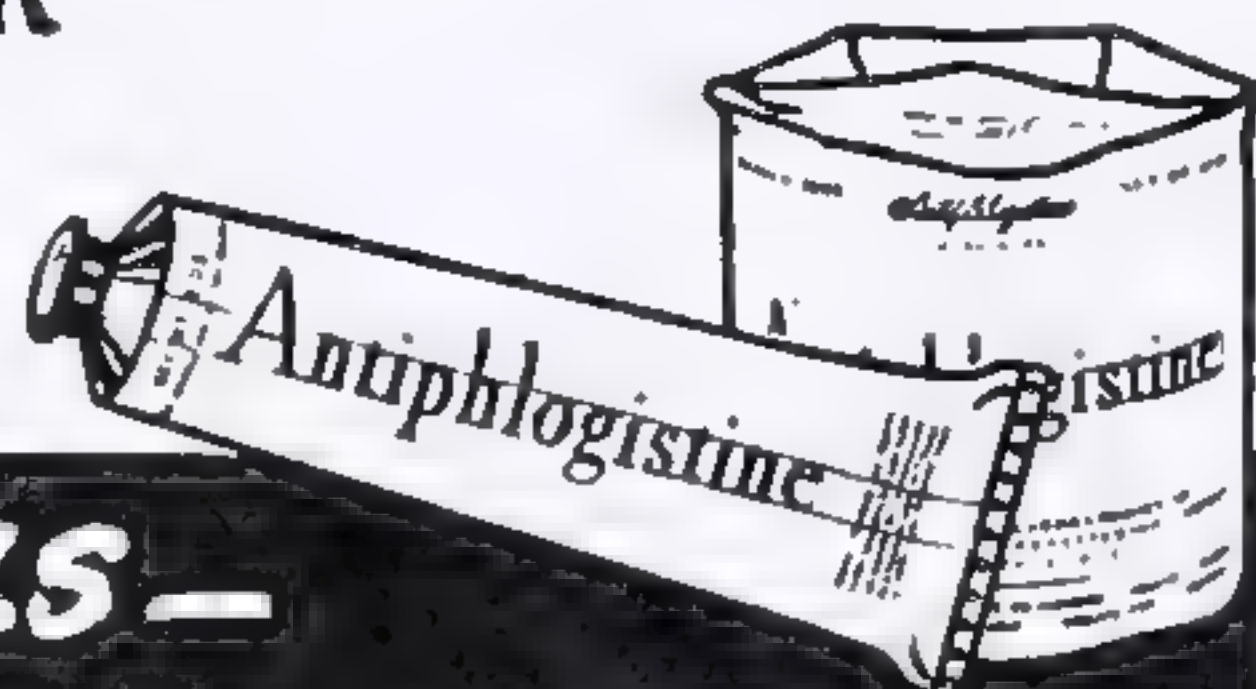
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Brief Reviews

✓✓✓ Indicates picture rated "outstanding" when reviewed

✓✓ Indicates picture rated "very good" when reviewed

✓ Indicates picture rated "good" when reviewed

AFFAIRS OF GERALDINE—Republic: Cupid takes a beating in this featherweight fable about small-town Jane Withers in search of a bridegroom. James Lydon, J. Edmund Roberts, Raymond Walburn and Donald Meek are all part of the painful proceedings. (Feb.)

✓**BEDELIA**—Eagle-Lion: This British brain-teaser has Margaret Lockwood playing the poisonously pretty bride of kindly Ian Hunter, and Barry K. Barnes as the detective who discloses her shady past. A black pearl ring helps to bring about Bedelia's downfall. Anne Crawford is the girl Ian should have married; Jill Esmond is his nurse. (Feb.)

✓✓✓**BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES, THE**—Goldwyn: A simple story for and about John and Jane Doe, as timely as today's headlines, with grand performances by Fredric March, Dana Andrews, Myrna Loy, Teresa Wright, Virginia Mayo, Harold Russell, Cathy O'Donnell, Hoagy Carmichael. This warmly human film of America's post-war era is a movie must, meriting top rating. (Feb.)

✓✓**BOOMERANG**—20th Century-Fox: New-type picture based on a Reader's Digest feature in which honest state's attorney Dana Andrews tries to decide the innocence or guilt of a suspected murderer. Straight realistic film with suspense. (Apr.)

BRINGING UP FATHER—Monogram: Joe Yule and Renie Riano bring to life *Jiggs* and *Maggie* of George McManus's famous cartoon strip while Tim Ryan plays *Dinty Moore*. They're a laugh provoking trio if you enjoy such shenanigans. (Feb.)

✓**CALIFORNIA**—Paramount: You'll get your quota of gunplay in this chronicle of California's battle for admission into the Union. Ray Milland and Barbara Stanwyck have their personal reasons for taking sides and the villainous George Coulouris has plenty at stake, too. An action-crammed Western with Technicolor trimmings. (Mar.)

✓✓**CAPTIVE HEART, THE**—Ealing-Prestige: Top-notch British war drama, presenting the life of prisoners in Nazi concentration camp, with Michael Redgrave assuming a dead man's identity along with his wife, Rachel Kempson. A compelling picture with praiseworthy performances. (Mar.)

✓**CROSS MY HEART**—Paramount: Slapstick farce, funny in spots, with Betty Hutton as a dizzy dame trying to drum up clients for her lawyer-sweetie, Sonny Tufts. He talks fast and furiously when her fibs result in a murder charge. (Mar.)

✓**DEAD RECKONING**—Columbia: Not for the squeamish is this Humphrey Bogart picture full of savage action, crackling talk, casual love-making. Hard-boiled Bogie meets his match in Siren Liz Scott. She and mobster Morris Morris Carnovsky know the answers to his wartime buddy's disappearance and Bogie's out to get 'em. (Mar.)

DEVIL ON WHEELS, THE—PRC: An effective sermon on reckless driving by kids who clutter the roads with their hopped-up jalopies. Parents as well as youngsters are put on the carpet for endangering their own and others' lives. (Mar.)

✓**EASY COME, EASY GO**—Paramount: Life on New York's Third Avenue with Barry Fitzgerald as an amiable, no-account Irishman who plays the horses, Diana Lynn as his disgusted daughter and Sonny Tufts as her dejected suitor, trying to raise enough cash so they can tie the knot. (Mar.)

FABULOUS DORSEYS, THE—Rogers-UA: Tommy and Jimmy give out with the trumpet and sax but, aside from the music, the picture hasn't much. It shows the Dorseys' life, featuring Sara Allgood as their mother and Janet Blair as their singer. William Lundigan carries the love interest. (Apr.)

FABULOUS SUZANNE—Republic: Cinderella goes to town in this romantic rigmarole, starring beautiful Barbara Britton and daddy-of-crooners Rudy Vallee. The banal situations provide a goodly helping of hokum with Richard Denning, Bill Henry, Veda Ann Borg and Otto Kruger. (Apr.)

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HELLO DORADO—Republic: Roy Rogers, with the help of George "Gabby" Hayes and Dale Evans, goes after the black market boys and makes 'em cry "uncle!" It's a colorful show what with a rodeo, a treasure hunt and a pioneer parade but the spotlight belongs to Rogers and Trigger. (Apr.)

I'LL BE YOURS—Universal: Frilly little story about singer Deanna Durbin's trip to the Big City, where she gets all mixed up with—and mixes up—waiter Bill Bendix, roué Adolphe Menjou and Lawyer Tom Drake. Not bad, but hope for better. (Apr.)

IT'S A JOKE, SON!—Eagle-Lion: Kenny Delmar is of course *Senator Claghorn* of radio fame. He runs for office in the deep South, booms out his quips in great style. But even with Una Merkel and June Lockhart, it's on the weak-sister side. (Apr.)

IT'S A WONDERFUL LIFE—Liberty-RKO: This has romance, comedy, tragedy, fantasy, satire—and Jimmy Stewart, who learns that it isn't worldly goods which enrich a man but the friends he makes in life. This highly original film with Donna Reed, Thomas Mitchell, Henry Travers and Lionel Barrymore, leaves a *good* taste in the mouth. (Mar.)

JOHNNY O'CLOCK—Columbia: Dick Powell should know better than to get mixed up in gambling. It leads to his getting involved in a murder, too. Lee J. Cobb trails him; Evelyn Keyes is his girl. It's woven together in a compact fashion that makes it worth your while. (Apr.)

LADY IN THE LAKE—M-G-M: Detective Robert Montgomery is hired to establish the whereabouts of publisher Leon Ames's wife, her disappearance being important to a number of people, including Ames's clever lady editor, Audrey Totter. (Feb.)

MAGNIFICENT DOLL—Universal: An entertaining if not exactly authentic historical picture with Ginger Rogers donning hoop skirts to play glamorous Dolly Madison. David Niven as Aaron Burr, Burgess Meredith as James Madison. (Feb.)

MAN FROM MOROCCO, THE—English Films: The fast tempo of this spine-tingling spy story will hold you enthralled. Anton Walbrook, as a Spanish Civil War veteran, has many close calls in his desperate fight for freedom but pauses long enough to romance with Margaretta Scott. (Feb.)

MY BROTHER TALKS TO HORSES—M-G-M: A happy and personable picture about life in old Baltimore with Jackie Jenkins as the little guy who talks to horses, Peter Lawford as his brother and Spring Byington, Edward Arnold and Charlie Ruggles adding to the good-natured fun. (Apr.)

NEVER SAY GOODBYE—Warners: Dashing Errol Flynn and eye-filling Eleanor Parker indulge in marital monkeyshines with starlet Patti Brady, S. Z. Sakall, Forrest Tucker, Peggy Knudson. (Feb.)

NORA PRENTISS—Warners: Ann Sheridan comes into the life of successful doctor Kent Smith and before it's over you have a gruesome picture of where a back street can lead. Strong point of the film is the dilemma faced by *Nora* in the climax. (Apr.)

OUT CALIFORNIA WAY—Republic: Ridin', ropin' and fightin' plus some singing and romancing with stalwart Monte Hale, meddling John Dehner, winsome Adrian Booth, bright Bobby Blake. (Mar.)

PILGRIM LADY, THE—Republic: Ugly duckling-fairy princess theme. Lynne Roberts pretends to be an author; critic Alan Mowbray falls for her story—and her; she falls for agent Warren Douglas. (Apr.)

PLAINSMAN AND THE LADY—Republic: Bill Elliott is the plainsman, Vera Ralston the lady whose banker-father starts the first Pony Express between California and Missouri. In strenuous opposition are Joseph Schildkraut and Gail Patrick. (Feb.)

PURSUED—Warners: Expert treatment of the life of Robert Mitchum who's pursued by a childhood memory in which Judith Anderson figures. Teresa Wright tries to help him; Dean Jagger tries to kill him. It's hate and love on the wild plains of New Mexico set to Max Steiner music. (Apr.)

RAZOR'S EDGE, THE—20th Century-Fox: Somerset Maugham's novel about an unworldly young man and a worldly young girl made into a super-duper show, its star-studded cast including Tyrone Power, Gene Tierney, John Payne, Anne Baxter, Clifton Webb and Herbert Marshall. (Feb.)

RED HOUSE, THE—Lesser-UA: A study in introspection to keep you in a high state of tension. Lon McCallister is warned by farmer Edward G. Robinson to keep clear of *Oxhead Woods*, enters them instead, finds out about the red house and Rory Calhoun with the help of Judith Anderson and Allene Roberts. (Apr.)

SAN QUENTIN—RKO: This starts out by pointing up the work in federal prisons of the inmates' league for self-discipline but ends up disappointingly as a routine gangster film with grim-faced Lawrence Tierney chasing his killer prey. (Apr.)

SECRET HEART, THE—M-G-M: Good psychological drama with Claudette Colbert playing a widow who has a ton of debts to pay, two stepchildren to raise, and Walter Pidgeon to resist. There's trouble aplenty when June Allyson suffers from a father fixation which she transfers to Pidgeon. (Mar.)

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✓**SINBAD THE SAILOR**—RKO: Fabulous *Sinbad*, played by Douglas Fairbanks Jr., sails in search of treasure. Done in rich Technicolor, with a fanciful atmosphere, plenty of action, wicked Anthony Quinn and beauteous Maureen O'Hara. (Apr.)

✓**SIOUX CITY SUE**—Republic: Gene Autry heeds Hollywood's call, thanks to talent scout Lynne Roberts, songwriter Sterling Holloway and movie producer Ralph Sanford. It's a toss-up whether Autry or an animated donkey will get top billing but the singing cowboy comes through in fine style. (Feb.)

✓**SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE**—Universal-International: Dreamed up from the music of Rimsky-Korsakoff this has Jean-Pierre Aumont as the young composer-sailor marooned in Morocco way back in 1865. He gets to know Yvonne De Carlo and her mama Eve Arden, plays the piano, fights with a bullwhip and takes discipline from Captain Brian Donlevy. Don't take it seriously and you'll have a fair time. (Apr.)

✓**SONG OF THE SOUTH**—Walt-Disney-RKO: Disney, in a dreamy mood, introduces some flesh-and-blood people along with the make believe variety. It's a pleasant pipe dream with James Baskett as story-telling *Uncle Remus* and Bobby Driscoll and Luana Patten as his young listeners. A gently humorous film with several jolly songs. (Feb.)

✓**STAGECOACH TO DENVER**—Republic: You can safely skip this stagecoach saga, based on the comic strip adventures of *Red Ryder*, with Allan Lane as *Red* and Roy Barcroft as a racketeering rat, aimin' to cheat some settlers out of their property. (Apr.)

✓**STAIRWAY TO HEAVEN**—Universal-International: An R.A.F. pilot hovers between life and death after jumping from his burning plane, his hallucinations taking the audience into an imaginary heaven where a trial is arranged to decide his fate. Brilliantly played by David Niven, Kim Hunter, Roger Livesey and Raymond Massey. (Mar.)

✓**SUDDENLY IT'S SPRING**—Paramount: Between two such lovelies as Paulette Goddard and Arleen Whelan, Fred MacMurray hasn't got a chance, at least not in this frolicsome farce which plays a merry game of tag with the perennial marriage-divorce problem. Macdonald Carey and Arleen Whelan lend ample assistance. (Apr.)

✓**SWELL GUY**—Universal: Virtue triumphs over vice with Sonny Tufts giving a colorful characterization of half-hero, half-heel and Ann Blyth playing a teen-age terror who pays the penalty for her mistakes. John Craven, Mary Nash, William Gargan, Ruth Warrick and young Donald Devlin are the supporting players. (Mar.)

✓**THAT BRENNAN GIRL**—Republic: A girl who sins but repents; a boy who tries to lead her on the right path, and an older man who finishes the job. An inept little picture with James Dunn as a sentimental racketeer; Mona Freeman as a playgirl and William Marshall as the well-intentioned boy. (Feb.)

✓**13 RUE MADELEINE**—20th Century-Fox: Along the lines of "House on 92nd Street," this high-powered thriller has Jimmy Cagney playing a grim game with the German Intelligence. A melodrama with plenty of punch to it, as played by Cagney, Annabella, Walter Abel, Richard Conte, Frank Latimore, Sam Jaffe. (Mar.)

✓**THIS HAPPY BREED**—Prestige-Universal: Another Noel Coward cavalcade, this time covering 1919-39. A somewhat slow-moving, sentimental story, glorifying the middle-class *Gibbons* family, their trials and triumphs told in Technicolored episodes. Splendid performances by Robert Newton, Celia Johnson, Stanley Holloway, Kay Walsh. (Mar.)

✓**TILL THE CLOUDS ROLL BY**—M-G-M: Stunning Technicolor songfest inspired by Jerome Kern's melodies with elaborate sets, exquisite costumes. As Kern, Robert Walker does a swell job assisted by Hollywood's ace entertainers, Van Heflin, Lucille Bremer, Van Johnson, Judy Garland, June Allyson, Kathryn Grayson, Tony Martin, Dinah Shore, Lena Horne and Frank Sinatra! (Mar.)

✓**TRAIL TO SAN ANTONIO**—Republic: A routine Western in which Gene Autry tries to help out pretty ranch-runner Peggy Stewart who has a mean trainer. Featuring the Cass County Boys and Champion, it's only for the Autry fans. (Apr.)

✓**UNDERCURRENT**—M-G-M: In this disturbingly different melodrama, Katharine Hepburn marries Robert Taylor only to discover he's a man with a Jekyll-Hyde personality. Poor Kate tries to unravel the mystery of his background in which brother Bob Mitchum plays a prominent part. (Feb.)

✓**VERDICT, THE**—Warners: This fairly suspenseful whodunit has Sidney Greenstreet as a dismissed inspector replaced by George Coulouris at Scotland Yard after an innocent man hangs for another's crime. With Peter Lorre, Paul Cavanaugh and Joan Loring. (Mar.)

✓**WANTED FOR MURDER**—Excelsior-Fox: If you go for creepy stuff, you could do worse than see this British-made film in which Scotland Yard tracks down the homicidal maniac guilty of strangling one girl friend after another. (Mar.)

✓**WICKED LADY, THE**—Universal-International: You can safely skip this 17th Century English tale of high adventure. Margaret Lockwood is wicked all right but hardly a lady, sharing the daring exploits of highway robber James Mason. (Feb.)

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Casts of Current Pictures

AFFAIRS OF BEL AMI, THE—Loew-Lewin-UA: *Georges Duroy*, George Sanders; *Clotilde de Marelle*, Angela Lansbury; *Madeleine Forestier*, Ann Dvorak; *Marie de Varenne*, Frances Dee; *Charles Forestier*, John Carradine; *Suzanne Walter*, Susan Douglas; *Monsieur Walter*, Hugo Haas; *Rachel Michot*, Marie Wilson; *Jacques Rival*, Albert Basserman; *Laroche-Mathieu*, Warren William; *Madame Walter*, Katherine Emery; *Philippe de Cantel*, Richard Fraser; *Norbert de Varenne*, David Bond; *Paul de Cazolles*, John Good; *Potin*, Leonard Mudie; *Count de Vaudrec*, Wyndham Standing; *Laurine de Marelle*, Carolyn Grimes; *Hortense*, Judy Cook; *Mayor of Canteleu*, Lumsden Hare; *Commissioner*, Jean Del Val.

ANGEL AND THE BADMAN—Republic: *Quirt Evans*, John Wayne; *Prudence Worth*, Gail Russell; *Wistful McClintock*, Harry Carey; *Laredo Stevens*, Bruce Cabot; *Mrs. Worth*, Irene Rich; *Randy McCall*, Lee Dixon; *Johnny Worth*, Stephen Grant; *Dr. Mangrum*, Tom Powers; *Carson*, Paul Hurst; *Bradley*, Olin Howlin; *Thomas Worth*, John Halloran; *Lila*, Joan Barton; *Ward Withers*, Craig Woods.

BEGINNING OR THE END, THE—M-G-M: *Maj. Gen. Leslie R. Groves*, Brian Donlevy; *Col. Jeff Nixon*, Robert Walker; *Matt Cochran*, Tom Drake; *Anne Cochran*, Beverly Tyler; *Jean O'Leary*, Audrey Totter; *Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer*, Hume Cronyn; *Dr. John Wyatt*, Hurd Hatfield; *Dr. Enrico Fermi*, Joseph Calleia; *President Roosevelt*, Godfrey Tearle; *Dr. Marve*, Victor Francen; *Dr. Chisholm*, Richard Haydn; *Dr. Vannevar Bush*, Jonathan Hale; *K. T. Keller*, John Littel; *Gen. Thomas F. Farrell*, Henry O'Neill; *Capt. William S. Parsons*, Warner Anderson; *Col. Paul Tibbets Jr.*, Barry Nelson; *President Truman*, Art Baker; *Dr. Albert Einstein*, Ludwig Stossel; *Dr. Harold C. Urey*, John Hamilton; *Dr. James B. Conant*, Frank Ferguson; *Dr. E. P. Wigner*, Tom Stevenson; *Dr. Leo Szilard*, John Gallaudet; *Grace Tully*, Nella Walker; *Charles G. Ross*, Edward Earle; *Dr. Arthur H. Compton*, Moroni Olsen; *Dr. Troyanski*, Norman Lloyd; *Pilot at Tinian*, Jim Davis; *Walter S. Carpenter Jr.*, Charles Trowbridge; *Dr. W. H. Zinn*, Frank Wilcox; *Gen. Brehon Somerville*, Henry Hall; *Lieut. Gen. W. D. Styer*, Paul Harvey; *Quaker Scientist*, Larry Johns; *Dr. Rand*, Robert Emmett Keane; *Dr. Ernest O. Lawrence*, James Bush; *Clinic Doctor*, Trevor Bardette; *Col. John Lansdale*, William Wright.

BRASHER DOUBLOON, THE—20th Century-Fox: *Marlowe*, George Montgomery; *Merle Davis*, Nancy Guild; *Leslie Murdock*, Conrad Janis; *Lt. Breeze*, Roy Roberts; *Vannier*, Fritz Kortner; *Mrs. Murdock*, Florence Bates; *Blair*, Marvin Miller; *Morningstar*, Houseley Stevenson; *Sgt. Spangler*, Bob Adler; *George Anson*, Jack Conrad; *Eddie Prue*, Alfred Linder; *Manager*, Jack Overman; *Mike*, Jack Stoney; *Figaro*, Ray Spiker; *Coroner*, Paul Maxey; *Attendant*, Joe Palmer; *Baggage Room Attendant*, Al Eben.

CALENDAR GIRL—Republic: *Patricia O'Neil*, Jane Frazee; *Johnny Bennett*, William Marshall; *Olivia Radford*, Gail Patrick; *Byron Jones*, Kenny Baker; *Matthew O'Neil*, Victor McLaglen; *Lulu Varden*, Irene Rich; *Steve Adams*, James Ellison; *Tessie*, Janet Martin; *Dillingworth*, Franklin Pangborn; *Ed Gaskin*, Gus Schilling.

ESCAPE ME NEVER—Warners: *Sebastian*, Errol Flynn; *Gemma*, Ida Lupino; *Fenella*, Eleanor Parker; *Caryl*, Gig Young; *Ivor MacLean*, Reginald Denny; *Mrs. MacLean*, Isobel Elsom; *Heinrich*, Albert Basserman; *Steinach*, Ludwig Stossel; *Natova-Ballet Specialty*, Milada Mladova; *Ballet Specialty*, George Zoritch; *Landlady*, Helene Thimig.

GUILT OF JANET AMES, THE—Columbia: *Janet Ames*, Rosalind Russell; *Smithfield Cobb*, Melvyn Douglas; *Sammy Weaver*, Sid Caesar; *Katie*, Betsy Blair; *Susie Pierson*, Nina Foch; *Walker*, Charles Cane; *Carter*, Harry Von Zell; *Junior*, Bruce Harper; *Nelson*, Arthur Space; *Joe Burton*, Richard Benedict; *Danny*, Frank Orth; *Sidney*, Ray Walker; *Emmy Merino*, Doreen McCann; *Frank Merino*, Hugh Beaumont; *Police Sergeant*, Thomas Jackson; *Surgeon*, Edwin Cooper; *Susie's Father*, Emory Parnell.

IMPERFECT LADY, THE—Paramount: *Clive Loring*, Ray Milland; *Millicent Hopkins*, Teresa Wright; *Lord Belmont*, Sir Cedric Hardwicke; *Rose Bridges*, Virginia Field; *Jose Martinez*, Anthony Quinn; *Mr. Hopkins*, Reginald Owen; *Lord Montglyn*, Melville Cooper; *Inspector Carston*, Rhys Williams; *Mr. Mallam*, George Zucco; *Sam Travers*, Charles Coleman; *Mr. Rogan*, Miles Mander; *Gladstone*, Gordon Richards; *Lord Chief Justice*, Edmond Breon; *Henderson*, Frederic Worlock; *Malcolm Gadby*, Michael Dyne; *Lucy*, Joan Winfield; *Mrs. Gunner*, Lilian Fontaine.

IT HAPPENED ON 5TH AVENUE—Allied Artists: *Jim*, Don DeFore; *Mary O'Connor*, Ann Harding; *Michael O'Connor*, Charlie Ruggles; *Aloysius T. McKeever*, Victor Moore; *Trudy O'Connor*, Gale Storm; *Farrow*, Grant Mitchell; *Felton*, Edward Brophy; *Whitey*, Alan Hale Jr.; *Hank*, Edward Ryan Jr.; *Alice*, Cathy Carter; *Margie*, Dorothea Kent; *Brady*, Arthur Hohl; *Jackie*, Anthony Sydes; *Baby*, Linda Lee Solomon.

JOHNNY O'CLOCK—Columbia: *Johnny O'Clock*, Dick Powell; *Nancy Hobson*, Evelyn Keyes; *Inspector Koch*, Lee J. Cobb; *Nelle Marchettis*, Ellen Drew; *Harriet Hobson*, Nina Foch; *Guido Marchettis*, Thomas Gomez; *Charlie*, John Kellogg; *Chuck Blayden*, Jim Bannon; *Slatternly Woman*, Mabel Paige; *Hotel Clerk*, Phil Brown; *Turk*, Jeff Chandler.

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PIMPLES, LET IT
DRY—AND WHISK
OFF EXCESS POWDER.
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AND
GERMICIDAL—
REALLY WORKS
WONDERS FOR
EXTERNALLY
CAUSED
PIMPLES!**



WITH PIMPLES
ALL GONE
LOVE FLIES IN
THE WINDOW



**IN LAB TESTS TING
HAS PROVEN
EFFECTIVE IN KILLING
ON 60 SECOND
CONTACT
SPECIFIC TYPES
OF FUNGI THAT
SOMETIMES
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BLOTCHES**



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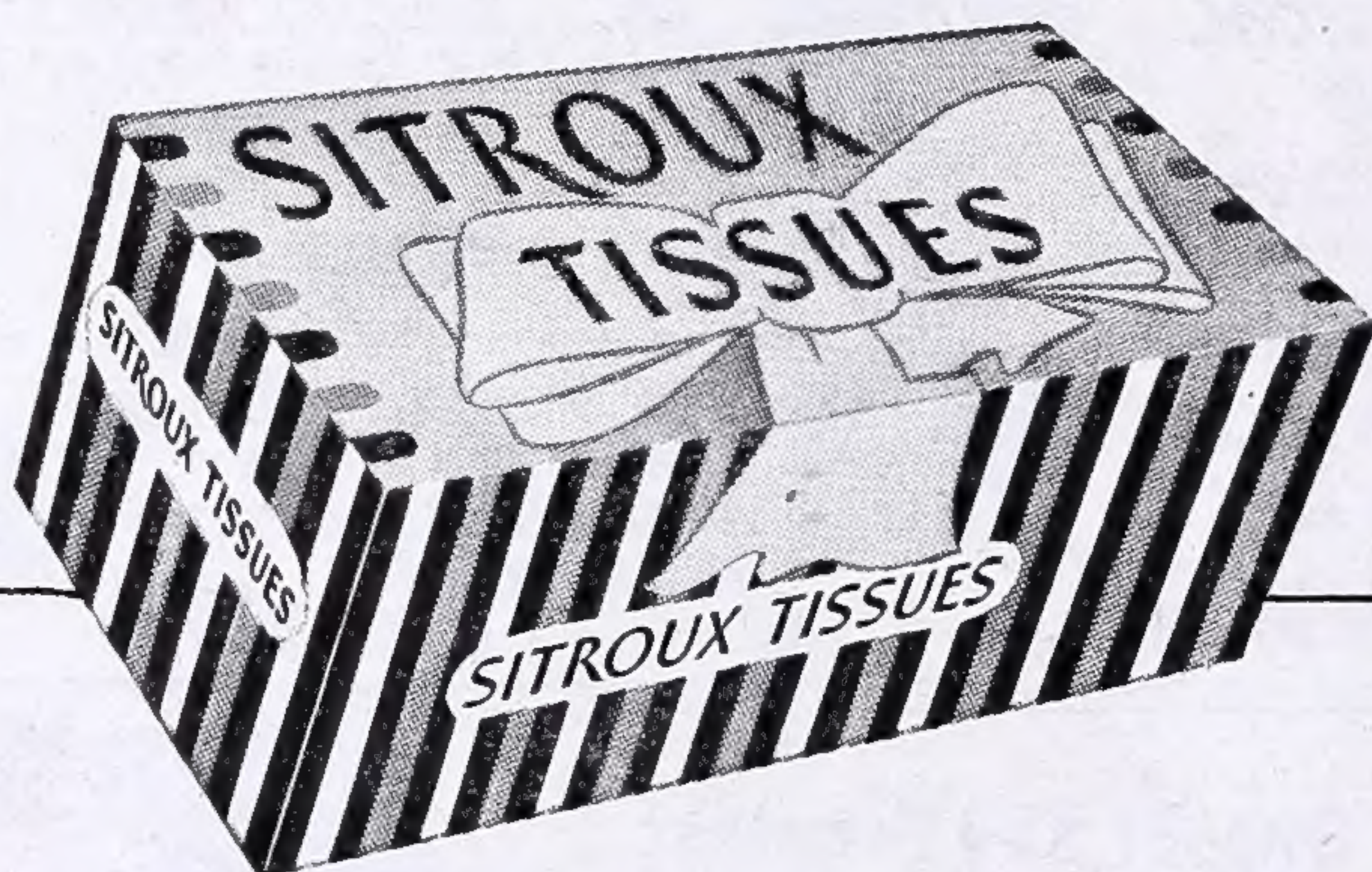




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MACOMBER AFFAIR, THE—Bogues-UA: Robert Wilson, Gregory Peck; Margaret Macomber, Joan Bennett; Francis Macomber, Robert Preston; Police Inspector, Reginald Denny; Coroner, Carl Harbord; Aimee, Jean Gillie; Kongoni, Earl Smith.

MY FAVORITE BRUNETTE—Paramount: Ronnie Jackson, Bob Hope; Carlotta Montay, Dorothy Lamour; Kismet, Peter Lorre; Willie, Lon Chaney; Dr. Lundau, John Hoyt; Major Simon Montague, Charles Dingle; James Collins, Reginald Denny; Baron Montay, Frank Puglia; Miss Rogers, Ann Doran; Prison Warden, Willard Robertson; Tony, Jack La Rue.

NEW ORLEANS—Levey-UA: Nick Duquesne, Arturo De Cordova; Miralee Smith, Dorothy Patrick; Grace Voiselle, Marjorie Lord; Mother, Irene Rich; Col. McArdle, John Alexander; Henri Ferber, Richard Hageman; Endie, Billie Holiday; and Louis Armstrong and his band, Woody Herman and his orchestra, Zutty Singleton, Barney Bigard, Kid Ory, Bud Scott, Red Callendar, Charlie Beal and Meade Lux Lewis.

ODD MAN OUT—Rank: Johnny, James Mason; Kathleen, Kathleen Ryan; Lukey, Robert Newton; Dennis, Robert Beatty; Pat, Cyril Cusack; Murphy, Roy Irving; Nolan, Dan O'Herlihy; Grannie, Kitty Kirwin; Teresa, Maureen Delany; Head Constable, Dennis O'Dea; Rosie, Fay Compton; Maudie, Beryl Meason; Tom, Arthur Hambling; Fencie, William Hartnell; Shell, F. J. McCormick.

SEA OF GRASS, THE—M-G-M: Col. Jim Brewton, Spencer Tracy; Lutie Cameron, Katharine Hepburn; Brock Brewton, Robert Walker; Brice Chamberlain, Melvyn Douglas; Sarah Beth Brewton, Phyllis Thaxter; Jeff, Edgar Buchanan; Doc Reid, Harry Carey; Selina Hall, Ruth Nelson; Banty, Wm. "Bill" Phillips; Floyd McCurtin, Robert Armstrong; Sam Hall, James Bell; Judge White, Robert Barrat; George Cameron, Charles Trowbridge; Maj. Harney, Russell Hicks; Andy Boggs, Trevor Bardette.

SMASH-UP—THE STORY OF A WOMAN—Universal-International: Angie, Susan Hayward; Ken Conway, Lee Bowman; Martha Gray, Marsha Hunt; Steve, Eddie Albert; Dr. Lorenz, Carl Esmond; Mr. Elliott, Carleton Young; Mike Dawson, Charles D. Brown; Miss Kirk, Janet Murdoch; Edwards, Tom Chatterton; Angelica, Sharyn Payne; Mr. Gordon, Robert Shayne; Emcee, Larry Blake.

SONG OF SCHEHERAZADE—Universal-International: Cara, Yvonne De Carlo; Captain, Brian Donlevy; Rimsky-Korsakoff, Jean Pierre Aumont; Mme. de Talavera, Eve Arden; Prince Mischetsky, Philip Reed; Dr. Klin, Charles Kullman; Lorenzo, John Qualen; Lieutenant, Richard Lane; Lorin, Terry Kilburn; Pierre, George Dolenz; Fioretta, Elena Verdugo; Hassan, Robert Kendall; Sultan, Rex Ravelle; Orderly, Mickey Simpson; Giant, Sol Haines; Little Sister, Florence Rozen; Students, William Brooks, Leonard East, Edward Kelly, Russ Vincent, Peter Varney, Charles Roberson, Tom Skinner, Warren W. McCollum, Ernie Mishens, Marvin Press, Fred K. Hartsook, Gordon Arnold, Bill Cabanne, Don Garner and George Holmes; and Basso, Milio Sheron.

STALLION ROAD—Warners: Larry Hanrahan, Ronald Reagan; Rory Teller, Alexis Smith; Stege Purcell, Zachary Scott; Chris Teller, Patti Brady; Daisy Otis, Peggy Knudsen; Ben Otis, Lloyd Corrigan; Pelon, Frank Puglia; Cat Face, Fernando Alvarado; R. Mallard, Rory Mallinson; Don, Rodric Red Wing; Ric, Nino Pepitone.

TRAIL STREET—RKO: Bat, Randolph Scott; Allen, Robert Ryan; Ruby, Anne Jeffreys; Billy, George "Gabby" Hayes; Susan, Madge Meredith; Maury, Steve Brodie; Carmody, Billy House; Hannah, Virginia Sale; Larkin, Harry Woods; Slim Phil Warren; Mayor, Harry Harvey.

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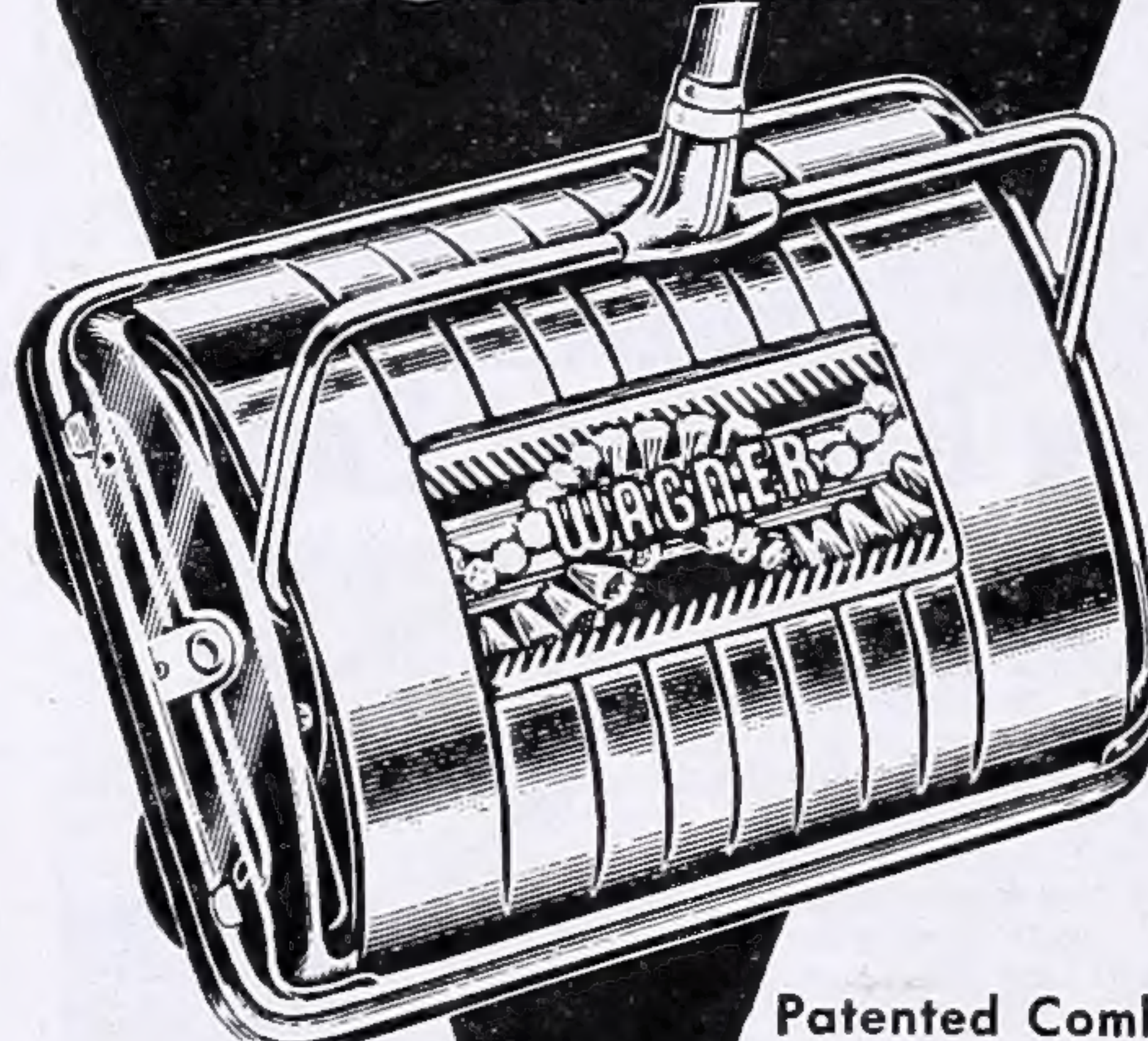
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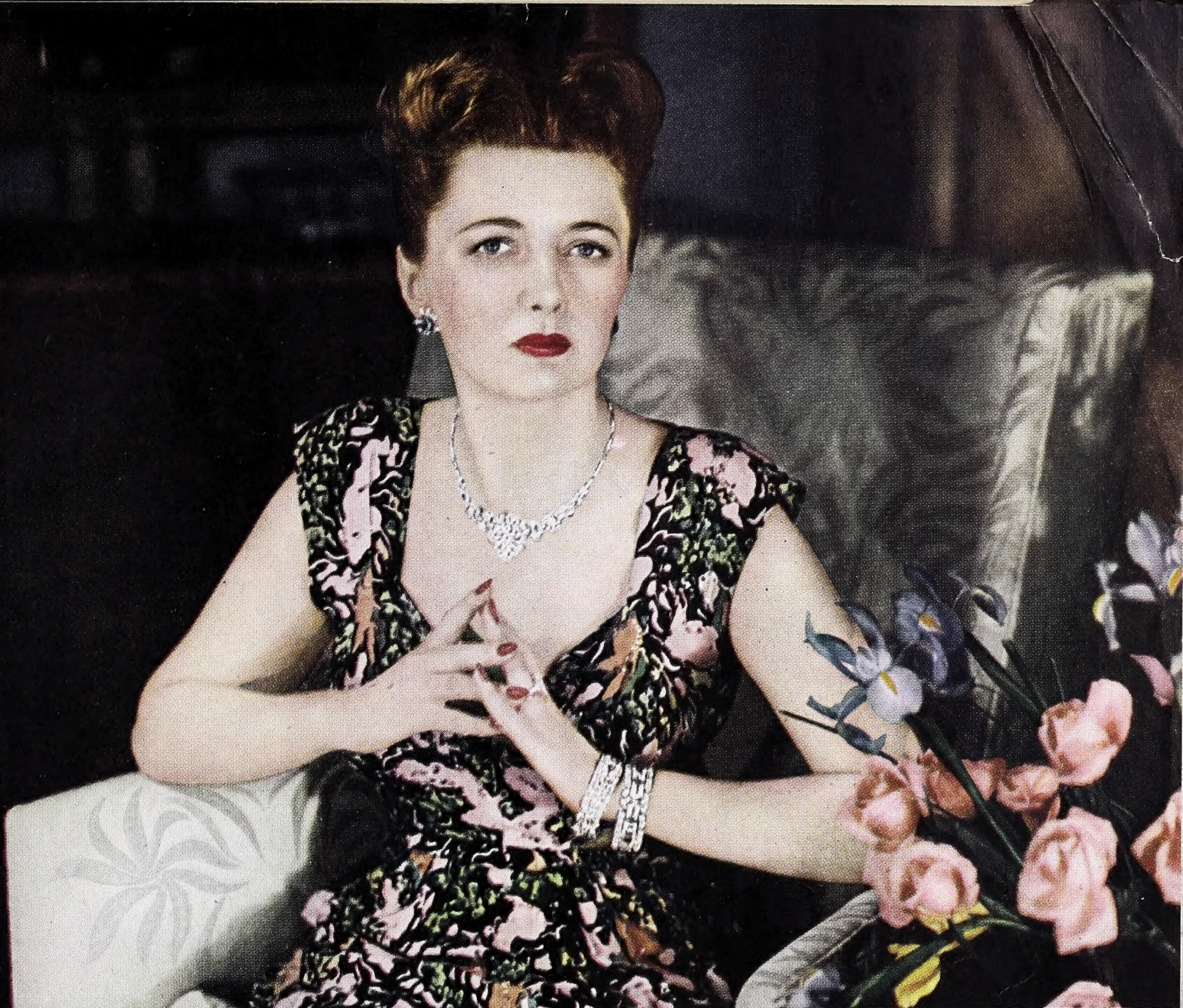
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